DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

VOL. III.

DIARY

AND

LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c.

EDITED BY HER NIECE.

"THE SPIRIT WALKS OF EVERY DAY DECEASED."—YOUNG.

VOL. III.

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PART I.

1786.

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DIARY AND LETTERS

OF THE

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA."

PART I.

1786.

The Rev. T. Twining to Miss Burney.

Fordham, July 10th, 1786.

Pray pardon the embarrassment and *gaucherie* of my entrance, for, indeed, I never was at court before in all my life. I come to kiss hands—there!—and Heaven bless you, for I am so pleased! "Goodness me," said a Scotch Lady Somebody one day to Merlin, after wondering at his pedal tea-table—"goodness me, Sir! and did you make that yourself?" So I say, goodness me, Madam! and are you to take care of the robes yourself?

Now pray don't mistake this for a letter of congratulation—it is no such thing—I am only excessively glad, and determined to tell you so myself. My head

is full of the charming little *historiette* in your father's letter, which I received on Saturday, not above ten minutes after the news had accidentally reached me. You may guess how comfortable it was to me to receive so immediately the certainty and detail that I was gaping for: for to be kept fasting two or three days upon a general fact, when one is so interested as to be dying with hunger for particulars, is "really so horrid, you have no notion."

Well, but now, one thing disturbs me a little—I fear you will be so taken up with your courtly attendance, that you will have no leisure, or not the kind of leisure, necessary to— to— to—. Hu——sh! I dare not finish my sentence. I hope you will not understand it. Plutarch says, I think, that fame is an object to all mankind; but that some pursue it like rowers in a boat, with their backs towards it. Is this your way?—Nay, nay, it is not the worst way.

Another thing I am afraid of: when I come to town I shall never get a peep at you in St. Martin's Street, you will be so taken up with reading or talking to your royal mistress, or handing jewels, and *colifichets*, and *brimborions*, baubles, knick-knacks, gewgaws, toys, &c. [That word *brimborion* is to me delightful; there is a fine twang of nasal dignity in it, that contrasts so charmingly with the nothingness of its meaning!] But I trust you will not fulfil that verse of the psalm, "forget also thine own people, and thy father's house." The best thing you can do will be to get me made a bishop, that I may dine now and then at your table; but then do not let it come to the ears of their Majesties that I am a mortal enemy to trumpets and drums, single or double. [If music goes on improving in

noise at this rate, I am sure the audiences ought to have double drums to their ears.]

If I had not heard of this business at Colchester, and had not received the letter, I should have read the next day in our rustic Ipswich journal, that "Mrs. Berney, daughter of Dr. Berney, was appointed, &c., in the room of Mrs. Haggadore;" and I suppose, after some exercise of my sagacity, I might have guessed it to be you. Why is an innocent blunder in the spelling of a name always so very ridiculous to those who can't spell it wrong?

I must put an end to my impertinence. Will you forgive all this foolery? Let me say, with a little more composure and gravity, that your father's account did really give me very great pleasure. The manner of the thing is so handsome, that I think it cannot but be much to your satisfaction; and as for the satisfaction of certain other folks, for other reasons which I will tell anybody but you, I have no doubt of it; and I see, or think I see, a heap of pleasant circumstances and pleasant consequences, &c. &c.

I thank your father heartily for his letter, and will write very soon. We salute you all.

Lawk! that I could but see you handing the *brimborions*! Shall you be frightened? I shall have a thousand curiosities about you; for I am most sincerely yours,

T. Twining.

P. S. What a fine opportunity you will have of studying "the philosophy of the human capacity," in the highest *spere* of life!

Diary resumed.

QUEEN'S LODGE, WINDSOR, MONDAY, JULY 17TH, 1786.—With what hurry of mind and body did I rise this morning! Everything had already been arranged for Mrs. Ord's carrying us to Windsor, and my father's carriage was merely to go as baggage-waggon for my clothes. But I wept not then. I left no one behind me to regret; my dear father accompanied me, and all my dear sisters had already taken their flight, never more to return. Even poor little Sarah, whom I love very dearly, was at Chesington.

Between nine and ten o'clock we set off. We changed carriage in Queen Ann Street, and Mrs. Ord conveyed us thence to Windsor. With a struggling heart, I kept myself tolerably tranquil during the little journey. My dear father was quite happy, and Mrs. Ord felt the joy of a mother in relinquishing me to the protection of a Queen so universally reverenced. Had I been in better spirits, their ecstacy would have been unbounded; but alas!—what I was approaching was not in my mind; what I was leaving had taken possession of it solely.

Miss P—— flew out to us as the carriage stopped—the youthful blush of pleasure heightening her complexion, and every feature shewing her kind happiness. Mrs. Delany, she said, was gone out with the Queen. I took leave of my good Mrs. Ord, whose eyes overflowed with maternal feelings—chiefly of contentment. Mrs. Delany came home in about an hour. A chastened satisfaction was hers; she rejoiced in the prospect before me; she was happy we should now be so much united, but she felt for my deprivations, she saw the hard conflict within me, and the tenderest pity checked her delight.

It was now debated whether I was immediately to go to the Lodge,* or wait for orders. The accustomed method for those who have their Majesties' commands to come to them is, to present themselves to the people in waiting, and by them to be announced. My heart, however, was already sinking, and my spirits every moment were growing more agitated, and my sweet Mrs. Delany determined to spare me the additional task of passing through such awe-striking formalities. She therefore employed my dear father—delighted with the employment—to write a note, in her name.

"Mrs. Delany presents her most humble duty to the Queen; she found Dr. Burney and his daughter at her house; Miss Burney waits the honour of Her Majesty's commands."

This, though unceremonious and unusual, she was sure the Queen would pardon. A verbal answer came that I was to go to the Lodge immediately.

O, my dear Susan! in what an agony of mind did I obey the summons! I was still in my travelling dress, but could not stay to change it. My father accompanied me. Mrs. Delany, anxiously and full of mixed sensations, gave me her blessing. We walked; the Queen's Lodge is not fifty yards from Mrs. Delany's door. My dear father's own courage all failed him in this little step; for as I was now on the point of entering—probably for ever—into an entire new way of life, and of foregoing by it all my most favourite schemes, and every dear expectation my fancy had ever indulged of happiness adapted to its taste—as now all was to be given up—I could disguise my trepidation no longer—indeed I never had disguised, I had only forborne proclaiming it. But my dear father now, sweet soul! felt it all, as I held by his arm, without power to say one word,

but that if he did not hurry along I should drop by the way. I heard in his kind voice that he was now really alarmed; he would have slackened his pace, or have made me stop to breathe; but I could not; my breath seemed gone, and I could only hasten with all my might, lest my strength should go too.

A page was in waiting at the gate, who shewed us into Mrs. Haggerdorn's room, which was empty. My dear father endeavoured here to compose my spirits; I could have no other command over them than to forbear letting him know the afflicted state of all within, and to suffer him to keep to his own conclusions, that my emotion was all from fear of the approaching audience. Indeed was it not!—I could hardly even think of it. All that I was resigning—there, and there only went every fear, and all reluctance.

The page came in a minute or two to summon me to the Queen. The Queen was in her dressing-room. Mrs. Schwellenberg was standing behind her: nobody else present.

She received me with a most gracious bow of the head, and a smile that was all sweetness. She saw me much agitated, and attributed it, no doubt, to the awe of her presence. O, she little knew my mind had no room in it for feelings of that sort! She talked to me of my journey, my father, my sisters, and my brothers; the weather, the roads, and Mrs. Delany—any, every thing she could suggest, that could best tend to compose and to make me easy; and when I had been with her about a quarter of an hour, she desired Mrs. Schwellenberg to shew me my apartment, and, with another graceful bow, motioned my retiring.

Not only to the sweet Queen, but to myself let me here do justice, in declaring that though I entered her

presence with a heart filled with everything but herself, I quitted it with sensations much softened. The condescension of her efforts to quiet me, and the elegance of her receiving me, thus, as a visitor, without naming to me a single direction, without even the most distant hint of business, struck me to shew so much delicacy, as well as graciousness, that I quitted her with a very deep sense of her goodness, and a very strong conviction that she merited every exertion on my part to deserve it.

Mrs. Schwellenberg left me at the room door, where my dear father was still waiting for me, too anxious to depart till he again saw me.

We spent a short time together, in which I assured him I would from that moment take all the happiness in my power, and banish all the regret. I told him how gratifying had been my reception, and I omitted nothing I could think of to remove the uneasiness that this day seemed first to awaken in him. Thank God! I had the fullest success; his hopes and gay expectations were all within call, and they ran back at the first beckoning.

This settled, and his dear countenance all fresh illumined with returning content, we went together to Mrs. Schwellenberg, where we made a visit of about an hour, in which I had the pleasure of seeing them upon very amicable terms; and then we had one more *tête-à-tête*, all in the same cheering style, and he left me to dress, and went to dine with Mrs. Delany.

Left to myself, I did not dare stop to think, nor look round upon my new abode, nor consider for how long I was taking possession; I rang for my new maid, and immediately dressed for dinner.

I now took the most vigorous resolutions to observe

the promise I had made my dear father. Now all was finally settled, to borrow my own words, I needed no monitor to tell me it would be foolish, useless, even wicked, not to reconcile myself to my destiny.

The many now wishing for just the same—O! could they look within me. I am *married*, my dearest Susan —I look upon it in that light—I was averse to forming the union, and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied. What then now remains but to make the best wife in my power? I am bound to it in duty, and I will strain every nerve to succeed.

[In Mrs. Phillips's replies to the *Court Journal* of her sister, she deemed it prudent to give fictitious names to some of the persons mentioned; and in one or two instances we shall, for obvious reasons, adhere to her nomenclature.—ED.]

When summoned to dinner, I found Mrs. Schwellenberg and a German officer, Colonel Polier, who is now an attendant of Prince Charles of Mecklenberg, the Queen's brother, who is on a visit to their Majesties. I was introduced to him, and we took our places.

I was offered the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn, which was at the head of the table; but that was an undertaking I could not bear. I begged leave to decline it; and as Mrs. Schwellenberg left me at my own choice, I planted myself quietly at one side.

Colonel Polier, though a German officer, is of a Swiss family. He is a fat, good-humoured man, excessively fond of eating and drinking. His enjoyment

of some of the fare, and especially of the dessert, was really laughable: he could never finish a speech he had begun, if a new dish made its appearance, without stopping to feast his eyes upon it, exclaim something in German, and suck the inside of his mouth; but all so openly, and with such perfect good-humour, that it was diverting without anything distasteful.

After dinner we went upstairs into Mrs. Schwellenberg's room, to drink coffee. This is a daily practice. Her rooms are exactly over mine; they are the same size, and have the same prospect, but they are much more sumptuously fitted up.

Colonel Polier soon left us, to attend Prince Charles. We had then a long *tête-à-tête*, in which I found her a woman of understanding, and fond of conversation. I was called down afterwards to Miss P——, who was eager to see me in my new dwelling, and dying with impatience to know, hear, and examine everything about me. She ran about to make all the inquiries and discoveries she could for me, and was so highly delighted with my situation, it was impossible not to receive some pleasure even from looking at her. She helped me to unpack, to arrange, to do everything that came in the way.

In a short time Madame La Fîte entered, nearly as impatient as herself to be my first visitor. She was quite fanciful and entertaining about my succeeding to Mrs. Haggerdorn, and repeatedly turned round to look at me fresh and fresh, to see if it was really me, and me in that so long differently appropriated apartment.

She had but just left me, when who should enter but my dear Mrs. Delany herself. This was indeed a sweet regale to me. She came to welcome me in my

own apartment, and I am sure to teach me to love it. What place could I see her in and hate? I could hardly do anything but kiss her soft cheeks, and dear venerable hands, with gratitude for her kindness, while she stayed with me, which was till the royal family came home from the terrace, which they walk upon every fine evening. She had already been invited to the King's concert, which she then attended.

Miss P——, and I now planned that we would drink tea together. It was, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Locke's injunctions that determined me upon making that trial; for I knew nothing could more contribute to my future chance of some happy hours than securing this time and this repast to myself. Mrs. Delany had the same wish, and encouraged me in the attempt.

As I knew not to whom to speak, nor how to give a positive order, in my ignorance whether the measure I desired to take was practicable or not, Miss P—— undertook to be my agent. She therefore ran out, and scampered up and down the stairs and passages in search of some one to whom she could apply. She met at last Mrs. Schwellenberg's man, and boldly bid him "bring Miss Burney's tea." "It is ready," he answered, "in the dining parlour." And then he came to me, with his mistress's compliments, and that she was come down to tea, and waited for me.

To refuse to go was impossible; it would have been an opening so offensive, with a person destined for my principal companion, and who had herself begun very civilly and attentively, that I could not even hesitate. I only felt heavy-hearted, and Miss P—— made a thousand faces, and together we went to the eating-room.

Mrs. Schwellenberg had already made the tea; and four gentlemen were seated at the table. The Bishop

of Salisbury, as I afterwards found he was, came up to congratulate me, and spoke very kindly of my father, whom he said he had just seen on the terrace. This is a brother of Lord Barrington's: I had never met him before.

Next him sat a young clergyman, Mr. Fisher, whom I did not recollect, but who said he had seen me once at Mrs. Ord's, and spoke to me of her, and of Mrs. Thrale, whom he had lately left in Italy, where he has been travelling.

And next was Major Price, the Equerry of the King at present in waiting. He is the same that all the Barborne family so adored when a Captain. He mentioned them all to me, with high praise and great good-breeding. I am very much pleased with him, and happy he should be the Equerry in waiting on my first arrival.

Colonel Polier was also of the party.

I find it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the King or Queen invite to the Lodge, as it is only a very select few that can eat with their Majesties, and those few are only ladies; no men, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the Queen's presence.

I mean and hope to leave this business wholly to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and only to succeed Mrs. Haggerdorn in personal attendance upon the Queen.

During tea the door opened, and a young lady entered, upon whose appearance all the company rose, and retreated a few paces backward, with looks of high respect. She advanced to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and desired her to send a basin of tea into the music-room for Mrs. Delany: then walking up to me, with a countenance of great sweetness, she said "I hope you are

very well, Miss Burney?" I only curtseyed, and knew not till she left the room, which was as soon as she had spoken a few words to Major Price, that this was the Princess Elizabeth.

Immediately after the concert began; the band being very full, and the performance on the ground-floor, as is the eating-room. I heard it perhaps better, because softer, than if I had been in the music-room. I was very glad of this circumstance. Nothing was played but Handel; but I was pleased to hear any music, so much had I persuaded myself I should hear no more.

At night I was summoned to the Queen's apartment. Mrs. Schwellenberg was there, waiting. We sat together some time. The Queen then arrived, handed into her dressing-room by the King, and followed by the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta. None other of the Princesses slept in the Queen's Lodge. The Lower Lodge, which is at the further end of the Garden, is the dwelling-place of the four younger Princesses.

The King, with a marked appearance of feeling for the—no doubt evident—embarrassment of my situation on their entrance, with a mild good-breeding inquired of me how I had found Mrs. Delany; and then, kissing both his daughters, left the room.

The two Princesses each took the Queen's hand, which they respectfully kissed, and wishing her good night, curtseyed condescendingly to her new attendant, and retired.

The Queen spoke to me a little of my father, my journey, and Mrs. Delany, and then entered into easy conversation, in German, with Mrs. Schwellenberg, who never speaks English but by necessity. I had no sort of employment given me. The Queen was only waited upon by Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Thielky,

her wardrobe woman; and when she had put on her night *déshabille,* she wished me good night.

This consideration to the perturbed state of my mind, that led Her Majesty to permit my presence merely as a spectatress, by way of taking a lesson of my future employment for my own use, though to her, doubtless, disagreeable, was extremely gratifying to me, and sent me to bed with as much ease as I now could hope to find.

MONDAY, JULY 18TH.—I rose at six, and was called to the Queen soon after seven. Only Mrs. Schwellenberg was with her, and again she made me a mere looker-on; and the obligation I felt to her sent me somewhat lighter-hearted from her presence.

When she was dressed, in a simple morning gown, she had her hat and cloak put on, to go to prayers at eight o'clock, at the King's chapel in the Castle; and I returned to my room.

At noon came my dear father, and spent an hour or two with me—so happy! so contented! so big with every pleasant expectation!—I rejoice to recollect that I did nothing, said nothing this morning to check his satisfaction; it was now, suddenly and at once, all my care to increase his delight. And so henceforward it must invariably continue.

We parted cheerfully on both sides; yet I saw a little pang in his last embrace, and felt it in his dear hands:—but I kept myself well up, and he left me, I really believe, without a wish ungratified.

At dressing-time the same quiet conduct was still observed by the Queen—fixed in her benign determination to permit me to recover breath and ease, ere she gave me any other trial than merely standing in her presence.

At dinner we—I mean Mrs. Schwellenberg and myself—had Miss Planta and Colonel Polièr; and I was happy to be again diverted with the excess of his satisfaction at sight of turtle upon the table.

In the evening I had a visit from Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, who brought her sister, Lady Caroline Waldegrave, both to pay congratulatory compliments. Lady Elizabeth is lady of the bedchamber to the Princess Royal, and lives in this Lodge. Her sister, by the Queen's goodness, is permitted to spend some months of every year with her. They were left orphans at about sixteen: the Queen instantly took them both under her protection. They are gentle and well bred, and seem very amiable.

They stayed with me till it was time for them to go into waiting for the Princess Royal, whom they attend to the terrace.

My dearest Mrs. Delany came again, to visit me wholly, and drink tea with me. We had a thousand things to discuss, but were scarce a moment together before we were interrupted by Madame La Fîte, who, however, only stayed to give and receive from Mrs. Delany congratulations on meeting in my room at Windsor, and then she pretty soon took leave.

We had but again arranged ourselves to a little comfort, when a tat-tat at my door followed, and a lady entered whom I had never seen before, with a very courteous air and demeanour, saying "I could not defer paying my compliments to Miss Burney, and wishing her much joy, which we must all feel in such an accession to our society: I must get my daughter to introduce me." And then advanced Mrs. Fielding, and I found this was Lady Charlotte Finch.

Mrs. Fielding is one of the women of the bedchamber.

She lives with her mother, Lady Charlotte, and her three daughters, girls from ten to fifteen years of age.

When she also wished me joy, I saw in her face a strong mark of still remaining astonishment at my appointment. Indeed all the people in office here are so evidently amazed, that one so unthought of amongst them should so unexpectedly fill a place to which they had all privately appropriated some acquaintance, that I see them with difficulty forbear exclaiming "How odd it is to see you here!"

Lady Charlotte's visit was short and very civil; she was obliged to hasten to the Castle, to attend the younger Princesses till they went to the terrace. They are sent to wait in an apartment of the Castle, till the King and Queen and the elders walk out, and then they are called to join them, when the crowd is not great, and when the weather is fine.

My Windsor apartment is extremely comfortable. I have a large drawing-room, as they call it, which is on the ground-floor, as are all the Queen's rooms, and which faces the Castle and the venerable Round Tower, and opens at the further side, from the windows, to the Little Park. It is airy, pleasant, clean, and healthy. My bed-room is small, but neat and comfortable; its entrance is only from the drawing-room, and it looks to the garden. These two rooms are delightfully independent of all the rest of the house, and contain everything I can desire for my convenience and comfort.

In her way to my room, Mrs. Delany had met the King; she was a little shocked, and feared she came at an improper hour, or ought to have come in the back way. I know not if he had perceived her distress; but he soon removed it, for when he went out to go to the

terrace, he looked towards my windows, and seeing her there, advanced a few steps to ask her how she did. The Queen turned round and curtseyed to her, and the Princess Augusta ran up to speak to her.

I had retired behind her; but when they moved on, Miss Goldsworthy, the sub-governess, stole from her charges, and came to the window to desire Mrs. Delany to introduce her to me.

Sweet Mrs. Delany, thwarted in her kind private views of an interesting confabulation, grew fatigued, and went home; and then Mrs. Fielding rose to accompany her. Miss P—— made a second attempt for tea, but received for answer that Mrs. Schwellenberg would come down and make it as soon as the King and Queen came from the terrace.

The ceremony of waiting tea till the royal family return from the terrace, is in order to make it for any company they may invite to it.

Major Price and Colonel Polier were of the party.

At night, Mrs. Schwellenberg inquired of me if I had rather have no supper? I told her a little fruit was all I should like; and then orders were given, and I had some in my own room, and the great pleasure of making my good-natured little friend partake of it.

This practice has been kept up ever since, and has proved the means of procuring me a little time to myself, and to quietness, before my last summons to the Queen.

To-night, like the rest of my attendance, I was merely treated as if an accidental visitor. Sweet Queen!—she seems as fearful of employing me as I am myself of being employed.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19TH.—The morning and noon attendance were just the same as I have already men-

tioned: but, when the Queen was dressed, she said "Should you be afraid to go to Mrs. Delany?"

You may imagine my answer: she then desired me to tell her she should be glad to see her, if she could come and sit with her while she worked.

I knew myself a welcome messenger, and away therefore I tript. I had determined never to stir out till I was bid, that I might do nothing wrong; and I am sure this little commission was given me for my own private gratification.

My dear Mrs. Delany received me almost with acclamations of joy, from satisfaction in finding the Queen herself had sent me.

Mrs. Delany came in a chair, and I walked by its side. She went immediately to the Queen's room, and stayed with her all the morning.

At dinner to-day we had Mr. T——, French reader, I believe, to the Queen and Princesses. He is a well-bred and sensible man. He left us after dinner, to attend the Princesses. Major Price again sent to invite himself to our coffee. I like him exceedingly. A man more unaffectedly a gentleman I have seldom met with.

He regretted the disunion of our tables. Formerly, the men belonging to the King dined at the same table with the women belonging to the Queen.

July 20th.—This morning the Queen enquired of me if I loved walking? I answered yes; and she then told me I had better not leave off that exercise, but walk out every morning.

I called at my dear Mrs. Delany's, and took Miss P—— with me. We went together to Lady Louisa Clayton. We next went to Lady Charlotte Finch, who is one of her sisters, and governess to the Princesses.

I called also at Madame La Fîte's; but she was so

urgent with me to prolong my stay, that I returned too late to dress for my noon attendance; and just as I was in the midst of my hair dishevelling, I was summoned.

I was obliged to slip on my morning gown, and a large morning cap, and run away as fast as possible. The Queen, who was only preparing for her own hair-dresser, was already *en peignoir:* she sat down; the man was called in, and then, looking at me with a smile, she said "Now, Miss Burney, you may go and finish your dress."

Away I gallopped as fast as possible, to be ready against her hair-dresser departed: but when I came pretty near my own apartment, I was stopped in the gallery by a lady, who coming up to me, said "Miss Burney?"

I started, and looked at her; but finding her a perfect stranger to me, I only said "Ma'am!"—and my accent of surprise made her beg my pardon and walk on.

I was too much in haste to desire any explanation, and was only quickening my pace, when I was again stopped by a gentleman with a star and red ribbon, who, bowing very civilly, said "Miss Burney, I presume?—

"Sir!—" was again all my answer; and again, like the lady, he begged my pardon, and retreated; and I was too seriously earnest to pursue my business to dare lose a moment. On, therefore, I again hurried; but, at the very door of my room, which three steps down and three up place out of the even line of the gallery, I was once more stopped, by a very fat lady: who, coming up to me, also said "Miss Burney, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am—"

"We have just," cried she, "been to wait upon you,—but I could find nobody to introduce me; I believe I must introduce myself,—Lady Effingham."

I thanked her for the honour she did me,—but when she proposed returning with me to my room, in order to finish her visit, I was quite disconcerted; and hesitated so much that she said "Perhaps it is not convenient to you?—"

"Ma'am—I—I was just going to dress—" cried I; I meant to add, and ought to have added, to "wait upon the Queen;" but I was so unused to such a plea, that it sounded as a liberty to my mind's voice, and I could not get it out.

She desired she might be no impediment to me,—and we parted; I was forced to let her go and to run into my own room, and fly——to my toilette!——Not quite the sort of flight I have been used to making. However, all is so new here that it makes but a part in the general change of system.

The lady who had met me first was her daughter, Lady Frances Howard; and the gentleman, her second husband, Sir George Howard.

I afterwards saw her ladyship in the Queen's dressing-room, where Her Majesty sent for her as soon as she was dressed, and very graciously kept me some time, addressing me frequently while I stayed, in the conversation that took place, as if with a sweet view to point out to this first lady of her bed-chamber I have yet seen the favourable light in which she considers me.

The Duke de Saxe-Gotha, first cousin to the King, came to Windsor to-day, to spend some time. Major Price, who had the honours to do to his chief attendant, Baron ———, missed us therefore at coffee; but at tea

we had them both, and my dear Mrs. Delany, as well as the jovial gourmand Colonel, with whom I became prodigiously well acquainted, by making him teach me a few German phrases, which he always contrives, let me ask what question I may, to turn into some expression relating to eating and drinking.

When all were gone, except the Duke de Saxe-Gotha's Baron and Major Price, I had a very long conversation with the Major, while Mrs. Schwellenberg was entertaining the Baron in German. I find, my dearest Susan, he has seen you often at Lady Clarges's; Sir Thomas was his first cousin. He knows my dearest Mrs. Locke, also, by another cousin, Lady Templetown; and he knows me my own self by my cousins of Worcester. These mutual acquaintances have brought us into almost an intimacy at once, and I was quite glad of this opportunity of a little easy and natural conversation.

JULY 21ST.—I went to the lower lodge to return my visits from Miss Goldsworthy and Miss Planta; and heard not, till after my return to my constant Madame La Fîte, that Miss Planta lives under the same roof with myself. 'Twas ridiculous enough, for I left my name for her with the porter; but I know nothing of this lodge, save my own rooms, and the Queen's, and Mrs. Schwellenberg's, and to go to Mrs. Schwellenberg's I have merely to walk up one flight of stairs, which commence from the very door of my own room.

JULY 22ND.—Mrs. De Luc called upon me this morning, and made me a long and very sociable visit. She is an amiable woman, and so cordial, gently, not vehemently, that I take a good deal of pleasure in her kindness and conversation.

A concert, I think I have mentioned, is performed

every night; and this night, Mr. Charles Wesley played the harpsichord extremely well.

SUNDAY, JULY 23RD.—Charles Wesley played the organ; and after the service was over he performed six or seven pieces by the King's order. They were all of Handel, and so well suited to the organ, and so well performed on a remarkably good instrument, that it was a great regale to me to hear them. The pleasure I received from the performance led me into being too late for the Queen. I found I had already been enquired for to attend at the Queen's toilette.

When I came back the tea-party were all assembled in the eating-parlour. Colonel Polier was in the highest spirits: the King had just bestowed some appointment upon him in Hanover. He was as happy as if just casting his eyes upon pine-apple, melon, and grapes. I made Mrs. Schwellenberg teach me how to wish him joy in German: which is the only phrase I have yet got that has no reference to eating or drinking.

But imagine, my Susan, what a charm to my ears ensued, on the opening of this evening's concert, when the sweet-flowing, melting, celestial notes of Fischer's hautbois reached them! It made the evening pass so soothingly, I could listen to nothing else.

MONDAY, JULY 24.—Having now journalized for one complete week, let me endeavour to give you, more connectedly, a concise abstract of the general method of passing the day, that then I may only write what varies, and occurs occasionally.

I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half hour between them.

The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-kerchief.

By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the Princesses, and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably.

I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. My present book is Gilpin's description of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Mrs. Delany has lent it me. It is the most picturesque reading I ever met with: it shows me landscapes of every sort, with tints so bright and lively, I forget I am but reading, and fancy I see them before me, coloured by the hand of Nature.

At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the

way of business—in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birth-day of any of the Royal Family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no shew nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable.

That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven.

My rummages and business sometimes occupy me uninterruptedly to those hours. When they do not, I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or long arrears;—and now, from ten to the times I have mentioned, I devote to walking.

These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a week.

A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted. She generally reads the news-papers during that operation.

When she observes that I have run to her but half dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and

reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud.

When I return, I finish, if anything is undone, my dress, and then take Baretti's Dialogues, my dearest Fredy's Tablet of Memory, or some such disjointed matter, for the few minutes that elapse ere I am again summoned.

I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state. There, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time.

It is commonly 3 o'clock when I am thus set at large. And I have then two hours quite at my own disposal: but, in the natural course of things, not a moment after! These dear and quiet two hours, my only quite sure and undisturbed time in the whole day, after breakfast is over, I shall henceforward devote to thus talking with my beloved Susan, my Fredy, my other sisters, my dear father, or Miss Cambridge; with my brothers, cousins, Mrs. Ord, and other friends, in such terms as these two hours will occasionally allow me. Henceforward, I say; for hitherto dejection of spirits, with uncertainty how long my time might last, have made me waste moment after moment as sadly as unprofitably.

At five, we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are commonly *tête-à-tête*: when there is anybody added, it is from her invi-

tation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally.

When we have dined, we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over: this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tête-à-tête* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over, he conducts them, and goes himself, to the concert-room.

This is commonly about nine o'clock.

From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper at near eleven.

Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen: half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded.

I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed— and to sleep, too, believe me: the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head.

Such is the day to your F. B. in her new situation at Windsor; such, I mean, is its usual destination, and its intended course. I make it take now and then another channel, but never stray far enough not to return to the original stream after a little meandering about and about it.

I think now you will be able to see and to follow me pretty closely.

With regard to those summonses I speak of, I will now explain myself. My summons, upon all regular occasions—that is, morning, noon, and night toilets—is neither more nor less than a bell. Upon extra occasions a page is commonly sent.

At first, I felt inexpressibly discomfited by this mode of call. A bell!—it seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude, I always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation. But I have philosophized myself now into some reconcilement with this manner of summons, by reflecting that to have some person always sent would be often very inconvenient, and that this method is certainly less an interruption to any occupation I may be employed in, than the entrance of messengers so many times in the day. It is, besides, less liable to mistakes. So I have made up my mind to it as well as I can; and now I only feel that proud blush when somebody is by to revive my original dislike of it.

TUESDAY, JULY 25TH. — I now begin my second week, with a scene a little, not much, different. We were now to go to Kew, there to remain till Friday.

I had this morning, early, for the first time, a little visit from one of the Princesses. I was preparing for my journey, when a little rap at my room-door made me call out "Come in!" and who should enter but the Princess Royal!

I apologised for my familiar admittance, by my little expectation of such an honour. She told me she had brought the Queen's snuff-box, to be filled with some snuff which I had been directed to prepare. It is a very

fine-scented and mild snuff, but requires being moistened from time to time, to revive its smell.

The Princess, with a very sweet smile, insisted upon holding the box while I filled it; and told me she had seen Mrs. Delany at the chapel, and that she was very well; and then she talked on about her, with a visible pleasure in having a subject so interesting to me to open upon.

When the little commission was executed, she took her leave with as elegant civility of manner as if parting with another King's daughter. I am quite charmed with the Princess Royal; unaffected condescension and native dignity are so happily blended in her whole deportment.

She had left me but a short time before she again returned. "Miss Burney," cried she, smiling with a look of congratulation, "Mamma says the snuff is extremely well mixed; and she has sent another box to be filled."

I had no more ready. She begged me not to mind, and not to hurry myself, for she would wait till it was done.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, Miss Planta, and myself travelled to Kew together. I have two rooms there; both small, and up two pair of stairs; but tidy and comfortable enough. Indeed all the apartments but the King's and Queen's, and one of Mrs. Schwellenberg's, are small, dark, and old-fashioned. There are staircases in every passage, and passages to every closet. I lost myself continually, only in passing from my own room to the Queen's.

Just as I got upstairs, shown the way first by Miss Planta, I heard the King's voice. I slipped into my room; but he saw me, and following, said,

"What! is Miss Burney taking possession?"

And then he walked round the room, as if to see if it were comfortable for me, and smiling very good-humouredly, walked out again. A surveyor was with him; I believe he is giving orders for some alterations and additions.

When I came in to dress, John told me Mr. Dundas was waiting to see me. Mr. Dundas is the household apothecary at Kew. I wanted him not officially; but I knew Miss Cambridge, who sees him continually, intended desiring him to call, that she might hear an account of me from somebody's "live voice." Though inconvenient, therefore, I admitted him; but I did not ask him to sit down, nor encourage him to stay a moment. He is a sensible and worthy man, Miss Cambridge says, and behaved so well, so humanely and attentively to her long-suffering Kitty, that her affectionate heart has been bound to him for ever.

When I went to the Queen before dinner, the little Princess Amelia was with her; and, though shy of me at first, we afterwards made a very pleasant acquaintance. She is a most lovely little thing, just three years old, and full of sense, spirit, and playful prettiness: yet decorous and dignified when called upon to appear *en princesse* to any strangers, as if conscious of her high rank, and of the importance of condescendingly sustaining it. 'Tis amazing what education can do, in the earliest years, to those of quick understandings. This little Princess, thus in infancy, by practice and example taught her own consequence, conducts herself, upon all proper occasions, with an air of dignity that is quite astonishing, though her natural character seems all sport and humour.

When we became a little acquainted, the Queen

desired me to take her by the hand, and carry her downstairs to the King, who was waiting for her in the garden. She trusted herself to me with a grave and examining look, and shewed me, for I knew it not, the way. The King, who dotes upon her, seemed good-humouredly pleased to see me bring her. He took her little hand and led her away.

The next day I had a visit from Mrs. Tunstall, the new housekeeper, to inquire if I wanted anything: she seems a good sort of woman, and I have returned her visit.

Mr. Mathias also came, from the Queen, to make out the warrant for my appointment. He is uncle to Charlotte's friend Mr. Mathias, who is sub-treasurer to the Queen, and he sometimes officiates for him.

I had an exceeding kind, friendly, and instructive letter this morning from Miss Young I was quite happy in this mark of her faithful friendship. You may be sure the subject was my new situation.

THURSDAY, JULY 27TH.—This being a court-day, we went to town. The Queen dresses her head at Kew, and puts on her drawing-room apparel at St. James's. Her new attendant dresses all at Kew, except tippet and long ruffles, which she carries in paper, to save from dusty roads. I forgot to tell you, I believe, that at St. James's I can never appear, even though I have nothing to do with the drawing-room, except in a sacque: 'tis the etiquette of my place.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, Miss Planta, and myself went about an hour before the King and Queen. Mrs. Schwellenberg went to the Queen's dressing-room to give orders about the dress, Miss Planta went to the Princesses' room for the same purpose, and I was shewn to mine for no purpose.

Mine are two small rooms, newly and handsomely furnished, one of which has a view of the Park, over the Stable-yard, and the other only of the passage to the Park from St. James's-street.

I had now the great satisfaction to find that there was a private staircase, from that same passage, that leads straight up to my apartments, and also that I may appoint any friend to meet me in them on the court-days. I hope never to be there again without making use of this privilege.

Having now neither companion nor book, I sent John, who came with me to town, to borrow some writing implements of one of the pages, and I employed myself in answering some letters, till the Queen arrived, and I was summoned, by Mrs. Leverick, the town wardrobe woman, to the dressing-room.

There the Queen put on her court dress, and as soon as she was attired sent for the Princess Royal and Augusta, who came to attend her to the drawing-room.

Mr. Nicolay, the page in waiting, then came to beg a little audience for the Duchess of Ancaster. The Queen went to her in the ante-room. The moment I was left with the Princesses, they both came up to me, and began conversing in the most easy, unaffected, cheerful, and obliging manner that can be conceived.

When the Queen returned, the bell was rung for the bedchamber woman; the etiquette of court-days requiring that one of them should finish her dress.

It happened now to be my acquaintance, Mrs. Fielding. She only tied on the necklace, and handed the fan and gloves. The Queen then leaves the dressing-room, her train being carried by the bedchamber woman. The Princesses follow. She goes to the ante-

room, where she sends for the Lady of the Bedchamber in waiting, who then becomes the first train-bearer, and they all proceed to the drawing-room.

We returned to Kew to dinner, very late. M. Polier and Miss Planta dined with us; and at the dessert I was very agreeably surprised by the entrance of Sir Richard Jebb, who stayed coffee. It seems so odd to me to see an old acquaintance in this new place and new situation, that I hardly feel as if I knew them.

FRIDAY, JULY 28TH.—We returned to Windsor at noon.

The Kew life, you will perceive, is different from the Windsor. As there are no early prayers, the Queen rises later; and as there is no form or ceremony here of any sort, her dress is plain, and the hour for the second toilette extremely uncertain. The Royal family are here always in so very retired a way, that they live as the simplest country gentlefolks. The King has not even an equerry with him, nor the Queen any lady to attend her when she goes her airings.

Miss Planta belongs here to our table; so does anybody that comes, as there is no other kept.

There is no excuse for parting after dinner, and therefore I live unremittingly with Mrs. Schwellenberg after the morning.

It is a still greater difficulty to see company here than at Windsor, for as my apartments are upstairs, there is a greater danger of encountering some of the Royal family; and I find all the household are more delicate in inviting or admitting any friends here than elsewhere, on account of the very easy and unreserved way in which the family live, running about from one end of the house to the other, without precaution or care.

To-day I made my first evening visit, and, for the first time, failed Mrs. Schwellenberg's tea-table entirely. You will be surprised to hear for whom I took this effort;—Lady Effingham! But I found from Mrs. Delany she had been a little hurt by the passage-scene, and seemed to think I meant to avoid her future visits and civilities. Mrs. Delany, therefore, advised me to go to Stoke, her country-seat, by way of apologizing, and to request the Queen's permission, promising to carry me herself.

I never hesitate where she counsels. I thought it, too, a good opportunity of trying my length of liberty, as Lady Effingham is one of the ladies of the bedchamber, and is frequently at the Lodge as a private visitor.

It was inexpressibly awkward to me to ask leave to go out, and awkwardly enough I believe I did it, only saying that if her Majesty had no objection, Mrs. Delany would carry me in the evening to Stoke. She smiled immediate approbation, and nothing more passed.

I had then to tell my intention to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was, I believe, a little surprised. Fortunately, Major Price came upstairs to coffee. A little surprised, too, I am sure, was Major Price, when I made off for the whole evening. Everybody had taken it for granted I must necessarily pursue the footsteps of Mrs. Haggerdorn, and never stir out. But, thank God, I am not in the same situation; she had no connections—I have such as no one, I believe, ever had before.

The evening was rainy; but, my leave asked and obtained, my kind Mrs. Delany would not defer the excursion. Stoke is about three miles off.

We were received in the civilest manner possible by Lady Effingham, and Sir George Howard and Lady Frances. There were also several of their relations with them.

Lady Effingham seems a mighty good-humoured, friendly woman. Sir George is pompous, yet he, too, is as good-humoured in his manners as his Lady.

SUNDAY, JULY 30TH.—This morning I received a letter, which, being short and pithy, I will copy:—

"My dear Miss Burney, or Mrs. Burney, as I am told you must now be called—let your old friend Baretti give you joy of what has given him as great and as quick a one as ever he felt in all his days. God bless you, and bless somebody I dare not name, Amen. And suppose I add, bless me too—will that do me any harm?"

JULY 31ST.—I had a very pleasant visit from Mrs. Hastings this morning, whose gay good-humour is very enlivening: but she detained me from my dress, and I was not ready for the Queen; and I have now adopted the measure of stationing John in the gallery while I am at that noble occupation, and making him keep off all callers, by telling them I am dressing for the Queen. I have no other way; and being too late, or even the fear of being too late, makes me nervous and ill.

Every little failure of this sort, though always from causes unknown to her Majesty, she has borne without even a look of surprise or of gravity; though she never waits an instant, for if Mrs. Schwellenberg is not with her, she employs Mrs. Thielky, or goes on with her dress or her undress without either.

This graciousness, however, makes me but the more

earnest to grow punctual; especially as I am now always employed, when present and in time.

I went in the afternoon to Mrs. de Luc. Mr. de Luc's place here enables me to visit at that house with entire approbation, whenever I have leisure. But I can scarce spare a moment of my own from Mrs. Delany.

When I returned here, to the conclusion of the tea-drinking, I found a new gentleman, dressed in the King's Windsor uniform—which is blue and gold, turned up with red, and worn by all the men who belong to his Majesty, and come into his presence at Windsor.

Major Price immediately presented us to each other. It was General Budé: what his post may be I have not yet learned, but he is continually, I am told, at Windsor, and always resides in this lodge, and eats with the equerries.

I do not quite know what to say of General Budé; except that his person is tall and showy, and his manners and appearance are fashionable. But he has a sneer in his smile that looks sarcastic, and a distance in his manner that seems haughty.

PART II.

1786.

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PART II.

1786.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2ND.—This morning, for the first time, I made a little sort of acquaintance with the two younger Princesses. I was coming from the Queen's room, very early, when I met the Princess Mary, just arrived from the Lower Lodge: she was capering upstairs to her elder sisters, but instantly stopped at sight of me, and then coming up to me, inquired how I did, with all the elegant composure of a woman of maturest age. Amazingly well are all these children brought up. The readiness and the grace of their civilities, even in the midst of their happiest wildnesses and freedom, are at once a surprise and a charm to all who see them.

The Queen, when she goes to early prayers, often leaves me the charge of her little favourite dog, Badine. To-day, after her return, she sent her page for him; and presently after, I had a rap again at the door, and the little Princess Sophia entered. "Miss Burney," cried she, curtseying and colouring, "Mamma has sent me for the little dog's basket."

I begged her permission to carry it to the Queen's room; but she would not suffer me, and insisted upon taking it herself, with a mingled modesty and good breeding extremely striking in one so young.

About half an hour after she returned again, accompanying the Princess Royal. The Queen had given

me a new collection of German books, just sent over, to cut open for her; and she employed the Princess Royal to label them. She came most smilingly to the occupation, and said she would write down their names, "if I pleased," in my room. You may believe I was not much displeased. I gave her a pencil, and she seized a piece of whity-brown paper, inquiring "If she might have it?"—I would fain have got her better, but she began writing immediately, stooping to the table.

I was now in a momentary doubt whether or not it would be proper, or too great a liberty, to ask her royal highness to be seated; but, after a moment's hesitation, I thought it best to place her a chair, and say nothing.

I did; and she turned about to me with a most graceful curtsey, and immediately accepted it, with a most condescending apology for my trouble.

I then, thus encouraged, put another chair for the little Princess Sophia, who took it as sweetly.

"Pray sit down too!" cried the Princess Royal: "I beg you will, Miss Burney!"

I resisted a little while; but she would not hear me, insisting, with the most obliging earnestness, upon carrying her point.

She writes German with as much facility as I do English; and therefore, the whole time she was taking down the titles of the books, she kept up a conversation, Mrs. Delany her well and kindly chosen subject.

When she had done her task, she quitted me with the same sweetness, and the Princess Mary ran in for her little sister.

The Princess Royal, not long after, again returned: —"There is no end to me, you will think this morn-

ing," cried she, on entering; and then desired to have all the books I had cut open: nor would she suffer me to carry one for her, though they were incommodious, from their quantity, for herself.

Such has been the singular condescension of the Queen, that every little commission with which she has yet intrusted me she has contrived to render highly honourable, by giving the Princesses some share in them.

In the evening I had no little difficulty how to manage to go to Mrs. Delany,—for I have here to mention the worst thing that has happened to me at Windsor,—the desertion of Major Price from the coffee. The arrival of General Budé, who belongs to the equerries' table, has occasioned his staying to do the honours to him till terrace time. At tea, they belong to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

This has not only lost me some of his society, the most pleasant I had had in the Lodge, but has trebled my trouble to steal away. While I left him behind, the absconding from a beau was apology all-sufficient for running away from a belle; but now I am doubly wanted to stay, and two-doubly earnest to go!

For this evening, however, an opportunity soon offered. The Duchess of Ancaster, who, with her daughter, Lady Charlotte Bertie, was just come on a visit to the Queen, called in upon Mrs. Schwellenberg; and, after an extremely civil salutation and introduction to me, and joy-wishing on my appointment, she shewed so much agitation, and seemed so desirous to speak of something important to Mrs. Schwellenberg, that I found it perfectly easy to make my apology for retiring.

I went into my own room for my cloak, and, as usual,

found Madame La Fîte just waiting for me. She was all emotion,—she seized my hand,—"Have you heard? —*O mon Dieu!—O le bon Roi! O Miss Burney!—what an horreur!*"—

I was very much startled, but soon ceased to wonder at her perturbation;—she had been in the room with the Princess Elizabeth, and there heard, from Miss Goldsworthy, that an attempt had just been made upon the life of the King!

I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this King is not safe,—good, pious, beneficent as he is,—if his life is in danger, from his own subjects, what is to guard the Throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure?

Mrs. Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

Madame La Fîte had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner,—namely, how they were related to the Queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before his Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spanish Minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting, at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure her Majesty of the King's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The Queen had the two eldest Princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with

her when the King came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said "Here I am!—safe and well,—as you see!—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!"

His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the Queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The Queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the Duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears,—"I envy you!—I can't cry!"

The two Princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the Duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The King, with the gayest good-humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had any one but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden-door at St. James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently-dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—"For the King's Most Excellent Majesty." She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the King bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed;—the King started back, scarce

believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her;—and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

"Has she cut my waistcoat?" cried he, in telling it,—"Look! for I have had no time to examine."

Thank heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. "Though nothing," added the King, in giving his relation, "could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen, and fat."

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murtherous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob, "The poor creature is mad!—Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!"

He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

There is something in the whole of his behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life,—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted,

have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St. James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined,—who would have dared murmur, or even blame such measures?

The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.

Nor did he rest here; notwithstanding the excess of terror for his safety, and doubt of further mischief, with which all his family and all his household were seized, he still maintained the most cheerful composure, and insisted upon walking on the terrace, with no other attendant than his single equerry.

The poor Queen went with him, pale and silent,—the Princesses followed, scarce yet commanding their tears. In the evening, just as usual, the King had his concert: but it was an evening of grief and horror to his family: nothing was listened to, scarce a word was spoken; the Princesses wept continually; the Queen, still more deeply struck, could only, from time to time, hold out her hand to the King, and say "I have you yet!"

The affection for the King felt by all his household has been at once pleasant and affecting to me to observe: there has not been a dry eye in either of the Lodges, on the recital of his danger, and not a face but his own that has not worn marks of care ever since.

I put off my visit to my dear Mrs. Delany; I was

too much horror-struck to see her immediately; and when, at night, I went to her, I determined to spare her the shock of this event till the next day. I was sure it would soon travel to her house; and I cautioned Miss P—— and Mrs. Astley, if any intelligence reached them concerning the King, to conceal it.

I found the Dowager Lady Spencer with her, whom I had been invited to meet, at her repeated desire. She was easy, chatty, and obliging; she seems to have a good understanding, and a perfect assurance of it. She was most earnestly flattering about cultivating our acquaintance, which had begun last winter at Mrs. Delany's in town.

General Budé and Major Price were with Mrs. Schwellenberg at my return; and not a word was uttered by either of them concerning the day's terrific alarm. There seemed nothing but general consternation and silence.

When I went to the Queen at night she scarce once opened her lips. Indeed I could not look at her without feeling the tears ready to start into my eyes. But I was very glad to hear again the voice of the King, though only from the next apartment, and calling to one of his dogs.

August 3rd.—The poor Queen looked so ill that it was easy to see how miserable had been her night. It is unfortunately the unalterable opinion of Mrs. Schwellenberg that some latent conspiracy belongs to this attempt, and therefore that it will never rest here. This dreadful suggestion preys upon the mind of the Queen, though she struggles to conquer or conceal it. I longed passionately this morning, when alone with her, to speak upon the matter, and combat the opinion; but as she still said nothing, it was not possible.

When she was dressed for the chapel, she desired me to keep little Badine; but he ran out after her: I ran too, and in the gallery leading from the Queen's room to mine, all the Princesses, and their governesses, were waiting for the Queen. They all looked very ill, the Princess Royal particularly.—O well indeed might they tremble! for a father more tender, more kind, more amiable, I believe has scarcely ever had daughters to bless.

The Princess Mary assisted me to recover the little dog, or, rather, took all the trouble herself, for she caught him and brought him to me in her arms; and the Princess Augusta very sweetly came up to me, to say she had just seen Mrs. Delany pass by to the chapel, which must be a proof of her health.

The Queen and Princesses then went into the room where they usually wait for the King. Miss Goldsworthy came forward, with another lady, who, she said, desired acquaintance with me: it was Mlle. Monmoulin, one of the governesses.

Major Price, who was in waiting for the King at the head of a great staircase just out of the gallery, made me also his bow, but is ever scrupulously attentive not to utter a syllable either in the sight or the hearing of the King or Queen.

I then passed on to my own room, which terminates this gallery. But I have since heard it is contrary to rule to pass even the door of an apartment in which any of the royal family happen to be, if it is open. However, these little formalities are all dispensed with to the ignorant; and as I learn better I shall observe them more. I am now obliged to fee land find my way as I can, having no friend, adviser, nor informer in the whole house. Accident only gives me any in-

struction, and that generally arrives too late to save an error. My whole dependence is upon the character of the Queen; her good sense and strong reason will always prevent the unnecessary offence of ranking mistakes from inexperience, with disrespect or inattention. I have never, therefore, a moment's uneasiness upon these points. Though there is a lady who from time to time represents them as evils the most heinous.

I had afterwards a letter from my poor Mrs. Delany, written with her own hand, and with a pencil, as she is now too indistinct of sight to see even a word. She writes therefore only by memory, and, if with pen and ink, cannot find her place again when she leaves it, to dip the pen in the inkstand.

She had escaped the news at the chapel, by the care of Lady Spencer, who had been cautioned to watch her; but she had been told it afterwards by Lady Spencer herself, lest it should reach her ears in any worse manner. You may imagine how greatly it shocked her. I ran to answer her note in person, determining, upon such an occasion, to risk appearing before the Queen a second time in my morning dress, rather than not satisfy my dear Mrs. Delany by word of mouth. I gave her all the comfort in my power, and raised her agitated spirits by dwelling upon the escape, and slightly passing by the danger.

The Queen was so late before her second summons that I was still in time. I found her with her eyes almost swollen out of her head, but more cheerful and easy, and evidently relieved by the vent forced, at length, to her tears.

She now first spoke upon the subject to me; inquiring how Mrs. Delany had borne the hearing it. I told her of the letter sent me in the morning, and half

proposed shewing it, as it expressed her feelings beyond the power of any other words." She bowed her desire to see it, and I ran and brought it. She read it aloud, Mrs. Schwellenberg being present, and was pleased and soothed by it.

Almost as soon as I returned to my room, I had the honour of a visit from the Duchess of Ancaster, who sat with me till dinner time. She is easy, obliging, unaffected, and well bred. I am happy to like her so well, and happy in her civility, as I find she spends the greatest part of the summer here.

She told me all the particulars I have related already concerning the Wednesday's alarming business. You may easily imagine no other subject can find entrance here at present.

A little incident happened afterwards that gave me great satisfaction in perspective. While I was drinking coffee with Mrs. Schwellenberg, a message was brought to me, that Mrs. and Miss Heberden desired their compliments, and would come to drink tea with me if I was disengaged.

To drink tea with me! The words made me colour. I hesitated,—I knew not if I might accept such an offer. With regard to themselves, I had little or no interest in it, as they were strangers to me, but with regard to such an opening to future potentiality,—there, indeed, the message acquired consequence.

After keeping the man some minutes, I was so much at a loss, still, to know what step I had power to take, that I was induced to apply to Mrs. Schwellenberg, asking her what I must do.

"What you please!" was her answer; and I waited nothing more explicit, but instantly sent back my compliments, and that I should be very glad of their company.

This was a most happy event to me: it first let me know the possibility of receiving a friend in my own room to tea.

Both mother and daughter are sensible women. I had met them one morning at Mrs. Delany's, and they had then proposed and settled that we were to meet again.

They left me before the tea-party assembled in our common room. It was very much crowded, everybody being anxious to hear news of the Queen. Miss Egerton, Mrs. Fielding, and her three daughters, Mrs. Douglas, wife of the biographical Dr. Douglas, and my own dear Mrs. Delany, were amongst them. The General and the Major as usual; and the rest were strangers to me.

When they were all gone but Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Schwellenberg made us both very happy by a private communication that the Prince of Wales was actually then in the Lodge, whither he rode post haste, on the first news of the alarm given to the Queen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4TH.—This was an extremely arduous morning to the poor Queen. The King again went to town; and her anxiety in his absence, and fear how it might end, oppressed her most painfully. She could not take her usual airing. She shut herself up with the Princess Augusta; but, to avoid any rumours of her uneasiness, the carriage and usual horsemen were all at the door at the customary time; and the Princess Royal, attended by the Duchess of Ancaster, went out, and passed, driving quick through the town, for the Queen herself, to most of the people.

At her toilette, before dinner, Lady Effingham was admitted. The Queen had her newspapers as usual, and she read aloud, while her hair was dressing, several interesting articles concerning the attack, the noble

humanity of the King, his presence of mind, and the blessing to the whole nation arising from his preservation. The spirit of loyalty, warmth, and zeal with which all the newspapers are just now filled seemed extremely gratifying to her: she dwelt upon several of the strongest expressions with marked approbation, exclaiming from time to time, as she read particular praises of his Majesty's worth and importance, "That is true! —That is true, indeed!"—But suddenly, afterwards, coming upon a paragraph beginning with the words of the coronation anthem, "Long live the King! May the King live for ever!" her tears flowed so fast that they blinded her, and to hear her read such words was so extremely affecting, that I was obliged to steal behind her chair to hide myself; while Lady Effingham took out her handkerchief, and cried in good earnest. I believe her to be warmly and gratefully attached both to the King and Queen; and she has received from the Queen very uncommon assistance, I am informed, in some very distressful situations.

The Queen, however, read on; dispersing her tears as she could, and always smiling through them when the praise, not the danger, drew them forth.

Nothing could be more gracious than her manner to me the whole time: she did not, as usual, dismiss me, either for her hair-dressing, or for Lady Effingham: she was sure I must be interested in what was going forward, and she looked at us alternately, for our comments as she went on.

I rejoiced she had not set me to read these papers. I expected, for the first week, every summons would have ended in a command to read to her. But it never happened, and I was saved an exertion for which I am sure I should have had no voice.

One night, indeed, I thought the matter inevitable. Something was mentioned, by the Queen, to Mrs. Schwellenberg, of Mr. Cowper's poem of the Task; and she said there was one of the most just compliments, without extravagance, and without coldness, that could be paid him. She asked me if I knew the poem? I told her only by character. She then desired me to get the book, which was only in the window.

I did,—and felt all my breath desert me at the same moment. I held it quietly, by the side of her chair, fearing every instant her commands to find the passage, and read it: but, very unexpectedly, she took it into her own hands, to look for it, and then read it aloud herself, looking at me as she proceeded, to observe and to draw from me what I thought of it.

How sweet this was! when merely curiosity must have led her to wish to hear me, that she might judge whether or not I could be of any use to her in a capacity in which she has declared she really wants an assistant.

From this time she frequently read me little paragraphs out of the papers, without even appearing to think of employing me in that way.

Madame La Fîte, in the afternoon, on my descent from Mrs. Schwellenberg to go to Mrs. Delany, brought me Mlle. Monmoulin. She seems a perfectly good creature, and is one of the best and finest work-women to be met with. She has taught the little Princesses a thousand ingenious uses of the needle.

I still had time for a moment or two with my Windsor guardian angel, and failed not to accept them.

On my entrance into the common room I found it again filled with company. The first to speak to me was Lord Walsingham, whom I had spent a day or two with at Thames Ditton. His Lady, also, was there;

and Lord and Lady Boston, Miss Egerton, a German Baron, M. del Campo, the Spanish Ambassador, and the General and the Major.

The confusion of the present time, and the quantity of company pouring into Windsor to pay their respects to the King and Queen, make the place appear all crowd and bustle. I rejoice in the proof it affords of the universal interest taken in the safety of the King.

The German Baron is an attendant on the Duke de Saxe Gotha, who was here for a few days again: he remained therefore after all others were gone, except Major Price; and as he could speak no English, Mrs. Schwellenberg had him wholly on her own hands, to entertain in German.

I had again a very long confabulation with Major Price, who seems to make it a part of his business to do whatever is in his power to assist me over the awkwardness of my first passage into a situation so utterly new to me. I had, indeed, to-day, made a little step forward for him. In my way to the Queen at noon, he had stopped me, in the gallery, to inquire if I had the Queen's newspapers?—No, I said, I never saw any but in her own hands. "I wanted exceedingly," cried he, "to look at the Morning Herald, and see in what manner they treat this affair there." He was going on, but I was in too much haste to answer him, and only made the best of my way to the dressing-room. But as I owed him every little civility in my power, I determined to make my apology for running off, by procuring him the newspaper. I ventured, therefore, to tell the Queen his wish to see the Morning Herald, and she instantly said, "O certainly! Let him see them all."

I brought them, therefore, away, and sent them to

him by John. He thanked me this evening, but was quite startled when I told him how the matter had passed, and that I had made the request for him. I believe it was a little out of the usual order of things; but it could not signify.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6TH.—The private conduct of the Royal Family is all so good, so exemplary, that it is with the greatest pleasure I take, from time to time, occasion to give my Susan some traits of it.

This morning, before church, Miss Planta was sent to me by the Queen, for some snuff, to be mixed as before: when I had prepared it, I carried it, as directed, to her Majesty's dressing-room. I turned round the lock, for that, not rapping at the door, is the mode of begging admission; and she called out to me to come in.

I found her reading, aloud, some religious book, but I could not discover what, to the three eldest Princesses. Miss Planta was in waiting. She continued after my entrance, only motioning to me that the snuff might be put in a box upon the table.

I did not execute my task very expeditiously: for I was glad of this opportunity of witnessing the maternal piety with which she enforced, in voice and expression, every sentence that contained any lesson that might be useful to her Royal daughters. She reads extremely well, with great force, clearness, and meaning.

Just as I had slowly finished my commission, the King entered. She then stopped, and rose; so instantly did the Princesses. He had a letter in his hand open: he said something to the Queen in German, and they left the room together; but he turned round from the door, and first spoke to me, with a good-humoured laugh, saying, "Miss Burney, I hear you cook snuff very well!"

"Cook snuff!" repeated the Princess Augusta, laughing, and coming up to me the moment they left the room. "Pray, Miss Burney, let me have one pinch!"

The Princess Elizabeth ran up to me, also, exclaiming, "Miss Burney, I hope you hate snuff? I hope you do, for I hate it of all things in the world!"

In the afternoon I had a sweet visit from Mrs. Delany, who stayed with me till the evening party, when she accompanied me into the tea-room, where we found the Duke of Montagu, M. del Campo, the German Baron, and Mr. Fisher, with the two customary beaux.

Just as tea was over, the door opened, and the King entered. He only seized Mrs. Delany by the arm, and, laughing a little at the *enlèvement*, instantly carried her away with him to the concert-room. I was very glad even to lose her thus, knowing well the great gratification she receives from the honours done her by such sovereigns.

The Major and General immediately followed, but the Baron stayed, and while he engrossed Mrs. Schwellenberg—(I wish he would live here!)—and M. del Campo the Duke, Mr. Fisher, for the first time, entered into conversation with me, and spoke to me of Mrs. Thrale—with whom he had seen me in former times—with such candour that it quite won my heart.

During this discourse, Westerhahl, one of Mrs. Schwellenberg's domestics, called me out of the room. John waited to speak to me in the gallery. "What time, ma'am," cried he, "shall you have your supper?"

"What supper?" cried I. "I only eat fruit, as usual."

"Have not you ordered supper, ma'am, for to-night?"

"No."

"There is one cooking for you—a fowl and peas."

"It's some great mistake; run down and tell them so.

I returned to the company, and would have related the adventure, had I been in spirits; but voluntary speech escaped me not. Where I am not happy, or forced to it, it never does. In silence and in quiet, I court repose and revival; and I think, my dearest Susan, I feel that they will come.

Presently I was called out again.

"Ma'am," cried John, "the supper is ordered in your name. I saw the order—the clerk of the kitchen gave it in."

This was the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. I desired him to run down forthwith, and inquire by whose directions all this was done.

He came back, and said, "By Sir Francis Drake's."

Sir Francis Drake is, I think, steward of the household.

I then desired him to interfere no more, but let the matter be pursued in their own way.

As soon as the company was gone, all but a Miss Mawer, who is on a visit to Mrs. Schwellenberg, I told my tale. Mrs. Schwellenberg said the orders had been hers, that a hot supper belonged to my establishment, and that sometimes she might come and eat it with me.

I had now not a word to add. At ten o'clock, both she and Miss Mawer accompanied me to my room.

Miss Mawer is an old maid; tall, thin, sharp-featured, hurrying and disagreeable in her manner, but, I believe, good-natured and good-hearted, from all I have observed in her. The smell of the meat soon grew offensive to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who left me with Miss Mawer. As I never eat any myself at night, all I could devise to make the perfume tolerable was to consider it as an opportunity for a lesson in carving:

so I went to work straightforward to mangle my unbidden guest, for the use and service of Miss Mawer.

Soon after, I was delighted and surprised by the entrance of Mrs. Delany, ushered to my room by Major Price. The concert being over, and the Royal Family retired to supper, she would not go away without seeing me. I thanked the Major for bringing me so sweet a guest, but almost fear he expected to be invited in with her. I am sure I could have had nothing but pleasure from his joining us; but I had made a rule, on my thus first setting up for myself, to invite no man whatever, young, old, married, single, acquaintance or stranger, till I knew precisely the nature of my own situation: for I had been warned by an excellent friend, Mrs. de Luc, on my first entrance into office, that there was no drawing back in a place such as this; and that therefore I ought studiously to *keep* back, till I felt my way, and knew, experimentally, what I could do, and what I should wish to leave alone.

This advice has been of singular use to me, in a thousand particulars, from the very first to the present day of my abode in this Lodge. Mrs. de Luc trusted me with several other private hints, that have proved of the greatest utility to me. Indeed, I never see her without receiving the most indubitable testimonies of her confidence and friendship.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7TH.—This has been the first cheerful day since the memorable and alarming attack of the 2nd of August. It was the birthday of the little Princess Amelia; and the fondness of the whole family for that lovely child, and her own infantine enjoyment of the honours paid her, have revived the spirits of the whole house.

The manner of keeping the birth-days here is very

simple. All the Royal Family are new-dressed; so—at least so they appear—are all their attendants. The dinners and desserts are unusually sumptuous; and some of the principal officers of state, and a few of the ladies of the court, come to Windsor to make their compliments; and at night there is a finer concert, by an addition from town of the musicians belonging to the Queen's band. If the weather is fine, all the family walk upon the terrace, which is crowded with people of distinction, who take that mode of showing respect, to avoid the trouble and fatigue of attending at the following drawing-room.

Another method, too, which is taken to express joy and attachment upon these occasions, is by going to the eight o'clock prayers at the Royal Chapel. The congregation all assemble, after the service, in the opening at the foot of the great stairs which the Royal Family descend from their gallery; and there those who have any pretensions to notice scarce ever fail to meet with it.

To-day, this Staircase Drawing-room, as it is named by Major Price, was very much crowded; and it was a sweet sight to me, from my windows, to see that the royal group—respectfully followed by many people of distinction, who came on the occasion, and, at a still greater distance, encircled by humbler, but not less loyal congratulators—had their chief attention upon my dear, aged, venerable Mrs. Delany, who was brought in by the King and Queen, to partake with them the birth-day breakfast.

In the evening, for the first time since my arrival, I went upon the terrace, under the wing and protection of my dear Mrs. Delany, who was tempted to walk there herself, in order to pay her respects on the little

Princess's birth-day. She was carried in her chair to the foot of the steps.

Mrs. Delany was desirous to save herself for the royal encounter: she therefore sat down on the first seat till the royal party appeared in sight: we then, of course, stood up.

It was really a mighty pretty procession. The little Princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and a fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted in the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed: for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the Royal Family, the moment they come in sight. Then followed the King and Queen, no less delighted themselves with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal, leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, followed at a little distance.

This Princess, the second female in the kingdom, shews, I think, more marked respect and humility towards the King and Queen than any of the family.

Next the Princess Augusta, holding by the Duchess of Ancaster; and next the Princess Elizabeth, holding by Lady Charlotte Bertie. Office here takes place of rank, which occasioned Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, as lady of her bedchamber, to walk with the Princess Royal.

Then followed the Princess Mary with Miss Goldsworthy, and the Princess Sophia with Mademoiselle Monmoulin and Miss Planta; then General Budé and the Duke of Montagu; and, lastly, Major Price, who, as equerry, always brings up the rear, walks at a distance from the group, and keeps off all crowd from the Royal Family.

On sight of Mrs. Delany, the King instantly stopped to speak to her. The Queen, of course, and the little Princess, and all the rest, stood still, in their ranks. They talked a good while with the sweet old lady; during which time the King once or twice addressed himself to me. I caught the Queen's eye, and saw in it a little surprise, but by no means any displeasure, to see me of the party.

The little Princess went up to Mrs. Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her: she then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, slowly, of her own accord, came behind Mrs. Delany to look at me. "I am afraid," said I, in a whisper, and stooping down, "your Royal Highness does not remember me?"

What think you was her answer? An arch little smile, and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me. I could not resist so innocent an invitation; but the moment I had accepted it, I was half afraid it might seem, in so public a place, an improper liberty: however, there was no help for it. She then took my fan, and, having looked at it on both sides, gravely returned it me, saying, "O! a brown fan!"

The King and Queen then bid her curtsey to Mrs. Delany, which she did most gracefully, and they all moved on; each of the Princesses speaking to Mrs. Delany as they passed, and condescending to curtsey to her companion.

We afterwards met the Heberdens, Fieldings, Egertons, Lord Walsingham, and Dr. Lind. Lord Walsingham gave me a pretty palpable hint or two of being willing to honour me with a call; but I pretended not to understand him. I am forced to that

method of slack comprehension continually, to save myself from more open and awkward declinings.

Mrs. Delany was too much fatigued to return to the Lodge to tea; but Mrs. Fielding and her three daughters, Lord Courtown, Mr. Fisher, the General, and the Major, made up our set.

Mrs. Schwellenberg was very ill. She declined making tea, and put it into the hands of the General. I had always kept back from that office, as well as from presiding at the table, that I might keep the more quiet, and be permitted to sit silent; which, at first, was a repose quite necessary to my depressed state of spirits, and which, as they grew better, I found equally necessary to keep off the foul fiends of Jealousy and Rivality in my colleague; who, apparently, never wishes to hear my voice but when we are *tête-à-tête*, and then never is in good-humour when it is at rest. I could not, however, see this feminine occupation in masculine hands, and not, for shame, propose taking it upon myself. The General readily relinquished it, and I was fain to come forth and do the honours.

Lord Courtown sat himself next me, and talked with me the whole time, in well-bred and pleasant discourse. The Major waited upon me as assiduously as if he had been as much my equerry as the King's, and all went smooth, well, and naturally, except that the poor sick lady grew evidently less and less pleased with the arrangement of things, and less and less in humour with its arrangers: so obvious, indeed, was the displeasure that the cipher should become a number, that had my own mind been easy, I should have felt much vexed to observe what a curb was placed over me: for hitherto, except when she has been engaged herself, and only to Major Price and Mr. Fisher, that cipher

had "word spoke never one." 'Tis wonderful, my dearest Susan, what wretched tempers are to be met with—wretched in and to themselves—wretched to and for all that surround them. However, while only to be stupid and silent will do, we shall not be at variance. Were I happier, perhaps I might comply with more difficulty; so be not sorry, my Susan, nor you, my sweet Fredy, if, by-and-bye, you should hear me complain. It will be a very good sign.

August 8th.—An exceeding pretty scene was exhibited to-day to their Majesties. We came, as usual on every alternate Tuesday, to Kew. The Queen's Lodge is at the end of a long meadow, surrounded with houses, which is called Kew Green; and this was quite filled with all the inhabitants of the place—the lame, old, blind, sick, and infants, who all assembled, dressed in their Sunday garb, to line the sides of the roads through which their Majesties passed, attended by a band of musicians, arranged in the front, who began 'God save the King!' the moment they came upon the Green, and finished it with loud huzzas. This was a compliment at the expense of the better inhabitants, who paid the musicians themselves, and mixed in with the group, which indeed left not a soul, I am told, in any house in the place.

This testimony of loyal satisfaction in the King's safe return, after the attempted assassination, affected the Queen to tears: nor were they shed alone; for almost everybody's flowed that witnessed the scene. The Queen, in speaking of it afterwards, said, "I shall always love little Kew for this!"

At the second toilette to-day, Mrs. Schwellenberg, who left the dressing-room before me, called out at the

door, "Miss Bernar, when you have done from the Queen, come to my room."

There was something rather more peremptory in the order than was quite pleasant to me, and I rather drily answered, "Very well, Mrs. Schwellenberg."

The Queen was even uncommonly sweet and gracious in her manner after this lady's departure, and kept me with her some time after she was dressed. I never go from her presence till I am dismissed; no one does, not even when they come in only with a hurried message,—except the pages, who enter merely as messengers, and Mrs. Schwellenberg, whose place and illness together have given her that privilege.

The general form of the dismission, which you may perhaps be curious to hear, is in these words, "Now I will let you go;" which the Queen manages to speak with a grace that takes from them all air of authority.

At first, I must confess, there was something inexpressibly awkward to me, in waiting to be told to go, instead of watching an opportunity, as elsewhere, for taking leave before I thought myself *de trop:* but I have since found that this is, to me, a mark of honour; as it is the established custom to people of the first rank, the Princesses themselves included, and only not used to the pages and the wardrobe-women, who are supposed only to enter for actual business, and therefore to retire when it is finished, without expectation of being detained to converse, or beyond absolute necessity.

I give you all these little details of interior royalty, because they are curious, from opening a new scene of life, and can only be really known by interior residence.

When I went to Mrs. Schwellenberg, she said,

"You might know I had something to say to you, by my calling you before the Queen." She then proceeded to a long prelude, which I could but ill comprehend, save that it conveyed much of obligation on my part, and favour on hers; and then ended with, "I might tell you now, the Queen is going to Oxford, and you might go with her; it is a secret—you might not tell it nobody. But I tell you once, I shall do for you what I can; you are to have a gown."

I stared, and drew back, with a look so undisguised of wonder and displeasure at this extraordinary speech, that I saw it was understood, and she then thought it time, therefore, to name her authority, which, with great emphasis, she did thus: "The Queen will give you a gown! The Queen says you are not rich," &c.

There was something in the manner of this quite intolerable to me; and I hastily interrupted her with saying, "I have two new gowns by me, and therefore do not require another."

Perhaps a proposed present from her Majesty was never so received before; but the grossness of the manner of the messenger swallowed up the graciousness of the design in the principal; and I had not even a wish to conceal how little it was to my taste.

The highest surprise sat upon her brow: she had imagined that a gown—that any present—would have been caught at with obsequious avidity; but indeed she was mistaken.

Seeing the wonder and displeasure now hers, I calmly added, "The Queen is very good, and I am very sensible of her Majesty's graciousness; but there is not, in this instance, the least occasion for it."

"Miss Bernar," cried she, quite angrily, "I tell you once, when the Queen will give you a gown, you must

be humble, thankful, when you are Duchess of Ancaster!"

She then enumerated various ladies to whom her Majesty had made the same present, many of them of the first distinction, and all, she said, great secrets. Still I only repeated again the same speech.

I can bear to be checked and curbed in discourse, and would rather be subdued into silence—and even, if that proves a gratification that secures peace and gives pleasure, into apparent insensibility; but to receive a favour through the vehicle of insolent ostentation—no! no! To submit to ill-humour rather than argue and dispute I think an exercise of patience, and I encourage myself all I can to practise it: but to accept even a shadow of an obligation upon such terms I should think mean and unworthy; and therefore I mean always, in a Court as I would elsewhere, to be open and fearless in declining such subjection.

When she had finished her list of secret ladies, I told her I must beg to speak to the Queen, and make my own acknowledgments for her gracious intention.

This she positively forbid; and said it must only pass through her hands. "When I give you the gown," she added, "I will tell you when you may make your curtsey."

I was not vexed at this prohibition, not knowing what etiquette I might offend by breaking it; and the conversation concluded with nothing being settled.

I might have apprehended some misrepresentation of this conference; but I could not give up all my own notions of what I think everybody owes to themselves, so far as to retract, or apologise, or say anything further. I determined to run the risk of what might be related, and wait the event quietly. In situations entirely new,

where our own ideas of right and wrong are not strictly and courageously adhered to from the very beginning, we are liable to fall into shackles which no after time, no future care and attention, can enable us to shake off.

How little did the sweet Queen imagine that this her first mark of favour should so be offered me as to raise in me my first spirit of resistance! How differently would she have executed her own commission herself! To avoid exciting jealousy was, I doubt not, her motive for employing another.

At night, however, this poor woman was so ill, so lost for want of her party at cards, and so frightened with apprehensions of the return of some dreadful spasmodic complaints, from which she has many years suffered the severest pain, that I was induced to do a thing you will wonder at, and against which I had resolved to struggle unrelentingly. This was to play at cards with her. She had frequently given me broad hints of desiring me to learn; but I had openly declared I disliked cards, and never wished nor meant to learn a single game. However, to-night's sufferings conquered me, and I proposed it myself. The offer was plumply accepted, and Miss Planta was sent for to help to teach me. Irksome enough is this compliance; but while I stand firm in points of honour, I must content myself to relinquish those of inclination. Miss Goldsworthy and Miss Planta spent the day with us.

August 9th.—I had my dearest Mrs. Locke to tea and supper. I need give no account to my Susan of particulars she must long since have heard from the so much better way of conversation.

August 10th.—I journeyed to town, with Mrs. Schwellenberg and Miss Planta; and this morning I

was employed for the first time on a message to the Queen. I was in the ante-room, when Mr. Nicolay, her Majesty's page at St. James's, came and told me the Duchess of Ancaster sent her humble duty to the Queen, and begged an audience before the drawing-room. I told the Queen, who, when dressed, all but her necklace, received the Duchess in the ante-room.

I mention all these little ceremonies as they occur, that hereafter I may have no occasion, when they lead to other matters, to explain them.

When the Queen left the dressing-room, the two eldest Princesses, who had been summoned at the same time, both came to speak with me.

"I'm so glad, Miss Burney," cried the Princess Royal, "that you have seen Mrs. Locke to-day. I believe I saw her going away from your room."

The bedchamber woman was rung for on the Queen's return. So you see I am not the only one to answer a bell. It was Mrs. Fielding, who looked at me with an attention that will not leave her much in doubt as to my dress, at least, though she could not speak. I have told you, I believe, that no one, not even the Princesses, ever speak in the presence of the King and Queen, but to answer what is immediately said by themselves. There are, indeed, occasions in which this is set aside, from particular encouragement given at the moment; but it is not less a rule, and it is one very rarely infringed.

When the drawing-room began, I went to my own room; and there I had the great happiness of finding my father, who had contrived to be in town purposely, and to whom I had sent John, in St. Martin's Street, that he might be shown the straight way to my apartment. He had determined upon going to the drawing-

room himself, to manifest, amongst the general zeal of the times, his loyal joy in his Majesty's safety.

The drawing-room was over very late indeed. So anxious has been the whole nation to shew their affectionate attachment to the King, that this, the first drawing-room since his danger, was as splendid, and as much crowded, as upon a birthday. When the Queen summoned me, upon returning to her dressing-room, and mentioned how full and how hot it had been, I ventured to say, "I am very glad of it, ma'am; it was an honest crowd to-day."

At tea I found a new uniform. Major Price immediately introduced me to him; he was Colonel Fairly. He is a man of the most scrupulous good-breeding, diffident, gentle, and sentimental in his conversation, and assiduously attentive in his manners. He married Lady ——, and I am told is a most tender husband to her.

A very unfortunate subject happened to be started during our tea; namely, the newspaper attacks upon Mrs. Hastings. The Colonel, very innocently, said he was very sorry that lady was ever mentioned in the same paragraph with her Majesty. Mrs. Schwellenberg indignantly demanded "Why?—where?—when? and what?"

Unconscious of her great friendship for Mrs. Hastings, the Colonel, unfortunately, repeated his concern, adding, "Nothing has hurt me so much as the Queen's being ever named in such company."

The most angry defence was now made, but in so great a storm of displeasure, and confusion of language, that the Colonel, looking utterly amazed, was unable to understand what was the matter.

Major Price and myself were both alarmed; Miss

P—— longed to laugh; Miss Mawer sat perfectly motionless; Mr. Fisher decidedly silent. No one else was present.

The Colonel, whenever he could be heard, still persisted in his assertion, firmly, though gently, explaining the loyalty of his motives.

This perseverance increased the storm, which now blew with greater violence, less and less distinct as more fierce. Broken sentences were all that could be articulated. "You might not say such thing!"—"Upon my vord!"—"I tell you onee!"—"Colonel what-you-call,—I am quite warm!"—"Upon my vord!—I tell you the same!"—"You might not tell me such thing!"—"What for you say all that?"

As there was nothing in this that could possibly clear the matter, and the poor Colonel only sunk deeper and deeper, by not understanding the nature of his offence, Major Price now endeavoured to interfere; and, as he is a great favourite, he was permitted not only to speak, but to be heard.

"Certainly," said he, "those accounts about Mrs. Hastings, and the history of her divorce, are very unpleasant anecdotes in public newspapers; and I am sorry, too, that they should be told in the same paragraph that mentions her being received by the Queen."

Nothing could equal the consternation with which this unexpected speech was heard. "Upon my vord! You sorprise me!" was all that could now be got out.

As I found them now only running further from general comprehension, I felt so sorry that poor Mrs. Hastings, whom I believe to be a most injured woman, should so ill be defended, even by her most zealous

friend, that I compelled myself to the exertion of coming forward, now, in her behalf myself; and I therefore said, it was a thousand pities her story should not be more accurately made known: as the mode of a second marriage from a divorce was precisely the contrary here of what it was in Germany; since here it could only take place upon misconduct, and there, I had been told, a divorce from misconduct prohibited a second marriage, which could only be permitted where the divorce was the mere effect of disagreement from dissimilar tempers. Mrs. Hastings, therefore, though acquitted of ill-behaviour by the laws of her own country, seemed, by those of England, convicted; and I could not but much regret that her vindication was not publicly made by this explanation.

"So do I, too," cried Major Price; "for I never heard this before."

"Nor I," cried the Colonel; "and indeed it ought to be made known, both for the sake of Mrs. Hastings, and because she has been received at Court, which gave everybody the greatest surprise, and me, in my ignorance, the greatest concern, 'on account of the Queen.'"

This undid all again, though my explanation had just stilled the hurricane; but now it began afresh. 'You might not say that, Colonel Fairly; you might not name the Queen!—O, I can't bear it!—I tell you once it is too moch!—What for you tell me that?"

"Ma'am, I—I only said—It is not me, ma'am, but the newspapers—"

"What for you have such newspapers?—I tell you the same—it is—what you call—I don't like such thing!"

"But, ma'am—"

"O, upon my vord, I might tell you once, when you name the Queen, it is—what you call—I can't bear it! —when it is nobody else, with all my heart!—I might not care for that—but when it is the Queen,—I tell you the same, Colonel Fairly—it makes me—what you call—perspire."

The Major again interfered, saying it was now all cleared up, by the account of the difference of the German customs, and therefore that it was all very well. A certain quiet, but yet decisive way, in which he sometimes speaks, was here very successful; and as the lady stopped, the Colonel saw all explanation too desperate to aim at further argument.

PART III.

1786.

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AUGUST 12TH, SATURDAY.—The Prince of Wales's birthday. How I grieve at whatever may be the cause which absents him from his family!—a family of so much love, harmony, and excellence, that to mix with them, even rarely, must have been the first of lessons to his heart; and here, I am assured, his heart is good, though, elsewhere, his conduct renders it so suspicious.

I come now to the Oxford expedition.

The plan was to spend one day at Lord Harcourt's, at Nuneham, one at Oxford, and one at Blenheim; dining and sleeping always at Nuneham.

I now a little regretted that I had declined meeting Lady Harcourt, when invited to see her at Mrs. Vesey's about three years ago. I was not, just then, very happy—and I was surfeited of new acquaintances; when the invitation, therefore, came, I sent an excuse. But now when I was going to her house, I wished I had had any previous knowledge of her, to lessen the difficulties of my first appearance in my new character, upon attending the Queen on a visit.

I said something of this sort to Mrs. Schwellenberg, in our conversation the day before the journey; and she answered that it did not signify: for, as I went with the Queen, I might be sure I should be civilly treated.

Yes, I said, I generally had been; and congratulated myself that at least I knew a little of Lord Harcourt, to whom I had been introduced, some years ago, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and whom I had since met two or three times. "O," she cried, "it is the same,—that is nothing,—when you go with the Queen, it is enough; they might be civil to you for that sake. You might go quite without no, what you call, fuss; you might take no gown but what you go in:—that is enough,—you might have no servant,—for what?—You might keep on your riding-dress. There is no need you might be seen. I shall do everything that I can to assist you to appear for nobody."

I leave you to imagine my thanks. But the news about the servant was not very pleasant, as I thought it most likely I could never more want one than in a strange house added to a strange situation. However, I determined upon assuming no competition in command, and therefore I left the matter to her own direction.

Their Majesties went to Nuneham to breakfast. Miss Planta and myself were not to follow till after an early dinner. Princess Elizabeth, in a whisper, after the rest left the room, advised me to go and lie down again as soon as they were gone. And, indeed, I was sufficiently fatigued to be glad to follow the advice.

My dear Mrs. Delany came to sit with me while I packed up. What a pleasure to me is her constant society, and the reciprocal confidence of all our conversations! She intrusts me with every thing in the world—I intrust her with every thing that now happens to me.

Our early dinner was with Mrs. Schwellenberg and

Miss Mawer. We set out at three o'clock, and took with us Mrs. Thielky, the Queen's wardrobe woman, and the comfort of my life in the absence of Mrs. Schwellenberg, for she is the real acting person, though I am the apparent one : and she is also a very good sort of woman,—plain, sensible, clear-headed, mild-mannered, sedate, and steady. I found her in this journey of infinite service, for she not only did almost every thing for the Queen, but made it her business to supply also the place of maid to me, as much as ever I would suffer her. How fortunate for me that the person so immediately under me should be so good a creature! The other person we took was a Miss Mhaughendorf, a dresser to the Princesses Royal and Augusta, a very pleasing young woman, gentle and interesting, who is just come from the King's German dominions to this place, to which she has been recommended by her father, who is clerk of the kitchen to the Duke of York. The Princesses have a German in this office, to assist their study of that language, which, in their future destinations, may prove essential to them.

Miss Planta's post in the court-calendar is that of English teacher, but it seems to me, that of personal attendant upon the two eldest Princesses. She is with them always when they sup, work, take their lessons, or walk.

We arrived at Nuneham at about six o'clock.

The house is one of those straggling, half new, half old, half comfortable, and half forlorn mansions, that are begun in one generation and finished in another. It is very pleasantly situated, and commands, from some points of view, all the towers of Oxford.

In going across the park to the entrance, we saw not

a creature. All were busy, either in attendance upon the royal guests, or in finding hiding-places from whence to peep at them.

We stopped at the portico,—but not even a porter was there; we were obliged to get out of the carriage by the help of one of the postilions, and to enter the house by the help of wet grass, which would not suffer me to stay out of it, otherwise, I felt so strange in going in uninvited and unconducted, that I should have begged leave to stroll about till somebody appeared.

Miss Planta, more used to these expeditions, though with quite as little taste for them, led the way, and said we had best go and see for our own rooms.

I was quite of the same opinion, but much at a loss how we might find them. We went through various passages, unknowing whither they might lead us, till at length we encountered a prodigious fine servant. Miss Planta asked him for Lady Harcourt's maid; he bowed slightly, and passed on without making any answer.

Very pleasant this!—I then begged we might turn back, not caring for another adventure of the same sort. Miss Planta complied; and we met two more of the yellow-laced saunterers, with whom she had precisely the same success.

I think I never remember to have felt so much shame from my situation as at that time. To arrive at a house where no mistress nor master of it cared about receiving me; to wander about, a guest uninvited, a visitor unthought of; without even a room to go to, a person to inquire for, or even a servant to speak to! It was now I felt the real want of either a man or maid, to send forward, and find out what we were to do with ourselves; and indeed I resolved, then, I would not another time be so passive to unauthorized directions.

The fault of this strange reception was certainly in the lady of the house, whose affair it was to have given orders, previous to our arrival, that some of her people should shew us to whatever apartment she destined for us. The Queen herself had sent word that we were to attend her; and however impossible it was that she could receive us herself, which her own attendance upon their Majesties made really impracticable, it was incumbent upon her to have taken care that we should not have been utterly neglected.

We strayed thus, backwards and forwards, for a full quarter of an hour, in these nearly deserted straggling passages; and then, at length, met a French woman, whom Miss Planta immediately seized upon: it was Lady Harcourt's woman, and Miss Planta had seen her at Windsor.

"Pray shew us," cried Miss Planta, "where we are to go."

She was civil, and led us to a parlour looking very pleasantly upon the park, and asked if we would have some tea. Miss Planta assented. She told us the King and Queen were in the park, and left us.

As there was a garden-door to this room, I thought it very possible the royal party and their suite might return to the house that way. This gave great addition to my discomposure, for I thought that to see them all in this forlorn plight would be still the worst part of the business; I therefore pressed Miss Planta to let us make another attempt to discover our own rooms.

Miss Planta laughed exceedingly at my disturbance, but complied very obligingly with my request.

The wardrobe women had already been shewn to the rooms they were to prepare for the Queen and the Princesses.

The King and Queen's suite, then in the house, were the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Charlotte Bertie, Colonel Fairly, and Major Price; with pages whose names I know not, and footmen, and two hairdressers.

The family party in the house were, the Lord and Lady; two Miss Vernons, sisters of Lady Harcourt; General Harcourt, brother to Lord Harcourt, and aide-de-camp to the King; and Mrs. Harcourt, his wife.

In this our second wandering forth we had no better success than in the first; we either met nobody, or only were crossed by such superfine men in laced liveries, that we attempted not to question them. My constant dread was of meeting any of the royal party, while I knew not whither to run. Miss Planta, more inured to such situations, was not at all surprised by our difficulties and disgraces, and only diverted by my distress from them.

We met at last with Mhaughendorf, and Miss Planta eagerly desired to be conducted to the Princesses' rooms, that she might see if every thing was prepared for them.

When they had looked at the apartments destined for the Princesses, Miss Planta proposed our sitting down to our tea in the Princess Elizabeth's room. This was extremely disagreeable to me, as I was sensible it must seem a great freedom from me, should her Royal Highness surprise us there; but it was no freedom for Miss Planta, as she has belonged to all the Princesses these nine years, and is eternally in their sight. I could not, therefore, persuade her of the difference; and she desired Mhaughendorf to go and order our tea up-stairs.

Miss Planta, followed by poor me, then whisked backwards and forwards, from one of the apartments to another, superintending all the preparations; and, as

we were crossing a landing-place, a lady appeared upon the stairs, and Miss Planta called out "It's Lady Harcourt," and ran down to meet her.

They talked together a few minutes. "I must get you, Miss Planta," said she, looking up towards me, "to introduce me to Miss Burney."

She then came up the stairs, said she was glad to see me, and desired I would order any thing I wanted, either for the Queen or for myself.

Cold enough was my silent curtsey.

She talked again to Miss Planta, who, already knowing her, from seeing her frequently when in waiting, as she is one of the ladies of the bedchamber, was much more sociable than myself.

She afterwards turned to me, and said, "If there is anything you want, Miss Burney, pray speak for it." And she added, "My sisters will attend you presently;—you will excuse me,—I have not a moment from their Majesties." And then she curtseyed, and left us.

We returned to the Princess Elizabeth's room, and there the tea followed, but not the promised sisters.

I never saw Miss Planta laugh so heartily before nor since; but my dismay was possibly comical to behold.

The tea was but just poured out, when the door opened, and in entered all the Princesses. I was very much ashamed, and started up, but had no asylum whither to run. They all asked us how we did after our journey; and I made an apology, as well as I could, to the Princess Elizabeth, for my intrusion into her apartment; confessing I did not know where to find my own.

The Princess Royal, eagerly coming up to me, said, "I thought you would be distressed at first arriving, and I wanted to help you; and I inquired where your

room was, and said I would look at it myself; and I went round to it, but I found the King was that way, and so, you know, I could not go past him; but indeed I wished to have seen it for you."

There was hardly any thanking her for such infinite sweetness;—they then desired us to go on with our tea, and went into the Princess Royal's room.

I was now a little revived; and soon after the Princess Elizabeth came back, and asked if we had done, desiring us at the same time not to hurry.

Yes, we said; and ashamed of thus keeping possession of her room, I was gliding out, when she flew to me, and said, "Don't go!—pray come and stay with me a little." She then flew to another end of the room, and getting a chair, brought it herself close up to me, and seating herself on another, said, "Come, sit down by me, Miss Burney."

You may suppose how I resisted and apologised,—truly telling her that I had not opposed her Royal Highness's design, from being ashamed of even suspecting it. She only laughed good-humouredly, and made me take the chair she had thus condescended to fetch me.

"Well," cried she, drawing quite close to me,—"so you have had Mrs. Locke with you?—how happy that must have made you!"

And then she went on, in a manner that seemed desirous of being comfortable, till, in a very few minutes, the other Princesses came for her.

The Princess Royal then told me she was quite sorry to hear we had been so much distressed; and I found Miss Planta had recounted our adventures.

I was not glad of this, though greatly gratified by the goodness of the Princess. But I know how quickly

complaints circulate, and I wish not even for redress by such means, which commonly, when so obtained, is more humiliating than the offence which calls for it.

When the Princesses left us, we were again at a loss what to do with ourselves; we saw several passing servants, maids as well as men, and Miss Planta applied to them all to shew me my room, which I was anxious to inhabit in peace and solitude: however, they all promised to send some one else, but no one came. Miss Planta, in the midst of the diversion she received from my unavailing earnestness to get into some retreat, had the good-nature to say, "I knew how this would turn out, and wished the visit over before it began; but it must really be very new to you, unused as you are to it, and accustomed to so much attention in other places."

At length she seized upon a woman servant, who undertook to conduct me to this wished-for room. Miss Planta accompanied me, and off we set.

In descending the stairs, a door opened which led to one of the state rooms, in which were the Royal Family. We glided softly past; but the Princess Royal, attended by the Duchess of Ancaster, came out to us. We soon found her Royal Highness had told our tale. "Miss Vernons," said the Duchess, "will come to take care of you; you must both go and take possession of the eating-parlour, where you will sup; and the equerries will be of your party."

I said not a word, but of general thanks, still longing only to go to my own room. I whispered this to Miss Planta, who obligingly, though rather reluctantly, consented to pursue our first scheme. But when the Duchess observed that we were turning off, she called out, "I see you do not know your way, so I'll come

and shew you to the eating-parlour." The Princess Royal said she would come with us also; and, according to direction, we were therefore necessitated to proceed.

When we got to the hall leading to this parlour, we were suddenly stopped by the appearance of the King, who just then came out of that very room. Lord Harcourt attended, with a candle in his hand, and a group of gentlemen followed.

We were advanced too far to retreat, and therefore only stood still. The King stopped, and spoke to the Duchess of Ancaster; and then spoke very graciously to Miss Planta and me, inquiring when we set out, and what sort of journey we had had. He then ascended the stairs, the Princess Royal accompanying him, and all the rest following; the Duchess first pointing to the door of the eating-parlour, and bidding us go there, and expect Miss Vernons.

Lord Harcourt, during this meeting, had contrived to slip behind the King, to make me a very civil bow; and when His Majesty moved on, he slid nearer me, and whispered a welcome to his house, in very civil terms. This was all he could do, so situated.

We now entered the eating-room. We sat down,—but no Miss Vernons! Presently the door opened,—I hoped they were coming,—but a clergyman, a stranger to us both, appeared. This gentleman, I afterwards found, was Mr. Hagget, chaplain to Lord Harcourt, and rector of a living in his lordship's gift and neighbourhood; a young man, sensible, easy, and remarkably handsome, in very high favour with all the family.

With nobody to introduce us to each other, we could but rise and bow, and curtsey, and sit down again.

In a few minutes, again the door gave hopes to me

of Miss Vernons;—but there only appeared a party of gentlemen.

Major Price came foremost, and immediately introduced me to General Harcourt. The General is a very shy man, with an air of much haughtiness; he bowed and retreated, and sat down, and was wholly silent.

Colonel Fairly followed him, and taking a chair next mine, began some of the civilest speeches imaginable, concerning this opportunity of making acquaintance with me.

Just then came in a housemaid, and said she would shew me my room. I rose hastily. Miss Planta, who knew every body present except the clergyman, was now willing to have sat still and chatted; but nothing short of compulsion could have kept me in such a situation, and therefore I instantly accompanied the maid; and poor Miss Planta could not stay behind.

The truth is, the non-appearance of any of the ladies of the house struck me to be so extremely uncivil, that I desired nothing but to retire from all the party.

I felt quite relieved when I once took possession of a room that, for the time, I might call my own; and I could not possibly listen to Miss Planta's desire of returning to the company. I told her frankly, that it was a situation so utterly disagreeable to me, that I must beg to decline placing myself in it again.

She was afraid, she said, that, as the Duchess of Ancaster had taken the trouble to shew us the room, and to tell us what to do, in the presence of the Princess Royal, the Queen might hear of our absconding and not be pleased with it.

"I must risk that," I answered; "I shall openly tell

my reasons, if questioned, and I firmly believe they will be satisfactory. If not questioned, I shall say nothing; and indeed I very much wish you would do the same."

She agreed,—consented, rather;—and I was the more obliged to her from seeing it was contrary to her inclination. I was sorry, but I could not compliment at the expense of putting myself again into a situation I had been so earnest to change. Miss Planta bore it very well, and only wished the maid farther, for never finding us out till we began to be comfortable without her.

Here we remained about two hours, unsummoned, unnoticed, unoccupied,—except in forcing open a box which Mrs. Thielky had lent me for my wardrobe, and of which I had left the key, ingeniously, at Windsor.

At ten o'clock a maid came to the door, and said supper was ready.

"Who sent you?" I called out.

"Who do you come from?" cried Miss Planta.

She was gone;—we could get no answer.

About a quarter of an hour after, one of those gentlemen footmen for whom you must already have discovered my partiality, called out, from the stairs, without troubling himself to come to the door, "The supper waits."

He was already gone; but Miss Planta darted after him, calling out, "Who sent you?—who did you come to?"

She was not heard by this gentleman, but what she said was echoed after him by some other, and the answer that reached our ears was, "The Equerries want the ladies.'

This was enough; Miss Planta returned quite indignant, after hastily replying, "We don't choose any supper."

We were now precisely of an opinion. Miss Planta, indeed, was much more angry than myself; for I was very sure the equerries had sent a very different message, and therefore thought nothing of the words used by the servant, but confined all my dissatisfaction to its first origin,—the incivility in the ladies of the house, that they came not themselves, or some one from them, to invite us in a manner that might be accepted.

From this time, however, we became more comfortable, as absconding was our mutual desire; and we were flung, by this means, into a style of sociability we might else never have arrived at.

We continued together till Miss Planta thought it right to go and see if Mhaughendorf had prepared every thing for the Princesses; and then I was left to myself—the very companion I just at that time most wished a *tête-à-tête* with—till I was summoned to the Queen.

In this *tête-à-tête*, I determined very concisely upon my plan of procedure; which was to quietly keep my own counsel, unless I found my conduct disapproved; and, in that case, to run all risks in openly declaring that I must always prefer solitude to society upon terms to which I was unaccustomed.

A little after the scenes I have described, I was surprised, when, late at night, my summons was brought me by Lady Harcourt, who tapped gently at my door, and made me a little visit, previously to telling me her errand. She informed me, also, that the Queen had given her commands for Miss Planta and me to belong to the suite the next day, in the visit to Oxford; and that a carriage was accordingly ordered for us.

The Queen said not a word to me of the day's adventures; and I was glad to have them passed over,

especially as Lady Harcourt's visit, and the civility which accompanied it, appeared a little conscious of remissness. But when, in speaking of Oxford, Her Majesty condescended to ask what gown I had brought with me, how did I rejoice to answer, a new Chamberry gauze, instead of only that which I have on, according to my Cerbera's advice.

My next difficulty was for a hair-dresser. Nuneham is three or four miles from Oxford; and I had neither maid to dress, nor man to seek a dresser. I could only apply to Mrs. Thielky, and she made it her business to prevail with one of the royal footmen to get me a messenger, to order a hair-dresser from Oxford at six o'clock in the morning. The Queen, with most gracious consideration, told me, over night, that she should not want me till eight o'clock.

Thus ended the first night of this excursion.

August 13th.—At six o'clock my hair-dresser, to my great satisfaction, arrived. Full two hours was he at work, yet was I not finished, when Swarthy, the Queen's hair-dresser, came rapping at my door, to tell me Her Majesty's hair was done, and she was waiting for me. I hurried as fast as I could, and ran down without any cap. She smiled at sight of my hasty attire, and said I should not be distressed about a hair-dresser the next day, but employ Swarthy's assistant, as soon as he had done with the Princesses: "You should have had him," she added, "to-day, if I had known you wanted him."

When Her Majesty was dressed, all but the hat, she sent for the three Princesses; and the King came also. I felt very foolish with my uncovered head; but it was somewhat the less awkward, from its being very much a custom, in the Royal Family, to go without caps;

though none that appear before them use such a freedom.

As soon as the hat was on,—"Now, Miss Burney," said the Queen, "I won't keep you; you had better go and dress too."

While I was dressing, a footman came to my door, with a formal message, that Miss Vernons begged I would come to breakfast. I immediately promised to make haste, glad to find something more resembling civility at length coming round to me.

Presently after entered Miss Planta, in high spirits and great enjoyment. She told me she had been acquainting the Queen with the whole affair, and that the Queen quite approved of our staying upstairs. She had been, also, with the equerries, and had a fine laugh with them about their "wanting the ladies;" they declared they had sent no message at all, and that the servant had simply received orders to tell us that Miss Vernons desired our company to supper.

I thought it mighty unnecessary to have acquainted the equerries with what could only furnish a laugh against ourselves: however, the thing was done, and down we went together.

The two Miss Vernons, General Harcourt, Colonel Fairly, Major Price, and Mr. Hagget were all at breakfast. The Miss Vernons immediately began an apology about the supper the preceding night, declaring themselves extremely sorry we should not have had any, which they found was entirely owing to a blunder in the message given by the servants.

The gentlemen were all dying to make a laugh about the equerries "wanting the ladies;" and Colonel Fairly began: but the gravity of my behaviour soon quieted him. Mr. Hagget was content to be observant of a

new person; General Harcourt scarce ever speaks but from necessity; and Major Price was as grave as myself.

The eldest Miss Vernon is plain, and a little old-maidish; but I found her, afterwards, sensible, well read, and well bred: but not quite immediately did she appear so, as you will soon see.

The youngest is many years her junior, and fat and handsome, good-humoured, and pleasing in her smiles, though high and distant till they are called forth.

After breakfast, when we were all breaking up, to prepare for church, I had a short explanatory conversation with Major Price, who came to speak to me concerning the preceding evening, and to confess his extreme surprise at our shutting ourselves up from their society. He had had a great mind, he said, to have come himself to see for us, but did not know whether it would be right. They waited, he added—Miss Vernons and all of them—a quarter of an hour after the supper was upon the table, and then a servant came in, from us, to tell the equerries that we would not have any supper;—"And indeed," continued he, a little forcibly, "I must own I was rather hurt by the message."

"Hurt?" cried I,—"what a gentle word!—I am sure I think you might rather have been angry."

"Why—to own the truth—I believe I was."

I was interrupted before I could explain more fully how the matter stood; nor have I ever found opportunity since. However, I think it very likely he suggested the truth himself. Be that as it may, Miss Vernons went for their cloaks, and Miss Planta ran to the Princesses, and therefore I was obliged to be a little abrupt, and retreat also.

When Miss Planta was ready, she came to fetch me. We went downstairs, but knew not whither to proceed. In the eating-parlour we had left only the gentlemen, and they were waiting to attend the King. There was no other place to which we could turn, and we had another of those wandering distresses that had made me so comfortless the night before. My wish was to find Miss Vernons;—my expectation was to be found by them. Neither, however, happened; and the first time we met any body that could give us any information, we were told——they had been gone some time.

Very agreeable news!

I could not, however, bear to give up going to church, for I knew that the thanksgiving was to be that morning for the preservation of the King from assassination; and to let pique at this unaccountable behaviour, after all the apologies just passed, prevent my hearing and joining in a prayer of such a nature, in which now I am peculiarly interested, would have been ill worth the while. I therefore proposed to Miss Planta that we should go by ourselves, and desire one of the servants to show us at once into Mr. Hagget's pew: for that we had already heard offered to the use of Miss Vernons, as Lord Harcourt's was reserved for their Majesties. She agreed; and we proceeded, following such stragglers as shewed us our way: the servant to whom we applied having soon deserted us.

The church is in a very beautiful situation in the park, and built in the form of a Grecian temple. I admired it very much for its plainness and elegance.

When we got to it, the very first step we took in it shewed us the Miss Vernons, very composedly seated in a large pew at the entrance. I now led the way,

and took a place next to Miss Vernons, as much without apology as without invitation.

Mr. Hagget both read and preached. I was a good deal touched by the occasional thanksgiving, chiefly from knowing how much it must affect the Queen and the Princesses. Cause enough, indeed, is there for thanksgiving and rejoicing in the safety of so mild and exemplary a sovereign.

When the service was over, and the Royal Family were gone, I thought it but right, in such a place, to subdue my proud feelings so far as to say to the Miss Vernons, I hoped we had not disturbed them.

I was very glad I took this little step down, for Miss Vernon, colouring, apologised for not waiting for us, which she said was owing to the fear of not getting into the chapel before the Royal Family. And then she asked if we should like to look at the altar-piece, which was the work of Mr. Mason.

And now for the Oxford expedition.

How many carriages there were, and how they were arranged, I observed not sufficiently to recollect; but the party consisted of their Majesties, the Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lord and Lady Harcourt, Lady Charlotte Bertie, and the two Miss Vernons.

These last ladies are daughters of the late Lord Vernon, and sisters of Lady Harcourt.

General Harcourt, Colonel Fairly, and Major Price, and Mr. Hagget, with Miss Planta and myself, completed the group. Miss Planta and I, of course, as the only undignified persons, brought up the rear. We were in a chaise of Lord Harcourt.

The city of Oxford afforded us a very noble view on the road, and its spires, towers, and domes soon made

me forget all the little objects of minor spleen that had been crossing me as I journeyed towards them; and indeed, by the time I arrived in the midst of them, their grandeur, nobility, antiquity, and elevation impressed my mind so forcibly, that I felt for the first time since my new situation had taken place a rushing in of ideas that had no connection with it whatever.

The roads were lined with decently dressed people, and the high street was so crowded we were obliged to drive gently and carefully, to avoid trampling the people to death. Yet their behaviour was perfectly respectful and proper. Nothing could possibly be better conducted than the whole of this expedition.

We all drove straight to the Theatre, in procession. Here, in alighting from the carriages, there was some difficulty, on account of the pressure of the people to see the King and Queen, and Princesses: however, even then, it was still the genteelest and most decent crowd I ever saw.

Here it was that Major Price signalised that part of his character I have so strongly marked, of his being truly a gentleman. It was his business to attend and guard the King; but he was determined to take almost equal care of some of his Majesty's subjects: he was every body's equerry during the whole expedition, assisting and looking after every creature, seeing us all out of our carriages and into them, and addressing the people, when they pressed too forward, with a steadiness and authority that made them quicker in retreat than all the staves of all the constables, who were attending by dozens at the entrance of every college.

At the outward gate of the theatre, the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Chapman, received their Majesties. All the Professors, Doctors, &c., then in Oxford, arrayed in

their professional robes, attended him.—How I wished my dear father amongst them!

The Vice-Chancellor then conducted their Majesties along the inner court, to the door of the theatre, all the rest following; and there, waiting their arrival, stood the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis of Blandford, in a nobleman's Oxford robe, and Lady Caroline and Lady Elizabeth Spencer.

After they had all paid their duties, a regular procession followed, which I should have thought very pretty, and much have liked to have seen, had I been a mere looker on; but I was frequently at a loss what to do with myself, and uncertain whether I ought to proceed in the suite, or stand by as a spectator; and Miss Planta was still, if possible, more fearful.

The theatre was filled with company, all well dressed, and arranged in rows around it. The area below them was entirely empty, so that there was not the least confusion. The Chancellor's chair, at the head of about a dozen steps, was prepared for the King; and just below him, to his left, a form for the Queen and the Princesses.

The King walked foremost from the area, conducted by the University's Vice-Chancellor. The Queen followed, handed by her own Vice-Chamberlain. The Princess Royal followed, led by the King's Aide-de-camp, General Harcourt; and Princess Augusta, leaning on Major Price. Princess Elizabeth walked alone, no other servant of the King being present, and no rank authorising such a conduct, without office.

Next followed the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough: then the Duchess of Ancaster, and Marquis of Blandford; next, Lord and Lady Harcourt, then the two Lady Spencers and Lady Charlotte Bertie,

then the Miss Vernons, and then Miss Planta and a certain F. B.

We were no sooner arranged, and the door of the theatre shut, than the King, his head covered, sat down; the Queen did the same, and then the three Princesses.

All the rest, throughout the theatre, stood.

The Vice-Chancellor then made a low obeisance to the King, and producing a written paper, began the Address of the University, to thank his Majesty for this second visit, and to congratulate him and the nation on his late escape from assassination. He read it in an audible and distinct voice; and in its conclusion, an address was suddenly made to the Queen, expressive of much concern for her late distress, and the highest and most profound veneration for her amiable and exalted character.

An address, to me so unexpected, and on a subject so recent and of so near concern, in presence of the person preserved, his wife, and his children, was infinitely touching.

The Queen could scarcely bear it, though she had already, I doubt not, heard it at Nuneham, as these addresses must be first read in private, to have the answers prepared. Nevertheless, this public tribute of loyalty to the King, and of respect to herself, went gratefully to her heart, and filled her eyes with tears—which she would not, however, encourage, but, smiling through them, dispersed them with her fan, with which she was repeatedly obliged to stop their course down her cheeks.

The Princesses, less guarded, the moment their father's danger was mentioned, wept with but little control; and no wonder, for I question if there was

one dry eye in the theatre. The tribute, so just, so honourable, so elegant, paid to the exalted character of the Queen, affected everybody, with joy for her escape from affliction, and with delight at the reward and the avowal of her virtues.

When the address was ended, the King took a paper from Lord Harcourt, and read his answer. The King reads admirably; with ease, feeling, and force, and without any hesitation. His voice is particularly full and fine. I was very much surprised by its effect.

When he had done, he took off his hat, and bowed to the Chancellor and Professors, and delivered the answer to Lord Harcourt, who, walking backwards, descended the stairs, and presented it to the Vice-Chancellor.

All this ceremony was so perfectly new to me, that I rejoiced extremely in not missing it. Indeed I would not have given up the pleasure of seeing the Queen on this occasion for any sort of sight that could have been exhibited to me.

Next followed music: a good organ, very well played, anthem-ed and voluntary-ed us for some time.

After this, the Vice-Chancellor and Professors begged for the honour of kissing the King's hand. Lord Harcourt was again the backward messenger; and here followed a great mark of goodness in the King: he saw that nothing less than a thorough-bred old courtier, such as Lord Harcourt, could walk backwards down these steps, before himself, and in sight of so full a hall of spectators; and he therefore dispensed with being approached to his seat, and walked down himself into the area, where the Vice-Chancellor kissed his hand, and was imitated by every Professor and Doctor in the room.

Notwithstanding this considerate good-nature in his Majesty, the sight, at times, was very ridiculous. Some of the worthy collegiates, unused to such ceremonies, and unaccustomed to such a presence, the moment they had kissed the King's hand, turned their backs to him, and walked away as in any common room; others, attempting to do better, did still worse, by tottering and stumbling, and falling foul of those behind them; some, ashamed to kneel, took the King's hand straight up to their mouths; others, equally off their guard, plumped down on both knees, and could hardly get up again; and many, in their confusion, fairly arose by pulling his Majesty's hand to raise them.

As the King spoke to every one, upon Lord Harcourt's presenting them, this ceremonial took up a good deal of time; but it was too new and diverting to appear long.

It was vacation time; there were therefore none of the students present.

When the whole was over, we left the theatre in the same form we had entered it. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis and the Ladies Spencer, attended the King and Queen to their carriages, and then went back to the theatre, to wait for their own.

I cannot now go on with our progress regularly, for I do not remember it. I will only, therefore, in general, say, that I was quite delighted with the city, and so entertained and so pleased with such noble buildings as it presented to me, that I felt, as I have told you, a consciousness to pleasure revived in me, which had long lain nearly dormant.

We went to all the colleges in the same order that we came to the theatre I shall attempt no descrip-

tions; I shall only mention a few little personal circumstances, and some of those court etiquettes which, from their novelty to me, will, I judge, be new also to my Susan; and what is new in customs or manners is always worth knowing.

At Christ Church College, where we arrived at about three o'clock, in a large hall there was a cold collation prepared for their Majesties and the Princesses. It was at the upper end of the hall. I could not see of what it consisted, though it would have been very agreeable, after so much standing and sauntering, to have given my opinion of it in an experimental way.

Their Majesties and the Princesses sat down to this table; as well satisfied, I believe, as any of their subjects so to do. The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt stood behind the chairs of the Queen and the Princess Royal. There were no other ladies of sufficient rank to officiate for Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. Lord Harcourt stood behind the King's chair; and the Vice-Chancellor, and the head master of Christ Church, with salvers in their hands, stood near the table, and ready to hand, to the three noble waiters, whatever was wanted: while the other Reverend Doctors and Learned Professors stood aloof, equally ready to present to the Chancellor and the Master whatever they were to forward.

We, meanwhile, untitled attendants, stood at the other end of the room, forming a semi-circle, and all strictly facing the royal collationers. We consisted of the Miss Vernons, thrown out here as much as their humble guests—Colonel Fairly, Major Price, General Harcourt, and,—though I know not why,—Lady Charlotte Bertie;—with all the inferior Professors, in

their gowns, and some, too much frightened to advance, of the upper degrees. These, with Miss Planta, Mr. Hagget, and myself, formed this attendant semi-circle.

The time of this collation was spent very pleasantly —to me, at least, to whom the novelty of the scene rendered it entertaining. It was agreed that we must all be absolutely famished unless we could partake of some refreshment, as we had breakfasted early, and had no chance of dining before six or seven o'clock. A whisper was soon buzzed through the semi-circle, of the deplorable state of our appetite apprehensions; and presently it reached the ears of some of the worthy Doctors. Immediately a new whisper was circulated, which made its progress with great vivacity, to offer us whatever we would wish, and to beg us to name what we chose.

Tea, coffee, and chocolate, were whispered back.

The method of producing, and the means of swallowing them, were much more difficult to settle than the choice of what was acceptable. Major Price and Colonel Fairly, however, seeing a very large table close to the wainscot behind us, desired our refreshments might be privately conveyed there, behind the semi-circle, and that, while all the group backed very near it, one at a time might feed, screened by all the rest from observation.

I suppose I need not inform you, my dear Susan, that to eat in presence of any of the Royal Family is as much *hors d'usage* as to be seated.

This plan had speedy success, and the very good Doctors soon, by sly degrees and with watchful caution, covered the whole table with tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, and bread and butter.

The further plan, however, of one at a time feasting

and the rest fasting and standing sentinels, was not equally approved; there was too much eagerness to seize the present moment, and too much fear of a sudden retreat, to give patience for so slow a proceeding. We could do no more, therefore, than stand in a double row, with one to screen one throughout the troop; and, in this manner, we were all very plentifully and very pleasantly served.

The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt, as soon as the first serving attendance was over, were dismissed from the royal chairs, and most happy to join our group, and partake of our repast. The Duchess, extremely fatigued with standing, drew a small body of troops before her, that she might take a few minutes' rest on a form by one of the doors; and Lady Charlotte Bertie did the same, to relieve an ankle which she had unfortunately sprained.

"Poor Miss Burney!" cried the good-natured Duchess, "I wish she could sit down, for she is unused to this work. She does not know yet what it is to stand for five hours following, as we do."

The beautiful window of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Jervis, in New College, would alone have recovered me, had my fatigue been infinitely more serious.

In one of the colleges I stayed so long in an old chapel, lingering over antique monuments, that all the party were vanished before I missed them, except Doctors and Professors; for we had a train of those everywhere; and I was then a little surprised by the approach of one of them, saying, "You seem inclined to abide with us, Miss Burney?"—and then another, in an accent of facetious gallantry, cried "No, no, don't let us shut up Miss Burney among old tombs!—No,

After this, many of the good Doctors occasionally spoke to me, when there happened to be opportunity. How often did I wish my dear father amongst them! They considered me as a Doctor's daughter, and were all most excessively courteous,—handing, and pointing, and shewing me about as much as possible.

In another college, while Miss Planta and myself were hanging a little back, at the entrance into a small cedar chapel, that would not much more than hold the Royal Family and their immediate suite, the Duchess of Ancaster, who took every opportunity to shew me civilities, and distinguish me, came down the steps, and made me ascend them, to return with her, when she called to her daughter, and in the most obliging terms introduced me to her, with many kind speeches of her wish that we should cultivate much acquaintance.

Lady Charlotte is very handsome, and has a very good figure: she unfortunately lisps very much, which, at first, never prejudices in favour of the understanding; but I have conversed with her too little to know anything more of her than that she is well bred, and seems to have a large portion, internally, of the good-natured and obliging disposition of her mother.

At the Town Hall, an Address was presented by the Mayor and Corporation of the city of Oxford to the King, which the Mayor read, while the same ceremony of the sitting and standing was practised that I have described at the theatre. The King took off his hat, and bowed, and received the Address, after hearing it, but returned no answer. Nor has his Majesty made any except to the Oxford University, though they have, since, poured in upon him from every part of the kingdom.

The Mayor was then knighted.

I think it was in Trinity College that we saw the noblest library I have ever happened to enter. For 'tis but little, my dear Susan, I have seen of sights. Here we had new court scenery, in which I acted but an uncourtier-like part. The Queen and Princess had seats prepared for them, which, after a stroll up and down the library, they were glad, I believe, to occupy. The ladies of their suite were then graciously ordered by her Majesty to be seated, as there was not here the state or public appearance that was observed at the theatre, and in the college where the refreshments were given.

As to the poor men, they never must sit in the presence of the Queen, be they whom they will, or what they will: so they were fain to stand it out.

Miss Planta glided away, behind a pillar, and, being there unseen, was able to lounge a little. She was dreadfully tired. So was everybody but myself. For me, my curiosity was so awake to every thing, that I seemed insensible to all inconvenience.

I could not, in such a library, prevail with myself to so modest a retirement as Miss Planta's: I considered that the Queen had herself ordered my attendance in this expedition, and I thought myself very well privileged to make it as pleasant as I could. I therefore stole softly down the room, to the further end, and there amused myself with examining what books were within reach of my eyes, and with taking down and looking into all such as were also within reach of my understanding. This was very pleasant sport to me; and had we stayed there till midnight would have kept me from weariness.

In another college (we saw so many, and in such quick succession, that I recollect not any by name,

though all by situation) I saw a performance of courtly etiquette, by Lady Charlotte Bertie, that seemed to me as difficult as any feat I ever beheld, even at Astley's or Hughes's. It was in an extremely large, long, spacious apartment. The King always led the way out, as well as in, upon all entrances and exits: but here, for some reason that I know not, the Queen was handed out first; and the Princesses, and the Aide-de-camp, and Equerry followed. The King was very earnest in conversation with some Professor; the attendants hesitated whether to wait or follow the Queen; but presently the Duchess of Ancaster, being near the door, slipped out, and Lady Harcourt after her. The Miss Vernons, who were but a few steps from them, went next. But Lady Charlotte, by chance, happened to be very high up the room, and near to the King. Had I been in her situation, I had surely waited till his Majesty went first; but that would not, I saw, upon this occasion, have been etiquette;—she therefore faced the King, and began a march backwards,—her ankle already sprained, and to walk forward, and even leaning upon an arm, was painful to her: nevertheless, back she went, perfectly upright, without one stumble, without ever looking once behind to see what she might encounter; and with as graceful a motion, and as easy an air, as I ever saw anybody enter a long room, she retreated, I am sure, full twenty yards backwards out of one.

For me, I was also, unluckily, at the upper end of the room, looking at some portraits of founders, and one of Henry VIII. in particular, from Holbein. However, as soon as I perceived what was going forward,—backward, rather,—I glided near the wainscot, (Lady Charlotte, I should mention, made her retreat

along the very middle of the room,) and having paced a few steps backwards, stopped short to recover, and, while I seemed examining some other portrait, disentangled my train from the heels of my shoes, and then proceeded a few steps only more; and then, observing the King turn another way, I slipped a yard or two at a time forwards; and hastily looked back, and then was able to go again according to rule, and in this manner, by slow and varying means, I at length made my escape.

Miss Planta stood upon less ceremony, and fairly ran off.

Since that time, however, I have come on prodigiously, by constant practice, in the power and skill of walking backwards, without tripping up my own heels, feeling my head giddy, or treading my train out of the plaits—accidents very frequent among novices in that business; and I have no doubt but that, in the course of a few months, I shall arrive at all possible perfection in the true court retrograde motion.

In another College, in an old Chapter House, I had the opportunity to see another court-scene. It was nearly round in shape, and had various old images and ornaments. We were all taken in by the Doctors attendant, and the party, with Doctors and all, nearly filled it: but, finding it crowded, everybody stood upon the less ceremony, and we all made our examinations of the various contents of the room quite at our ease · till suddenly the King and Queen, perceiving two very heavy old-fashioned chairs were placed at the head of the room for their reception, graciously accepted them, and sat down. Nothing could exceed the celerity with which all confusion instantly was over, and the most solemn order succeeded to it. Chairs were presented to

the three Princesses by the side of the Queen, and the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt planted themselves at their backs; while Lady Charlotte instantly retreated close to the wall, and so did every creature else in the room, all according to their rank or station, and the Royal Family remained conspicuous and alone, all crowd dispersed, and the space of almost the whole room unoccupied before them, so close to the walls did every body respectfully stand.

The last college we visited was Cardinal Wolsey's, —an immense fabric. While roving about a very spacious apartment, Mr. F—— came behind me, and whispered that I might easily slip out into a small parlour, to rest a little while; almost everybody having taken some opportunity to contrive themselves a little sitting but myself. I assured him, very truly, I was too little tired to make it worth while; but poor Miss Planta was so woefully fatigued that I could not, upon her account, refuse to be of the party. He conducted us into a very neat little parlour, belonging to the master of the college, and Miss Planta flung herself on a chair, half dead with weariness.

Mr. F—— was glad of the opportunity to sit for a moment also; for my part, I was quite alert. Alas! my dear Susan, 'tis my mind that is so weak, and so open to disorder;—my body, I really find, when it is an independent person, very strong, and capable of much exertion without suffering from it.

Mr. F—— now produced, from a paper repository concealed in his coat pocket, some apricots and bread, and insisted upon my eating;—but I was not inclined to the repast, and saw he was half famished himself;— so was poor Miss Planta: however, he was so persuaded I must both be as hungry and as tired as him-

self, that I was forced to eat an apricot to appease him.

Presently, while we were in the midst of this regale, the door suddenly opened, and the Queen came in!—followed by as many attendants as the room would contain.

Up we all started, myself alone not discountenanced; for I really think it quite respect sufficient never to sit down in the royal presence, without aiming at having it supposed I have stood bolt upright ever since I have been admitted to it.

Quick into our pockets was crammed our bread, and close into our hands was squeezed our fruit; by which I discovered that our appetites were to be supposed annihilated, at the same time that our strength was to be invincible.

Very soon after this we were joined by the King, and in a few minutes we all paraded forth to the carriages, and drove back to Nuneham.

I have been very minute in this Oxford account, because it presented scenes so new to me, and because I conclude that, after you have had a month or two of general journal, you will have nothing more to be new to either of us.

This Oxford expedition was, altogether, highly entertaining to me; but I ought not to close it without telling you the sweetness of all the Princesses, who each made a point of speaking to Miss Planta and to me upon entering or quitting every college, as we stood in the ranks, while they passed.

I stayed in my own room till a message from Miss Vernons brought me down to dinner; and from this time forward those ladies exerted themselves to the utmost in being attentive, sociable, and civil. I found

the Major, Mr. F——, Mr. Hagget, Miss Planta, and themselves; and we had a very pleasant dinner, talking over the sights just seen.

All the afternoon was spent in the same party. We went into Lord Harcourt's library to tea and coffee, and there we had short visits from his Lordship and the Duchess of Ancaster.

In the evening Lady Harcourt came also, and was amazingly courteous. The Queen then sent for the Miss Vernons into the drawing-room, and Miss Planta and myself left the gentlemen to take care of themselves, and retired for the evening to our own rooms.

You must know, wherever the King and Queen are, nobody comes into their sight unsent for, not even the master and mistress of the house, unless they are publicly acquainted that their Majesties are coming, and mean to see them.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14TH.—I come now to introduce to you a new acquaintance.

I did not get down to breakfast till it was almost over, as I was detained with the Queen, and as everybody was obliged to make what haste they could, in order to insure a meal before a summons.

I found Miss Planta, and the Aid-de-Camp, Vice-Chamberlain, and Equerry; Lady Harcourt had already breakfasted with them, but made off as soon as the Queen was visible, to wait upon her Majesty. Miss Vernons lay in bed, from yesterday's fatigues.

The extreme silence and gravity of the Aide-de-camp threw a reserve and constraint on all the party, and we were all nearly dumb, when a new lady suddenly rushed into the room. This was Mrs. Harcourt, the Aid-de-camp's wife, who had been ill the preceding day, and therefore had not ventured to Oxford. She

is a showy, handsome woman, extremely talkative, with quick parts, high spirits, and a rattling vein of humour.

Miss Planta, who had taken Lady Harcourt's place, in order to pour out the tea, instantly moved to another. Mrs. Harcourt hurried into that just vacated, without ceremony, calling out, "How monstrous late you all are!—though I need not talk, for I hate getting up early. I was so vastly ill yesterday I could not stir, but I am vastly well to-day, so I am going to Blenheim."

This day had been previously dedicated to seeing Blenheim.

"To Blenheim?" repeated General Harcourt, in a low voice.

"Yes, Sir, to Blenheim! So no grave faces, for my plan is fixed."

He half articulated a fear of her being ill again, but she stopped him with "O, no matter, leave that to the Fates;—the Queen has been so gracious as to say I may go, and therefore go I shall: so say nothing about it, for that's settled and unalterable."

"After being so ill yesterday," said Mr. F——, "I think it will be rather too much for you."

"Not at all!—and what's more, you must carry me."

"I am very glad to hear it," cried he, "if go you will."

"Yes, that I will, certainly; and some of you must take me. I have no coach ordered,—and there is not one to spare: so, amongst you, you equerries, you must carry me. I have never been to Blenheim since I married."

"Were you before?" said the General.

"Yes, Sir, and you took me."

"Did I?"

"Yes, Sir, you had that honour; and I think you have never taken that trouble since."

All this, though uttered in a voice as peremptory as the language, was spoken with very becoming smiles, and an air of saucy good-humour.

The breakfast all this while had stood quite still: indeed there was nobody but myself that had not nearly done. Major Price handed me roll and butter and bread across the table, by way of hint, I believe; all which I declined: at last Mr. F—— said, "Miss Burney, which is your cup?"

Upon this, Mrs. Harcourt, abruptly turning to me, exclaimed "O dear, you've got no tea!" Then pouring out a dish of slop, added, "Can you drink it? It looks very melancholy?"

"No," I said, "I had had enough."

Have not you also, my Susan, had enough of this scene?

The Blenheim visit being considered as a private one, nobody went but of the Marlborough acquaintance: though, in all royal parties, the whole company is always named by the Royals, and the Lords and Ladies of the mansions have no more right to invite a guest than a guest has to come uninvited.

I spent this day very pleasantly, in walking over the grounds, which are extremely pretty, seeing a flower-garden planned by Mr. Mason, and the pictures in the house. The two Miss Vernons, Miss Planta, and Mr. Hagget, were all that remained at Nuneham. And it was now I wholly made peace with those two ladies; especially the eldest, as I found her, the moment she was removed from rays so bright that they had dazzled

her, a rational, composed, obliging woman. She took infinite and unwearied pains to make amends for the cold and strange opening of our acquaintance, by the most assiduous endeavours to give me pleasure and amusement. And she succeeded very well. I could blame nobody but the Countess' sister for our reception; I plainly saw these ladies had been unprepared to look upon us as any charge to themselves.

In the flower-garden, there are some very pretty and unpublished verses by Mr. Whitehead.

The Royal excursioners did not return till between six and seven o'clock, when we dined with the same party as the preceding day. The evening, too, had just the same visitors, and passed in just the same manner.

PART IV.

1786.

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PART IV.

1786.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15TH.—This morning we all breakfasted together, and at about twelve o'clock we set off again for Windsor.

Lord Harcourt came into the breakfast-room with abundance of civil speeches upon his pleasure in renewing our acquaintance, and the Miss Vernons parted with me like wholly different people from those I met.

As soon as I returned to the Queen's Lodge at Windsor, I called upon Mrs. Schwellenberg. I found her still occupied concerning the newspaper business about Mrs. Hastings. She was more than ever irritated against Mr. F—— for his information, and told me she was sure he must have said it to her on purpose, and that she wished people might hold their tongue: but that she was bent upon having satisfaction, and therefore she had sent for Mrs. Hastings, and informed her of the whole business.

I was not only sorry, but frightened, lest any mischief should arise through misrepresentations and blunders, between Mr. F—— and Mr. Hastings: however, this imprudent step was taken already, and not to be called back.

She protested she was determined to insist that Mr. F—— should produce the very paper that had men-

tioned the Queen, which she should shew, and have properly noticed.

I, on the other side, instantly resolved to speak myself to Mr. F——, to caution him by no means to be led into seeking any such paper, or into keeping such a search awake: for, with the best intentions in the world, I saw him on the point of being made the object of vindictive resentment to Mr. Hastings, or of indignant displeasure to the Queen herself, —so wide-spreading is the power of misapprehension over the most innocent conversation.

I saw, however, nothing of Mr. F—— till tea-time: indeed, except by very rare chance, I never see any of the King's people but at that meeting. Mrs. Schwellenberg was then present, and nothing could I do. Major Price and Mr. Fisher were of the party. Mr. F—— fortunately had letters to write, and hastily left us, after taking one dish of tea. The moment he was gone Mrs. Schwellenberg said she had forgot to speak to him about the newspaper, and told Major Price to ask him for it. Major Price assented with a bow only, and the matter dropped.

I, however, who best knew the danger of its going any farther, now determined upon speaking to Major Price, and making him contrive to hush it up. I knew I had but to hint my apprehensions to a man such as him, to animate him to every exertion for preventing what I feared.

Utterly impossible, nevertheless, proved this scheme; Major Price was too great a favourite to be an instant disengaged. I was obliged therefore to be quiet.

Wednesday, August 16th—Was the birthday of Prince Frederick, Duke of York. The Queen sent me in the morning to my dear Mrs. Delany, whom I had

but just found a moment to fly to the preceding day, and I was commanded to bring her, if well enough, just as she was, in her home morning dress, to her Majesty.

This I did with great delight; and that most venerable of women accepted the invitation with all the alacrity of pleasure she could have felt at fifteen.

The Queen, in the late excursion, had made many purchases at Woodstock; and she now made some little presents from them to this dear lady.

In the evening, as it was again a birthday, I resolved upon going to the terrace, as did Mrs. Delany, and with her and Miss Mawer, and Miss P——, I sallied forth. To avoid the high steps leading to the terrace from the lodge, we went through a part of the castle.

The terrace was much crowded, though so windy we could hardly keep our feet; but I had an agreeable surprise in meeting there with Dr. Warton. He joined Mrs. Delany instantly, and kept with us during the whole walk. He congratulated me upon my appointment, in terms of rapture: his ecstacies are excited so readily, from the excessive warmth of his disposition, and its proneness to admire and wonder, that my new situation was a subject to awaken an enthusiasm the most high-flown.

Presently after we were joined by a goodly priest, fat, jovial, breathing plenty, ease, and good living. I soon heard him whisper Mrs. Delany to introduce him to me. It was Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton: I had already seen him at Mrs. Delany's last winter, but no introduction had then passed. He is a distant relation of Mr. Cambridge. His wife was with him, and introduced also.

These also joined us; and in a few minutes more a

thin, little, wizen old gentleman, with eyes that scarce seemed to see, and a rather tottering gait, came up to Mrs. Delany, and after talking with her some time, said in a half whisper, "Is that Miss Burney?" and then desired a presentation. It was Mr. Bryant, the Mythologist. I was very glad to see him, as he bears a very high character, and lives much in this neighbourhood. He talks a great deal, and with the utmost good-humour and ease, casting entirely aside his learning, which I am nevertheless assured is that of one of the most eminent scholars of the age.

We had now a very good party, and seated ourselves in a sort of alcove, to be sheltered from the wind; but it was so very violent that it deterred the Royal Family from walking. They merely came on the terrace to shew themselves to those who were eager to pay their compliments upon the day, and then returned to the Castle. Dr. Warton insisted upon accompanying me home as far as the iron rails, to see me enter the royal premises. I did not dare invite him in, without previous knowledge whether I had any such privilege; otherwise, with all his parts, and all his experience, I question whether there is one boy in his school at Winchester who would more have delighted in feeling himself under the roof of a sovereign.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17TH.—From the time that the Queen condescended to desire to place me in immediate attendance upon her own person, I had always secretly concluded she meant me for her English reader; since the real duties of my office would have had a far greater promise of being fulfilled by thousands of others than by myself. This idea had made the prospect of reading to her extremely awful to me: an exhibition, at any rate, is painful to me, but one in which I considered Her

Majesty as a judge, interested for herself in the sentence she should pronounce, and gratified or disappointed according to its tenor—this was an exhibition formidable indeed, and must have been considered as such by anybody in similar circumstances.

Not a book, not a pamphlet, not a newspaper, had I ever seen near the Queen, for the first week, without feeling a panic; I always expected to be called upon. She frequently bid me give her the papers; I felt that they would be the worst reading I could have, because full of danger, in matter as well as manner: however, she always read them herself.

To-day, after she was dressed, Mrs. Schwellenberg went to her own room; and the Queen, instead of leaving me, as usual, to go to mine, desired me to follow her to her sitting dressing-room. She then employed me in helping her to arrange her work, which is chair covers done in ribbon; and then told me to fetch her a volume of the Spectator. I obeyed with perfect tranquillity. She let me stand by her a little while without speaking, and then, suddenly, but very gently, said "Will you read a paper while I work?"

I was quite "consternated!" I had not then the smallest expectation of such a request. I said nothing, and held the book unopened.

She took it from me, and pointed out the place where I should begin. She is reading them regularly through, for the first time. I had no choice: I was forced to obey; but my voice was less obedient than my will, and it became so husky, and so unmanageable, that nothing more unpleasant could be heard. The paper was a curious one enough—all concerning a court favourite. I could hardly rejoice when my task was over, from my consciousness how ill it was performed. The

Queen talked of the paper, but forbore saying anything of any sort about the reader. I am sorry, however, to have done so ill.

General Harcourt came here to tea, but I went to my good Mrs. de Luc, and was there very comfortable, and told her of my disastrous essay. She assured me Mr. de Luc himself, in reading French, began little better.

August 18th. — The Queen again, when Mrs. Schwellenberg was retired, ordered me to follow her, and gave me a little employment about her work, which I saw meant nothing but to detain without alarming me; for she soon began such topics as necessarily called me forth beyond monosyllables. She named two ladies of my acquaintance, and asked me a few questions, very delicately, of my connection with them. Mrs. W. was one. I answered very charily in words, and merely that she had been pleased to desire the acquaintance herself. Here this dropped. The other was Miss ——. I know not where she had heard of my knowing that lady; but I had again to say the same thing, and I said it with less scruple, because I soon found the tales to that lady's disadvantage, which are spread about the town, have been heard, and not wholly discredited at Court: therefore, as vindicate her I cannot, I had only to declare my connection there was formed by something little short of compulsion;—which is the real and simple fact.

This frankness made her speak out; and she told me that, unless I wished it, I need not, under that roof, keep up such an acquaintance any longer.

My dearest Mrs. Delany was with me in the evening; and the King, when going on the terrace, came into my room to speak to her. He scarce stayed a minute

but it was a very odd sensation to me, that it should be *my* room in which I saw the King.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19TH.—This morning I was put into a very unexpected perplexity. While I was dressing, John called to inform Scourfield that Miss Baker was in a carriage at the gate, and had asked to see me. I knew not what to say or do; I had formed a resolution, since the little conference I have mentioned, to see nobody whatsoever, till I could gain some intelligence with respect to the Queen's own intentions or desire upon the subject of my visitors: yet to refuse seeing one who came in pure affection, and who I well know feels it very unfeignedly towards me, was impossible; and after a most hurried deliberation (to put together two words of apparent contradiction), I was determined to see her at all events.

I desired John to ask her into the eating-parlour, and apologize for my finishing my dress. I am forced to deny all admission to my toilette, as it has never taken place without making me too late.

The hurry I dressed in, joined to much doubt if my compliance was right, and a secret sadness that the thought of meeting any friend then gave me, made me dreadfully nervous; and by the time I was ready, and admitted her, I was in a state that could little make her sensible of the mark of real regard I was shewing her. Unconscious of any difficulty or etiquette, she came to me because she had power herself, without the smallest idea any was exerted on my part to receive her. There is an innocence and heedlessness in her character, extremely amiable, though at times rather distressing.

I was now very eager to leave her: I told her the Queen was waiting for me, but she still began upon something else, not in the least conceiving that it could be

of any consequence whether I went ten minutes sooner or later. To know the value and weight of ten minutes it is needful and sufficient to reside in a Court.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

August 20.

Has my dear Susan thought me quite dead?—not to write so long! and after such sweet converse as she has sent me. O my beloved Susan, 'tis a refractory heart I have to deal with!—it struggles so hard to be sad—and silent—and fly from you entirely, since it cannot fly entirely to you. I do all I can to conquer it, to content it, to give it a taste and enjoyment for what is still attainable; but at times I cannot manage it, and it seems absolutely indispensable to my peace to occupy myself in anything rather than in writing to the person most dear to me upon earth! —'Tis strange,—but such is the fact,—and I now do best when I get with those who never heard of you, and who care not about me.

My dearest Mrs. Locke's visit to Kew had opened all my heart to its proper channels, and your dear—your soothing narrative had made it yearn to see you; but the cruel stroke of Mr. and Mrs. Locke both coming to Windsor in my absence, has turned my mortification back into the same dry course again.

If to you alone I shew myself in these dark colours, can you blame the plan that I have intentionally been forming—namely, to wean myself from myself—to lessen all my affections—to curb all my wishes—to deaden all my sensations?—This design, my Susan, I formed so long ago as the first day my dear father accepted my offered appointment: I thought that what

demanded a complete new system of life, required, if attainable, a new set of feelings for all enjoyment of new prospects, and for lessening regrets at what were quitted, or lost. Such being my primitive idea, merely from my grief of separation, imagine but how it was strengthened and confirmed when the interior of my position became known to me!—when I saw myself expected by Mrs. Schwellenberg, not to be her colleague, but her dependent deputy! not to be her visitor at my own option, but her companion, her humble companion, at her own command! This has given so new a character to the place I had accepted under such different auspices, that nothing but my horror of disappointing, perhaps displeasing, my dearest father, has deterred me, from the moment that I made this mortifying discovery, from soliciting his leave to resign. But oh my Susan,—kind, good, indulgent as he is to me, I have not the heart so cruelly to thwart his hopes—his views—his happiness, in the honours he conceived awaiting my so unsolicited appointment. The Queen, too, is all sweetness, encouragement, and gracious goodness to me, and I cannot endure to complain to her of her old servant. You see, then, my situation; here I must remain!—The die is cast, and that struggle is no more.—To keep off every other, to support the loss of the dearest friends, and best society, and bear, in exchange, the tyranny, the *exigeance*, the *ennui*, and attempted indignities of their greatest contrast,—this must be my constant endeavour.

My plan, in its full extent, I meant not to have told; but since so much of it, unhappily, burst from me in the hurry of that Friday morning, I have forced out the rest, to be a little less mysterious.

Amongst my sources of unhappiness in this extra-

ordinary case is, the very favour that, in any other, might counteract it—namely, that of the Queen: for while, in a manner the most attractive, she seems inviting my confidence, and deigning to wish my happiness, she redoubles my conflicts never to shock her with murmurs against one who, however to me noxious and persecuting, is to her a faithful and truly devoted old servant. This will prevent my ever having my distress and disturbance redressed; for they can never be disclosed. Could I have, as my dear father conceived, all the time to myself, my friends, my leisure, or my own occupations, that is not devoted to my official duties, how different would be my feelings, how far more easily accommodated to my privations and sacrifices! Little does the Queen know the slavery I must either resist or endure. And so frightful is hostility, that I know not which part is hardest to perform.

What erasures! Can you read me? I blot, and re-write—yet know not how to alter or what to send; I so fear to alarm your tender kindness.

Diary Resumed.

WINDSOR, MONDAY EVENING.—Madame La Fîte, who calls upon me daily, though I am commonly so much engaged I can scarce speak to her for a moment, came to desire I would let her bring me M. Argant, who was come to Windsor to shew some experiment to the King.

I was very well pleased with him: his extreme ingenuity, and the oppressive usage he has met with, notwithstanding the utility and success of his projects, made him a quick interest in my good opinion; and he gave me very great pleasure by telling me he had

just ventured to mention to his Majesty a plan for procuring himself some recompense for his losses, which Mr. Locke had either started or approved, and that the King immediately said, "If it has Mr. Locke's approbation, I look upon him in such a light that I will do any thing to forward it that lies in my power."

A noble Sovereign this is, my dearest Susan; and when justice is done him, he will as such be acknowledged. To think so highly, and speak so liberally, of a subject whom he has never seen, and whose absence from Court has been represented, once, in no very flattering manner, redounds greatly to his honour, and shews the fair impartiality of his judgment.

Madame La Fîte has long pressed me with great earnestness to write to Madame de Genlis, whose very elegant little note to me I never have answered. Alas! what can I do?—I think of her as of one of the first among women—I see her full of talents and of charms—I am willing to believe her good, virtuous, and dignified;—yet, with all this, the cry against her is so violent and so universal, and my belief in her innocence is wholly unsupported by proof in its favour, or any other argument than internal conviction, from what I observed of her conduct and manners and conversation when I saw her in London, that I know not how to risk a correspondence with her, till better able to satisfy others, as well as I am satisfied myself: most especially, I dare not enter into such an intercourse through Madame La Fîte, whose indiscreet zeal for us both would lead her to tell her successful mediation to everybody she could make hear her. Already she has greatly distressed me upon this subject. Not content with continual importunity to me to write, ever

since my arrival, which I have evaded as gently as possible, to avoid giving her my humiliating reasons, she has now written Madame de Genlis word that I am here, belonging to the same Royal Household as herself; and then came to tell me, that as we were now so closely connected, she proposed our writing jointly, in the same letter.

All this, with infinite difficulty, I passed over,—pleading my little time; which indeed she sees is true. But when M. Argant was here, she said to me, in French, "M. Argant will immediately wait upon Madame de Genlis, for he is going to Paris; he will tell her he saw us together, and he will carry her a letter from me; and surely Miss Burney will not refuse M. Argant the happiness of carrying two lines from one lady so celebrated to another?"

I was quite vexed; a few lines answer the same purpose as a few sheets; since, once her correspondent, all that I am hesitating about is as completely over, right or wrong, as if I wrote to her weekly. I made as little answer as possible; but Madame La Fîte said that he did not go before Thursday or Friday, and therefore that I should have time for a few little words, which she would keep her own letter open for, to the last moment.

As soon as they left me, I hastened to my dear Mrs. Delany, to consult with her what to do.

"By all means," cried she, "tell the affair of your difficulties whether to write to her or not, to the Queen: it will unavoidably spread, if you enter into such a correspondence, and the properest step you can take, the safest and the happiest, is to have her opinion, and be guided by it. Madame de Genlis is so public a character, you can hardly correspond with her in private,

and it would be better the Queen should hear of such an intercourse from yourself than from any other."

I entirely agreed in the wisdom of her advice, though I very much doubted my power to exert sufficient courage to speak, unasked, upon any affair of my own. You may be sure I resolved to spare poor Madame La Fîte in my application, if I made it: "to write, or not to write," was all I wanted to determine; for the rest, I must run any risk rather than complain of a friend who always means well.

The day following, which was Prince William's birthday, was very melancholy. Princess Elizabeth had been very unwell ever since the Oxford expedition, and was now so much worse as to be quite in an alarming state; and she is so much beloved, that her illness grieved the whole house as sincerely as if she had been the private relation of every individual. The account of her danger, however, and of her sufferings, I shall here only mention, as her recovery is now perfectly established, and not one of the Royal Family seems more healthy.

While I was at Mrs. Delany's, this evening, I was called down stairs to Mr. F——. I found him in great haste, and much agitated, with a paper in his hand, I instantly concluded some mischief belonging to the Hastingses: but he explained to me, briefly, that his wife was ill, and had sent for him; that he had taken a hasty leave of their Majesties, and had only stopped for a moment to speak to me, while the chaise was at the door, to beg me to deliver to the Queen a paper he had forgot, and to hope that in the winter we should renew and augment an acquaintance that, on his part, &c., &c.

I found, upon returning to the Queen's Lodge, that Mr. F—— had taken no leave of Mrs. Schwellenberg;

he had left his compliments for her with Major Price. I was extremely glad to hear it, and resolved to speak to Mr. Fisher the first moment I could, and so finish the affair. Mrs. Schwellenberg again regretted she had not attacked him, but said she had no idea he would have gone so suddenly. I kept my paper to deliver when she was not present, lest she should be angry he had not called to leave it with her.

An opportunity offered the next morning, for the Queen again commanded me to follow her into her saloon; and there she was so gentle, and so gracious, that I ventured to speak of Madame de Genlis.

It was very fearfully that I took this liberty. I dreaded lest she should imagine I meant to put myself under her direction, as if presuming she would be pleased to direct me. Something, I told her, I had to say, by the advice of Mrs. Delany, which I begged her permission to communicate. She assented in silence, but with a look of the utmost softness, and yet mixed with strong surprise. I felt my voice faltering, and I was with difficulty able to go on,—so new to me was it to beg to be heard, who, hitherto, have always been begged to speak. There is no absolutely accounting for the forcible emotions which every totally new situation and new effort will excite in a mind enfeebled, like mine, by a long succession of struggling agitations. I got behind her chair, that she might not see a distress she might wonder at: for it was not this application itself that affected me; it was the novelty of my own situation, the new power I was calling forth over my proceedings, and the—O my Susan!—the all that I was changing from—relinquishing — of the past,—and hazarding for the future!

With many pauses, and continual hesitation, I then

told her that I had been earnestly pressed by Madame de Genlis to correspond with her; that I admired her with all my heart, and, with all my heart, believed all good of her; but that, nevertheless, my personal knowledge of her was too slight to make me wish so intimate an intercourse, which I had carefully shunned upon all occasions but those where my affection as well as my admiration had been interested; though I felt such a request from such a woman as Madame de Genlis as an honour, and therefore not to be declined without some reason stronger than my own general reluctance to proposals of that sort; and I found her unhappily, and I really and sincerely believed undeservedly, encircled with such powerful enemies, and accused with so much confidence of having voluntarily provoked them, that I could not, even in my own mind, settle if it were right to connect myself with her so closely, till I could procure information more positive in her favour, in order to answer the attacks of those who asperse her, and who would highly blame me for entering into a correspondence with a character not more unquestionably known to me. I had been desirous to wait, suspended, till this fuller knowledge might be brought about; but I was now solicited into a decision, by M. Argant, who was immediately going to her, and who must either take her a letter from me or shew her, by taking none, that I was bent upon refusing her request.

The Queen heard me with the greatest attention, and then said, "Have you yet writ to her?"

No, I said; I had had a little letter from her, but I received it just as the Duchess of Portland died, when my whole mind was so much occupied by Mrs. Delany, that I could not answer it.

"I will speak to you then," cried she, "very honestly;

if you have not yet writ, I think it better you should not write. If you had begun, it would be best to go on; but as you have not, it will be the safest way to let it alone. You may easily say, without giving her any offence, that you are now too much engaged to find time for entering into any new correspondence."

I thanked her for this open advice as well as I was able, and I felt the honour its reliance upon my prudence did me, as well as the kindness of permitting such an excuse to be made.

The Queen talked on, then, of Madame de Genlis with the utmost frankness; she admired her as much as I had done myself, but had been so assaulted with tales to her disadvantage, that she thought it unsafe and indiscreet to form any connection with her. Against her own judgment, she had herself been almost tormented into granting her a private audience, from the imprudent vehemence of one of Madame de G.'s friends here, with whom she felt herself but little pleased for what she had done, and who, I plainly saw, from that unfortunate injudiciousness, would lose all power of exerting any influence in future. Having thus unreservedly explained herself, she finished the subject, and has never started it since. But she looked the whole time with a marked approbation of my applying to her.

Poor Madame de Genlis! how I grieve at the cloud which hovers over so much merit, too bright to be hid but not to be obscured.

In the evening Mr. Herschel came to tea. I had once seen that very extraordinary man at Mrs. de Luc's, but was happy to see him again, for he has not more fame to awaken curiosity, than sense and modesty to gratify it. He is perfectly unassuming, yet openly

happy; and happy in the success of those studies which would render a mind less excellently formed presumptuous and arrogant. The King has not a happier subject than this man, who owes wholly to His Majesty that he is not wretched: for such was his eagerness to quit all other pursuits to follow astronomy solely, that he was in danger of ruin, when his talents, and great and uncommon genius, attracted the King's patronage. He has now not only his pension, which gives him the felicity of devoting all his time to his darling study, but he is indulged in licence from the King to make a telescope according to his new ideas and discoveries, that is to have no cost spared in its construction, and is wholly to be paid for by His Majesty.

This seems to have made him happier even than the pension, as it enables him to put in execution all his wonderful projects, from which his expectations of future discoveries are so sanguine as to make his present existence a state of almost perfect enjoyment. Mr. Locke himself would be quite charmed with him. He seems a man without a wish that has its object in the terrestrial globe.

At night, Mr. Herschel, by the King's command, came to exhibit to His Majesty and the Royal Family the new comet lately discovered by his sister, Miss Herschel; and while I was playing at piquet with Mrs. Schwellenberg, the Princess Augusta came into the room, and asked her if she chose to go into the garden and look at it. She declined the offer, and the Princess then made it to me. I was glad to accept it, for all sorts of reasons.

We found him at his telescope, and I mounted some steps to look through it. The comet was very small, and had nothing grand or striking in its appearance;

but it is the first lady's comet, and I was very desirous to see it. Mr. Herschel then shewed me some of his new-discovered universes, with all the good humour with which he would have taken the same trouble for a brother or a sister-astronomer: there is no possibility of admiring his genius more than his gentleness.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST [illegible]5TH.—To-day I had the happiness of seeing my dear Charlotte, for the first time since I parted with her almost at the altar.

The dear girl stayed a week and a day, and came to me constantly every morning, and almost every afternoon: even when I did not venture to keep her to tea, but was forced to part from her when it was announced. She was introduced to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and dined with us once, as also Mr. Francis; and once I begged permission for meeting her at Mr. Hastings's, at Beaumont Lodge, where I passed an agreeable evening with that very intelligent and very informing man, whom I pity at my heart, for the persecutions he undergoes, and whom I think the man the most oppressed and injured of modern times. His lively and very pleasing wife contributed largely to the afternoon's well-doing.

I shall put the little occurrences of this week of her stay together, without journalising.

I had one day a visit from Miss Gomme, who was brought by Madame la Fîte. Miss Gomme was but lately settled at the Lower Lodge, where she is one of the governesses to the Princesses, Mary and Sophia. She is short and plain, but sensible, cultivated, and possessed of very high spirits.

Another day—or rather night—I met accidentally Major Price in the gallery, and he stopped me to talk

over the F——— affair, which we mutually flatter ourselves is wholly blown over since his absence. This led on to other matters, and he frankly told me that there was not a man in the establishment that did not fear even speaking to me, from the apparent jealousy my arrival had awakened; and after a little longer talk, opening still more, he confessed that they had all agreed never to address me, but in necessary civilities that were unavoidable.

How curious! I applauded the resolution, which I saw might save me from ill-will, as well as themselves. Yet he owned himself extremely surprised at my management, and acknowledged they had none of them expected I could possibly have done so well.

"Nay," cried I, "I only do nothing; that's all!"

"But that," answered he, "is the difficulty; to do nothing is the hardest thing possible."

Much more passed,—for when he could speak he resolved to make himself amends for former silence.

This curious conference has been productive of an almost total reserve and taciturnity at our tea-meetings; for now the Major has satisfied himself that I am informed of their motives, he and all of them think their scheme may go on with my concurrence; which, accordingly, I give it, by more scrupulously keeping aloof than ever.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.—This morning Mrs. de Luc called, and brought Miss Harriet Bowdler, who was on a visit at her house, and, under Mrs. de Luc's wing, ventured to the Lodge. They did not stay two minutes. Mrs. de Luc knows my situation thoroughly; but she invited me to tea for the evening, to meet Miss Harriet, and begged me to invite Mr. Fisher, who sleeps here while his house is fitting up. He is in

very high and very deserved favour with all the Royal Family, and the King grants him the same apartment, I believe, that he inhabited when a preceptor of Prince Edward, till his canon of Windsor's residence is furnished and fitted up.

We had a very sociable and sensible evening. There was no other company, and Miss Bowdler consented to shew us several books of drawings, which she had taken from nature, chiefly in Wales, and which were extremely pretty and interesting.

Mr. Fisher himself takes landscapes in a most pleasing manner, and travelled all through Italy and Switzerland with a pencil in his hand.

The evening was tranquil and rational. I love Mrs. de Luc; Miss Harriet Bowdler is very amiable; and Mr. Fisher was full of intelligence, communicated in the gentlest and simplest manner. It was quite comic, after such an excess of shyness on both sides, to see how easy and natural we mutually became.

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On returning to Windsor I had the same solace as heretofore, of going every morning to Mrs. Delany, and the same entertainment every evening of sitting dumb and unnoticed. To me, as I have explained, this was no hardship; but to Mrs. Delany, when she joined the set, it was quite afflicting. Accustomed to place me herself so high, to see me, now, even studiously shunned, had an effect upon her tender mind that gave me uneasiness to observe; and indeed, she told me it was so painful a scene to her, that she would positively come no more, unless I would exert and assert myself into a little more consequence.

I have promised to do what I can to comfort her for the apprehensions she conceives of my depression; but

in truth I like the present state of things better than at present I should any reform in them.—But I never say this to my dear Mrs. Delany; her fervent, pure, and tender joy in seeing me situated where we can daily meet would all be damped, destroyed rather, if she read as far into my heart as she suffers me to read into hers.—Our confidence cannot be mutual: there is nothing, I believe, that she conceals from me; she tells me every occurrence of her long life, and even every feeling, shews me all her letters, confides to me all her own papers, and, through the soft subdued colours of the most timid humility, lets me see, since she cannot hide it, the purest tints of the most exalted nature. These she sees not herself, but I, who do, find them the most edifying contemplation of which my present life admits.

One day in this week I saw my beloved Fredy and Mr. Locke, and I tried to feel happy; but I hardly know how to describe—nor wish to do it—how far I am from all the sweet peace that belongs to happiness, when I see that sweet friend who brings me almost piercingly near what she has not power to make me reach.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH.—Mr. Fisher sent me "Coxe's Travels in Russia, Sweden, Poland, and Denmark," two thick quarto volumes; and I have been reading them almost ever since. The style is far from either elegant or pleasing, but they are full of information and historic anecdotes, and seem written with the strictest intention of veracity:—intention, I say, for a foreign traveller can rarely be certain of the truth and justice even of his own observations, much less of those he gathers as he runs.

The Duchess of Ancaster made me a long visit before

tea, and was extremely communicative upon her own travels, which made her conversation very well worth hearing; for she has lately resided some time in France and Italy, and it is always curious to know how people and things strike the various minds of various ranks in society.

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I come now to introduce to you, with a new character, some new perplexities from my situation. Madame la Fîte called the next morning, to tell me she must take no denial to forming me a new acquaintance—Madame de la Roche, a German by birth, but married to a Frenchman;—an authoress, a woman of talents and distinction, a character highly celebrated, and unjustly suffering from an adherence to the Protestant religion. "She dies with eagerness to see you," she added, in French, "and I have invited her to Windsor, where I have told her I have no other feast prepared for her but to shew her Dr. Herschel and Miss Burney."

I leave you to imagine if I felt competent to fulfil such a promise: openly, on the contrary, I assured her I was quite unequal to it.

She had already, she said, written to Madame la Roche, to come the next day, and if I would not meet her she must be covered with disgrace.

Expostulation was now vain; I could only say that to answer for myself was quite out of my own power.

"And why?—and wherefore?—and what for?—and surely to me!—and surely for Madame de la Roche!—*une femme d'esprit—mon amie—l'amie de Madame de Genlis*," &c. &c. filled up a hurried conference in the midst of my dressing for the Queen, till a summons interrupted her, and forced me, half dressed, and all too

late, to run away from her, with an extorted promise to wait upon her if I possibly could.

Accordingly I went, and arrived before Madame la Roche. Poor Madame La Fîte received me in transport; and I soon witnessed another transport, at least equal, to Madame la Roche, which happily was returned with the same warmth; and it was not till after a thousand embraces, and the most ardent professions—"*Ma digne amie!—est il possible?—te vois-je?*" &c.—that I discovered they had never before met in their lives!—they had corresponded, but no more!

This somewhat lessened my surprise, however, when my turn arrived; for no sooner was I named than all the *embrassades* were transferred to me—"*La digne Miss Borni!—l'auteur de Cecile?—d'Evelina?—non, ce n'est pas possible!—suis-je si heureuse!—oui, je le vois à ses yeux!—Ah! qüe de bonheur!*" &c.

As nobody was present, I had not the same confusion from this scene as from that in which I first saw Madame la Fîte, when, at an assembly at Miss Streatfield's, such as these were her exclamations aloud, in the midst of the admiring bystanders.

But soon after there entered Mrs. Fielding and Miss Finch, both invited by Madame la Fîte to witness these new encounters. A literary conversation was then begun, opened by Madame la Fîte, and kept alive by Mrs. Fielding.

Madame la Roche, had I met her in any other way, might have pleased me in no common degree; for could I have conceived her character to be unaffected, her manners have a softness that would render her excessively engaging. She is now *bien passée*—no doubt fifty—yet has a voice of touching sweetness, eyes of dove-like gentleness, looks supplicating for favour, and

an air and demeanour the most tenderly caressing. I can suppose she has thought herself all her life the model of the favourite heroine of her own favourite romance, and I can readily believe that she has had attractions in her youth nothing short of fascinating. Had I not been present, and so deeply engaged in this interview, I had certainly been caught by her myself; for in her presence I constantly felt myself forgiving and excusing what in her absence I as constantly found past defence or apology.

Poor Madame la Fîte has no chance in her presence; for though their singular enthusiasm upon "the people of the literature," as Pacchierotti called them, is equal, Madame la Fîte almost subdues by her vehemence, while Madame la Roche almost melts by her softness. Yet I fairly believe they are both very good women, and both believe themselves sincere.

In the midst of a warmth the most animated for whatever she could approve, how admirably did Madame de Genlis steer clear of both these extremes, of violence and of languor, and confer honour by her praise, even where most partial and unmerited, by the dignity mingled with sweetness that accompanied it!

I returned still time enough to find Mrs. Schwellenberg with her tea-party; and she was very desirous to hear something of Madame la Roche. I was led by this to give a short account of her: not such a one as you have heard, because I kept it quite independent of all reference to poor Madame la Fîte; but there was still enough to make a little narration. Madame la Roche had told me that she had been only three days in England, and had yet made but a beginning of seeing *les spectacles*, and *les gens célèbres*;—and what do you think was the first, and, as yet, sole spectacle to which

she had been carried?—Bedlam!—And who the first, and, as yet, only *homme célèbre* she had seen—Lord George Gordon!—whom she called *le fameux* George Gordon, and with whom she had dined, in company with Count Cagliostro!

When foreigners come hither without proper recommendations, how strange is their fare! General Budé found himself so excessively diverted with this account, intermixed, at the time, with several circumstances I have now forgot, and with the novelty of hearing anything beyond a grave monosyllable from my mouth, that it surprised him off all guard, and he began, for the first time since the day of his arrival, to venture coming forward to converse with me; and though it was soon over, from that time he has never seen me without the amazing temerity of speaking a few words to me!

At night the Princess Royal came into my room, sent by the Queen for little Badine's basket. I begged her permission to carry it myself, but she would not suffer me. She stayed a few minutes, conversing chiefly upon Mrs. Delany, and when, as she was going away, I could not forbear saying a word or two of the many little marks of favour she had shewn me, she came back, and took hold of my hand to make me a kind answer. Charming indeed is it to see the goodness, native and acquired, of this lovely young Princess.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 17TH.—At the chapel this morning, Madame la Fîte placed Madame la Roche between herself and me, and proposed bringing her to the Lodge, "to return my visit." This being precisely what I had tried to avoid, and to avoid without shocking Madame la Fîte, by meeting her correspondent at her own house, I was much chagrined at such a pro-

posal, but had no means to decline it, as it was made across Madame la Roche herself.

Accordingly, at about two o'clock, when I came from the Queen, I found them both in full possession of my room, and Madame la Fîte occupied in examining my books. The thing thus being done, and the risk of consequences inevitable, I had only to receive them with as little display of disapprobation of their measures as I could help; but one of the most curious scenes followed I have ever yet been engaged in or witnessed.

As soon as we were seated, Madame la Fîte began with assuring me, aloud, of the "conquest" I had made of Madame la Roche, and appealed to that lady for the truth of what she said. Madame la Roche answered her by rising, and throwing her arms about me, and kissing my cheeks from side to side repeatedly.

Madame la Fîte, as soon as this was over, and we had resumed our seats, opened the next subject, by saying Madame la Roche had read and adored "Cecilia:" again appealing to her for confirmation of her assertion.

"*O, oui, oui!*" cried her friend, "*mais la vraie Cecile, ç'est Miss Borni! charmante Miss Borni! digne, douce, et aimable!* Coom to me arms! *que je vous embrasse mille fois!*"

Again we were all deranged, and again the same ceremony being performed, we all sat ourselves down.

"Cecilia" was then talked over throughout, in defiance of every obstacle I could put in its way.

After this, Madame la Fîte said, in French, that Madame la Roche had had the most extraordinary life and adventures that had fallen to anybody's lot; and finished with saying, "*Eh! ma chère amie, contez nous un peu.*"

They were so connected, she answered, in their early part with M. Wieland, the famous author, that they would not be intelligible without his story.

"Eh bien! ma très-chère, contez nous, donc, un peu de ses aventures; ma chère Miss Burney, c'étoit son amant, et l'homme le plus extraordinaire—d'un génie! d'un feu! Eh bien, ma chère? où l'avez vous recontré? où est-ce qu'il a commençé à vous aimer? contez nous un peu de tout ça."

Madame la Roche, looking down upon her fan, began then the recital. She related their first interview, the gradations of their mutual attachment, his extraordinary talents, his literary fame and name; the breach of their union from motives of prudence in their friends; his change of character from piety to voluptuousness, in consoling himself for her loss with an actress; his various adventures, and various transformations from good to bad, in life and conduct; her own marriage with M. de la Roche, their subsequent meeting when she was mother of three children, and all the attendant circumstances.

This narrative was told in so touching and pathetic a manner, and interspersed with so many sentiments of tenderness and of heroism, that I could scarcely believe I was not actually listening to a Clelia or a Cassandra, recounting the stories of her youth.

When she had done, and I had thanked her, Madame la Fite demanded of me what I thought of her, and if she was not delightful? I assented, and Madame la Roche then, rising, and fixing her eyes, filled with tears, in my face, while she held both my hands, in the most melting accents, exclaimed, *"Miss Borni! la plus chère, la plus digne des Angloises! dites moi—m'aimez vous?"*

I answered as well as I could, but what I said was

not very positive. Madame la Fîte came up to us, and desired we might make a trio of friendship, which should bind us to one-another for life.

And then they both embraced me, and both wept for joyful fondness! I fear I seemed very hard-hearted; but no spring was opened whence one tear of mine could flow.

The clock had struck four some time, and Madame la Fîte said she feared they kept me from dinner. I knew it must soon be ready, and therefore made but a slight negative.

She then, with an anxious look at her watch, said she feared she was already too late for her own little dinner.

I was shocked at a hint I had no power to notice, and heard it in silence—silence unrepressing! for she presently added, "You dine alone, don't you?"

"Y—e—s,—if Mrs. Schwellenberg is not well enough to come down stairs to dinner."

"And can you dine, *ma chère Mademoiselle*—can you dine at that great table alone?"

"I must!—the table is not mine."

"Yes, in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence it is."

"It has never been made over to me, and I take no power that is not given to me."

"But the Queen, my dearest ma'am—the Queen, if she knew such a person as Madame la Roche was here."

She stopped, and I was quite disconcerted. An attack so explicit, and in presence of Madame la Roche, was beyond all my expectations. She then went to the window, and exclaimed, "It rains!—*Mon Dieu! que ferons nous?*—My poor littel dinner!—it will be all spoilt! — *La pauvre Madame la Roche! une telle femme!*"

I was now really distressed, and wished much to invite them both to stay; but I was totally helpless; and could only look, as I felt, in the utmost embarrassment.

The rain continued. Madame la Roche could understand but imperfectly what passed, and waited its result with an air of smiling patience. I endeavoured to talk of other things; but Madame la Fîte was restless in returning to this charge. She had several times given me very open hints of her desire to dine at Mrs. Schwellenberg's table; but I had hitherto appeared not to comprehend them: she was now determined to come home to the point; and the more I saw her determination, the less liable I became to being overpowered by it.

At length John came to announce dinner.

Madame la Fîte looked at me in a most expressive manner, as she rose and walked towards the window, exclaiming that the rain would not cease; and Madame la Roche cast upon me a most tender smile, while she lamented that some accident must have prevented her carriage from coming for her.

I felt excessively ashamed, and could only beg them not to be in haste, faithfully assuring them I was by no means disposed for eating.

Poor Madame la Fîte now lost all command of herself, and desiring to speak to me in my own room, said, pretty explicitly, that certainly I might keep anybody to dinner, at so great a table, and all alone, if I wished it.

I was obliged to be equally frank. I acknowledged that I had reason to believe I might have had that power, from the custom of my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, upon my first succeeding to her; but that I was then too uncertain of any of my privileges to

assume a single one of them unauthorised by the Queen; and I added that I had made it the invariable rule of my conduct, from the moment of my entering into my present office, to run no risk of private blame, by any action that had not her previous consent or knowledge.

She was not at all satisfied, and significantly said, "But you have sometimes Miss Planta?"

"Not I; Mrs. Schwellenberg invites her."

"And M. de Luc, too,—he may dine with you!"

"He also comes to Mrs. Schwellenberg. Mrs. Delany alone, and her niece, come to me; and they have had the sanction of the Queen's own desire."

"*Mais, enfin, ma chère* Miss Burney,—when it rains, —and when it is so late,—and when it is for such a woman as Madame la Roche!"

So hard pressed, I was quite shocked to resist her; but I assured her that when my own sisters, Phillips and Francis, came to Windsor purposely to see me, they had never dined at the Lodge but by the express invitation of Mrs. Schwellenberg; and that when my father himself was here, I had not ventured to ask him.

This, though it surprised, somewhat appeased her; and we were called into the other room to Miss Planta, who was to dine with me, and who, unluckily, said the dinner would be quite cold.

They begged us both to go, and leave them till the rain was over, or till Madame la Roche's carriage arrived. I could not bear to do this, but entreated Miss Planta, who was in haste, to go and dine by herself.

This, at last, was agreed to, and I tried once again to enter into discourse upon other matters. But how greatly did my disturbance at all this urgency increase,

when Madame La Fîte said she was so hungry she must beg a bit of bread and a glass of water!

I was now, indeed, upon the point of giving way; but when I considered, while I hesitated, what must follow—my own necessary apology, which would involve Madame La Fîte in much blame, or my own concealing silence, which would reverse all my plans of openness with the Queen, and acquiescence with my own situation—I grew firm again, and having assured her a thousand times of my concern for my little power, I went into the next room: but I sent her the roll and water by John; I was too much ashamed to carry them. Miss Planta was full of good-natured compassion for the scene in which she saw me engaged, but confessed she was sure I did right.

When I returned to them again, Madame La Fîte requested me to go at once to the Queen, and tell her the case. Ah, poor Madame la Fîte! to see so little a way for herself, and to suppose me also so every way short-sighted! I informed her that I never entered the presence of the Queen unsummoned.

"But why not, my dear Ma'am?—Mrs. Haggerdorn went out and in whenever she pleased."

"So I have heard; but she was an old attendant, and only went on in her old way: I am new, and have yet no way marked out."

"But Miss Planta does also."

"That must have been brought about by the Queen's directions."

She then remonstrated with me upon my shyness, for my own sake; but I assured her I was more disengaged, and better pleased, in finding myself expected only upon call, than I could be in settling for myself the times, seasons, and proprieties of presenting myself of my own accord.

Again she desired to speak to me in my own room; and then she told me that Madame la Roche had a most earnest wish to see all the Royal Family; she hoped, therefore, the Queen would go to early prayers at the chapel, where, at least, she might be beheld: but she gave me sundry hints, not to be misunderstood, that she thought I might so represent the merits of Madame La Roche as to induce the honour of a private audience.

I could give her no hope of this, as I had none to give; for I well knew that the Queen has a settled aversion to almost all novels, and something very near it to almost all novel-writers.

She then told me she had herself requested an interview for her with the Princess Royal, and had told her that if it was too much to grant it in the Royal apartments, at least it might take place in Miss Burney's room! Her Royal Highness coldly answered that she saw nobody without the Queen's commands.

How much I rejoiced in her prudence and duty! I would not have had a meeting in my room unknown to the Queen for a thousand worlds. But poor mistaken Madame La Fîte complained most bitterly of the deadness of the whole court to talents and genius.

In the end, the carriage of Madame La Roche arrived, about tea-time, and Madame La Fîte finished with making me promise to relate my difficulties to the Queen, that she might give me such orders as to enable me to keep them any other time. And thus ended this most oppressive scene. You may think I had no very voracious appetite after it.

To give you the result at once, Miss Planta, of her own accord, briefly related the affair to the Queen, dwelling upon my extreme embarrassment, with the

most good-natured applause of its motives. The Queen graciously joined in commendation of my steadiness, expressed her disapprobation of the indelicacy of poor Madame La Fîte, and added that if I had been overcome, it would have been an encouragement to her to bring foreigners for ever to the Lo ge, wholly contrary to the pleasure of the King.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH.—A grand incident, for my new life, happened. Mrs. Schwellenberg finding herself very unwell, and wishing for advice from a physician, went on to town, and I remained, for the first time, with the Queen by myself.

Nothing could be more gracious and encouraging than her behaviour upon this occasion. We were at Kew only two days, and her sweetness, in sundry particulars, rendered them, with respect to my attendance, the most pleasant of any I had witnessed.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND.—We all went to town for keeping the anniversary of the King's coronation, on which there is always a drawing-room. We found Mrs. Schwellenberg still very unwell, and uncertain whether she should be able to return with us to Windsor the next day.

Early the following morning, Miss Planta sent to me, to know whether we went back alone, or with Mrs. Schwellenberg: I could give her no satisfaction. Soon after she came herself; but, while she was apologising for her inquiries, a message came to me, to let me know that Mrs. Schwellenberg meant to continue in town. Miss Planta took a hasty leave, to prepare for our journey; but, turning round as she opened the door, she made a sort of involuntary exclamation, "Ah Miss Burney, if Mrs. Schwellenberg was not so sick—and so cross—how happily we might all live!"

Secure of the Queen's approbation, the moment I arrived at Windsor, I sent to entreat to see my dearest Mrs. Delany and her niece to dinner. They came; and, in the evening, Mr. Fisher alone added to our party: the rest were attending the King at the castle. whence His Majesty was viewing some experiments of signals.

This was the first tolerable evening I spent in our eating-room. Mr. Fisher produced the drawings he had sketched in Italy and Switzerland: views from well-chosen prospects, very happily, I believe, executed. With the help of his verbal description, Mrs. Delany saw them pretty well; and we were both indebted to him for much entertainment. The quietness of the evening pleased him as much as it did ourselves; and I was only sorry that Major Price, who was never obliged to be absent before, should not partake of it.

The next day passed in the same manner, only with the addition of Major Price and General Budé. The tranquillity of the evening was evidently enjoyed by all; and I could not forbear thinking of the words of Miss Planta upon our leaving London.

I was quite glad to have once again some natural conversation with the Major, who of late had carried his circumspection to such a height as never to speak a word to me after his first salutation. Whether his fear of exciting displeasure towards me, or towards himself, was strongest, I cannot tell; but it is extremely provoking to see the universal mischief spread by partial ill-humour.

September 25th.—This morning, after sundry difficulties, I received my first visit here from Miss Cambridge. Mrs. Hemming brought her to Windsor, where she had a visit to make herself.

While she was with me, a gentle tap at the door made me call out "Come in!" It opened—and enter Princess Royal!—who stood quietly at it, upon sight of a stranger, saying, in a low voice, that the Queen desired I would go to her. I answered, I would follow immediately, and she made, with her usual grace, a curtseying exit.

"Who was that?" cried Miss Cambridge; and when I told her, she exclaimed, with the greatest surprise, "Good Heaven! the Princess Royal!—with a manner so modest and gentle?—Then I see, by her standing at the door to deliver her message, that the very highest in rank think it right to be as humble in their appearance as the lowest!"

Mrs. Delany came to me to dinner, and we promised ourselves the whole afternoon *tête-à-tête*, with no other interruption than what we were well contented to allow to Major Price and General Budé. But before we were well settled in my room, after our late dinner in the next, a visitor appeared,—Miss Finch.

We were both sadly vexed at this disappointment; but you will wonder to hear that I became, in a few minutes, as averse to her going as I had been to her coming: for the Princess Amelia was brought in, by Mrs. Cheveley, to carry away Mrs. Delany to the Queen. I had now, therefore, no one, but this chance-comer, to assist me in doing the honours to my two beaus; and well as I like their company, I by no means enjoyed the prospect of receiving them alone: not, I protest, and am sure, from any prudery, but simply from thinking that a single female, in a party, either large or small, of men, unless very much used to the world, appears to be in a situation awkward and unbecoming.

I was quite concerned, therefore, to hear from Miss Finch that she meant but a short visit, for some reasons belonging to her carriage; and when she rose to go, I felt my distaste to this new mode of proceeding so strong, that I hastily related to her my embarrassment, and frankly begged her to stay and help to recreate my guests. She was very much diverted with this distress, which she declared she could not comprehend, but frankly agreed to remain with me; and promised, at my earnest desire, not to publish what I had confessed to her, lest I should gain, around Windsor, the character of a prude.

I had every reason to be glad that I detained her, for she not only made my meeting with the equerries easy and pleasant, but was full of odd entertainment herself. She has a large portion of whimsical humour, which, at times, is original and amusing, though always eccentric, and frequently, from uttering whatever comes uppermost, accidental.

Among many other flights, she very solemnly declared that she could never keep any body's face in her mind when they were out of her sight. "I have quite forgot," cried she, "the Duke of York already, though I used to see him so continually. Really it's quite terrible, but I cannot recollect a single trait of anybody when they are the shortest time out of my sight; especially if they are dead;—it's quite shocking, but really I can never remember the face of a person the least in the world when once they are dead!"

The Major, who knows her very well, and who first had introduced her to me on my settling here, was much amused with her rattle; and General Budé is always pleased with anything bordering upon the ridiculous. Our evening therefore turned out very well.

In the next I was not so successful: uncertain whether or not Mrs. Schwellenberg would return, I could make no invitations in the morning, though I knew that Mrs. Delany was to be with the Queen. I dined alone; and then gave up my companion, and took courage to send and invite Mrs. and Miss Heberden:—they had company at home! I sent to Madame La Fîte:—she was engaged with company abroad!

It was too late to send any further,—and I was forced to make my *entrée* into the tea-room *sola*. It was really very awkward to me, at first; though the ease of General Budé, and the gentleness and good breeding of Major Price, made me soon tolerably comfortable,—till the door opened, and His Majesty appeared at it!

"What!" cried he, smiling, "a trio?—only you three?"

Two bows, and one curtsey, was the answer.

He then came in, and talked for some time upon general subjects, chiefly with Major Price, who stands extremely high in his favour and esteem. Afterwards he spoke much of Mrs. Haggerdorn, and commended her resignation of employment, and timely retirement. This, by various steps, led to some ludicrous stories of an old servant who had belonged to her for, I think, seventeen years, and, having stayed behind, was married to a woman of some fortune, though old, much wanting in sobriety, and of unwieldy corpulency. While this was relating, the King advanced to me, and said, "Should you have thought Draugher would have had such success?"

"I never saw him, Sir," I answered.

"Never saw him?—O yes, you must have seen him a hundred times: he was here when you came."

"But I saw nothing then, Sir!" quoth I, which little

truism diverted him, and led him to talk on with me some time longer, still upon Mrs. Haggerdorn and this Draugher.

When he went away, he took both the gentlemen with him: the Major to backgammon, the General to his concert-room.

* * * *

I have something to relate now that both my dearest friends will take great pleasure in hearing, because it appertains to my *dignity and consequence.* The Queen, in the most gracious manner, desired me this morning to send an invitation to M. Mithoff, a German clergyman, to come to dinner; and she added, "I assure you he is a very worthy man, of very excellent character, or I would not ask you to invite him."

Was not this a very sweet manner of making over to me the presidency of the table in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence?

It was for the next day, and I sent John to him immediately;—rather awkward, though, to send my compliments to a man I had never seen, and invite him to dine with me. But there was no other mode—I could not name the Queen. I knew Miss P—— would be happy to make us a trio, and I begged her not to fail me.

But alas!—if awkwardness was removed, something worse was substituted in its place; my presidency was abolished on the very day it was to be declared, by the sudden return of its rightful superseder. I acquainted her with the invitation I had been desired to send, and I told her I had also engaged Miss P——. I told of both as humbly as possible, that I might raise no alarms of any intention of rivalry in power.

Mr. Mithoff was not yet come when dinner was announced, nor yet Miss P——; we sat down *tête-à-tête,*

myself in some pain for my invitations, my companion well content to shew she would wait for none of my making.

At length came Miss P——, and presently after a tall German clergyman entered the room. I was a little confused by his immediately making up to me, and thanking me in the strongest terms for the honour of my invitation, and assuring me it was the most flattering one he had ever received.

I answered as short as I could, for I was quite confounded by the looks of Mrs. Schwellenberg. Towards me they were directed with reproach, and towards the poor visitor with astonishment: why I could not imagine, as I had frequently heard her speak of Mr. Mithoff with praise.

Finding nothing was said to him, I was obliged to ask him to take a place at the table myself, which he did; still, and with great glee of manner, addressing himself wholly to me, and never finishing his warm expressions of gratitude for my invitation.

I quite longed to tell him I had Her Majesty's orders for what I had done, that he might cease his most unmerited acknowledgments; but I could not at that time. The dinner went off very ill; nobody said a word but this gentleman, and he spoke only to do himself mischief.

When we all adjourned to Mrs. Schwellenberg's room upstairs, for coffee, my new guest again poured forth such a torrent of thanks, that I could not resist taking the first opportunity to inform him he owed me no such strong obligation, as I had simply obeyed the commands of the Queen.

"The Queen!" he exclaimed, with yet greater enchantment; "then I am very happy indeed, Madam;

I had been afraid at first there was some mistake in the honour you did me."

"It might have seemed a mistake indeed, Sir," cried I, "if you supposed I had taken the liberty of making you such an invitation, without the pleasure of knowing you myself."

Mrs. Schwellenberg, just after, calling me aside, said, "For what have you brought me this man?"

I could make no answer, lest he should hear me, for I saw him look uneasily towards us; and therefore, to end such interrogations, I turned to him, and asked how many days he should continue at Windsor.

He looked surprised, and said he had no thought of leaving it.

It was my turn to look surprised now; I had heard he only came upon Her Majesty's commands, and was to stay but a day or two.

I now began to suspect some mistake, and that my message had gone to a wrong person. I hastened, therefore, to pronounce the name of Mithoff, and my suspicion was changed into certainty, by his telling me, with a stare, that it was not his.

Imagine but my confusion at this information!—the Queen's commission so ill executed, M. Mithoff neglected, and some one else invited whose very name I knew not!—nor did he, though my mistake now was visible, tell it me. Yet he looked so much disappointed, that I thought it incumbent upon me, since the blunder must have been my servant's, to do what I could to comfort him. I therefore forced myself forward to talk to him, and pass over the embarrassment; but he was modest, and consequently overset, and soon after took his leave.

I then cleared myself to Mrs. Schwellenberg of any

voluntary deed in *bringing her this man*, and inquired of John how it had happened. He told me he had forgot the gentleman's name, but as I had said he was a German clergyman, he had asked for him as such, and thought this must be the right person. I heard afterwards that this is a M. Schrawder, one of the masters of the German language to the Princesses. I made all the apologies in my power to him for the error.

In the evening, our party was the General, Mr. Fisher, and Major Price; and I was tempted to tell them my disaster, upon Mrs. Schwellenberg's being suddenly called out of the room; and the account interested them so much, from their knowledge of all the parties, that when the lady's return interrupted it, they were all taken with fits of sullenness that made them nearly as dumb as myself.

The Queen, at night, with great good humour, laughed at the mistake, and only desired it might be rectified for the next day. Accordingly it was; and M. Mithoff had an invitation for the next day, in proper order: that is, from Mrs. Schwellenberg.

It was a day of festivity for the Royal Family. The Archduke Ferdinand, brother to the Emperor, and his Duchess, Princess of Modena, with their train, were invited here to dine with their Majesties. They had already had the honour of breakfasting with them at Kew. The dinner was at the Castle.

In the morning, at the door of my room, I met Major Price; he told me he was very unwell, and felt quite unequal to the fatigue of attendance on a day of such ceremony; he had therefore begged that Colonel Goldsworthy might be his deputy,—"And I," added he, "shall stay quietly at the Lodge, and dine with you." With Mrs. Schwellenberg! thought I,—in whose presence little *i* am fairly as one annihilated.

Colonel Goldsworthy had been invited to Windsor for the Princess Royal's birth-day, which was the next day; Mr. Fisher, also, was of the dinner-party; yet it was as heavy as if we had been our usual *tête-à-tête:* more so, indeed, for then one at least exerts herself, namely, F. B.: now every one seemed to do their worst.

When we went up stairs to coffee, upon Mrs. Schwellenberg's leaving us a few minutes, and M. Mithoff's looking at her Indian paper, Mr. Fisher and the Major pressed me to finish my account of my hapless guest and erroneous invitation; but, upon a re-entrance, we all suddenly parted, like detected conspirators.

At night, Mrs. Schwellenberg told Major Price she would give him a treat; he is quite her first favourite among the equerries. This was to shew him all the Queen's jewels; and Mr. Fisher and myself were allowed to partake in it. Nothing could be more superb, more dazzling.

Would you know how the evening concluded?—look at the account of the dinner.

PART V.

1786.

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PART V.

1786.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH.—This day the Princess Royal entered her twenty-first year. I had the pleasure of being in the room with the Queen when she sent for her, early in the morning. Her Majesty bid me stop, while she went into another apartment to fetch her birth-day gifts. The charming Princess entered with so modest, so composed an air, that it seemed as if the day, with all its preparations for splendour, was rather solemn than elevating to her. I had no difficulty, thus alone with her, in offering my best wishes to her. She received them most gracefully, and told me, with the most sensible pleasure, that the King had just been with her, and presented to her a magnificent diamond necklace.

The Queen then returned, holding in her hands two very pretty portfolios for her drawings, and a very fine gold etui. The Princess, in receiving them with the lowest curtsey, kissed her hand repeatedly, while the Queen gave back her kisses upon her cheeks.

The King came in soon after, and the three youngest Princesses. They all flew to kiss the Princess Royal, who is affectionately fond of them all. Princess Amelia shewed how fine she was, and made the Queen admire her new coat and frock; she then examined all the new dresses of her sisters, and then looking towards

me with some surprise, exclaimed, "And won't Miss Burney be fine, too?"

I shall not easily forget this little innocent lesson. It seems all the household dress twice on these birthdays—for their first appearance, and for dinner—and always in something distinguished. I knew it not, and had simply prepared for my second attire only, wearing in the morning my usual white dimity great coat.

I was a little out of countenance; and the Queen probably perceiving it, said—

"Come hither, Amelia; who do you think is here—in Miss Burney's room?"

"Lany," answered the quick little creature; for so she calls Mrs. Delany, who had already exerted herself to come to the Lodge with her congratulations.

The King, taking the hand of the little Princess, said they would go and see her; and turning to the Queen as they left the room, called out

"What shall we do with Mrs. Delany?"

"What the King pleases," was her answer.

I followed them to my room, where his Majesty stayed some time, giving that dear old lady a history of the concert of the preceding evening for the Archduke and Duchess, and that he had ordered for this day for the Princess Royal. It is rather unfortunate Her Royal Highness should have her birth-day celebrated by an art which she even professes to have no taste for, and to hear almost with pain.

The King took Mrs. Delany to breakfast with himself and family.

Poor Major Price was really ill. I did not see him all day, and believe he kept his bed. It has been to me a most serious concern to see how little his strength is suited to his office, the duties of which are quite la-

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Poor Major Price was really ill. I did not see him all day, and believe he kept his bed. It has been to me a most serious concern to see how little his strength is suited to his office, the duties of which are quite la-

borious to any but the most robust constitutions. The equerry in waiting must be dressed and ready to attend by six o'clock in summer, and by seven in the winter; and he must be constantly prepared either for hunting, riding, or walking, the whole day through. The King, however, is the kindest master, and exacts from his equerries no more than he performs himself, save in watching and waiting, which are highly fatiguing; but His Majesty has the most vigorous health, and accustoms himself to none of the indulgences which almost all his subjects regard as indispensable.

For his own sake, therefore, I could not be sorry that the waiting of Major Price was to expire on the 1st of October; though for mine I could not help it, nor have helped it ever since. He was my first friend in this house—the first who ventured to speak to me with any trust, of the situation of things, and the first, of course, from whom I received any solace or pleasure.

I wore my memorable present-gown this day, in honour of the Princess Royal. It is a lilac tabby. I saw the King for a minute at night, as he returned from the Castle, and he graciously admired it, calling out "Emily should see Miss Burney's gown now, and she would think her fine enough."

All the day's entertainment was again at the Castle. The following evening I first saw the newly-arrived equerry, Colonel Goldsworthy. Mrs. Schwellenberg was ill, and sent for Mr. de Luc, and told me to go into the eating-room, and make the tea for her. I instantly wrote to Miss P——, to beg she would come to assist me: she did, and Mrs. Schwellenberg, changing her plan, came downstairs at the same time. The party was Major Price, General Budé, Mr. Fisher, and the Colonel. Major Price immediately presented us to each other.

"Upon my word!" cried Mrs. Schwellenberg, "you do the honour here in my room!—you might leave that to me, Major Price!"

"What! my brother equerry?" cried he; "No, ma'am, I think I have a right there."

Colonel Goldsworthy's character stands very high for worth and honour, and he is warmly attached to the King, both for his own sake, and from the tie that binds him to all the Royal Family, of regard for a sister extremely dear to him, Miss Goldsworthy, whose residence here brings him frequently to the Palace. He seems to me a man of but little cultivation or literature, but delighting in a species of dry humour, in which he shines most successfully, in giving up himself for its favourite butt.

He brought me a great many compliments, he said, from Dr. Warton of Winchester, where he had lately been quartered with his regiment. He rattled away very amusingly upon the balls and the belles he had seen there, laughing at his own gallantry, and pitying and praising himself alternately for venturing to exert it.

The party was the same as the day before. The King came into the room at tea-time, and endeavoured to laugh the Major out of his opinion of his own ill-health, which His Majesty thinks all a fancy, as he has a very good colour, and looks strong and well. He could not succeed: the Major smiled at the raillery, but could not allow it to be just. The King then suddenly applied to me, saying—

"What think you, Miss Burney, is it not all mere fancy, or is anything the matter with him?"

"Indeed, Sir, I don't know," was all the answer I

could make; and he went from me to repeat it to the Major, as an argument against him.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2ND.—Major Price left Windsor. He took leave of nobody: everybody, I believe, regretted him; the sweet little Princess Amelia cried when told he was gone.

The next day we were all to go to Kew; but Mrs. Schwellenberg was taken ill, and went by herself to town.

The Queen sent for me after breakfast, and delivered to me a long box, called here the jewel box, in which her jewels are carried to and from town that are worn on the drawing-room days. The great bulk of them remain in town all the winter, and remove to Windsor for all the summer, with the rest of the family. She told me, as she delivered the key into my hands, that as there was always much more room in the box than her travelling jewels occupied, I might make what use I pleased of the remaining part; adding, with a very expressive smile, "I dare say you have books and letters that you may be glad to carry backwards and forwards with you."

I owned that nothing was more true, and thankfully accepted the offer. It has proved to me since a comfort of the first magnitude, in conveying all my choice papers and letters safely in the carriage with me, as well as books in present reading, and numerous odd things.

She then said that as the King had resolved upon taking the Princess Amelia to Kew this time, Mrs. Cheveley, her nurse and governess, must go also; and she desired to have her travel in the same coach in which I went, as well as Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta.

"Do you," she said, "send to them all, and appoint the time for their coming to you."

In this gentle, but expressive manner, she made over to me the presidency of the carriage in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence, in the same manner as she had done of the table. I sent accordingly my compliments to them all, naming eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Cheveley is rather handsome, and of a shewy appearance, and a woman of exceeding good sense, whose admirable management of the young Princess has secured her affection without spoiling her. She always treats her with respect, even when reproving her, yet gives way to none of her humours where it is better they should be conquered. Fewer humours, indeed, I never in any child saw; and I give the greatest credit to Mrs. Cheveley for forbearing to indulge them.

At Kew the Smelts were just arrived. The King has presented them with one of the prettiest little houses upon the banks of the Thames that I have ever seen. I was impatient to wait upon them, but could not, after my journey, find time: much was I gratified, therefore, when the Princess Royal came to me, and said the Queen had sent her to acquaint me that she had invited Mr. and Mrs. Smelt to dine with me.

They did not, however, find me overflowing with spirits at our meeting. I had not seen them since the critical period of my arrangement with the Queen took place; and their sight now revived so many recollections that then were bitter to me, that I felt a sinking at my heart unconquerable. Melancholy, therefore, was the day to me; though heretofore I had always found pleasure in meeting with Mr. Smelt. But I will not go back so far, except to facts and circumstances. Sufficient for the day are the reflections thereof!

Again I waited alone, Mrs. Schwellenberg being in town. Nothing could be sweeter than the Queen in these my first single essays; and she bid me the next day send an invitation again to Mr. and Mrs. Smelt to dine with me, if I wished it. She translated to me also the whole story of a German play, which she had just been reading, and narrated it so well, and with observations so just of its characters, that she filled me with fresh admiration at the keenness of her penetration into people and things so remote from her own sphere of life.

She lent me an old Scotch ballad to read, that had lately been printed in Germany, with an introductory essay upon the resemblance still subsisting between the German and Scotch languages. The ballad is entitled the "Gaberlunzie Man." It had to me no recommendation, save its curiosity in a vocabulary and glossary, that pointed out the similitude of the two languages.

The lovely little Princess Amelia was brought by Mrs. Cheveley to our tea-room, to see Mrs. Smelt, and stayed all the evening. We are become very great friends by this long visit, and she has promised "always to come and drink tea with me at Kew."

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, was my first waiting at St. James's without Mrs. Schwellenberg; and Mr. and Mrs. Locke came to me in my rooms, and at night they carried me to Tancred and Sigismunda. I saw also my father and my dear brother James.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6TH.—We returned to Windsor without Mrs. Schwellenberg, who stayed in town for her physician's advice. The Queen went immediately to Mrs. Delany; the Princess Royal came into my room.

"I beg pardon," she cried, "for what I am going to

say; I hope you will excuse my taking such a liberty with you—but, has nobody told you that the Queen is always used to have the jewel-box carried into her bed-room?"

"No, ma'am, nobody mentioned it to me. I brought it here because I have other things in it."

"I thought, when I did not see it in mamma's room," cried she, "that nobody had told you of that custom, and so I thought I would come to you myself: I hope you will excuse it?"

You may believe how I thanked her, while I promised to take out my own goods and chattels, and have it conveyed to its proper place immediately. I saw that she imagined the Queen might be displeased; and though I could never myself imagine that, for an omission of ignorance, I felt the benevolence of her intention, and received it with great gratitude.

"My dear ma'am," cried she, "I am sure I should be most happy to do anything for you that should be in my power, always; and really Mrs. Schwellenberg ought to have told you this."

Afterwards I happened to be alone with this charming Princess, and her sister Elizabeth, in the Queen's dressing-room. She then came up to me, and said,

"Now will you excuse me, Miss Burney, if I ask you the truth of something I have heard about you?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"It's such an odd thing, I don't know how to mention it; but I have wished to ask you about it this great while. Pray is it really true that, in your illness last year, you coughed so violently that you broke the whalebone of your stays in two?"

"As nearly true as possible, ma'am; it actually split with the force of the almost convulsive motion of a cough

that seemed loud and powerful enough for a giant. I could hardly myself believe it was little I that made so formidable a noise."

"Well, I could not have given credit to it if I had not heard it from yourself! I wanted so much to know the truth, that I determined, at last, to take courage and ask you."

"And pray, Miss Burney," cried the Princess Elizabeth, "had you not a blister that gave you great torture?"

"Yes, ma'am—in another illness."

"O!—I know how to pity you!—I have one on at this moment!"

nd pray, Miss Burney," cried the Princess Royal, not you carried out of town, when you were in such a weak condition that you could not walk?"

"Where could your Royal Highness hear all this?"

"And were you not almost starved by Sir Richard Jebb?" cried Princess Elizabeth.

"And did not you receive great benefit from asses' milk?" exclaimed the Princess Royal.

Again I begged to know their means of hearing all this; but the Queen's entrance silenced us all.

Her Majesty lent me a new little book, just translated from the German into French, called "Le Nouveau Robinson." I found it a very ingenious lesson of industry for young male readers. 'Tis an imitation, with improvements, of our Robinson Crusoe.

While I was dressing I heard something in my next room move: I opened the door of my bed-room, to see what it might be, and who should I perceive but Madame la Roche at the window, and Madame la Fîte tossing over and examining my books!—One of them slipped from her hands, or they had been so gentle that they would not have disturbed me.

They besought me not to hurry myself, but go on just as if they were not there. I was already hurrying to be ready for the Queen, and this visit was not so timed as to compose me. I made what apologies I could, and then returned to my bed-room. Madame la Fîte, however, followed me; she said she came only to request I would drink tea with her, to meet some German baron, whose name I have forgotten, who belonged to Madame la Roche.

I made all the excuses I could suggest, but none were accepted. She told me she would never make such a petition to me again, if I would but this last time comply, and that it was necessary to save her from disgrace, as she had written to him, and promised him this interview. If he would but come to Windsor, instead of sending for Madame la Roche to join him in London, she had promised him a meeting *avec le grand Herschel and Mlle. Borni!*

I was less than ever inclined to go where I had been so injudiciously, so unduly offered, and where I must give as much disappointment to the Baron as he could embarrassment to me. I retreated, however, in vain: she was inflexible in entreaty; I was obliged to tell her fairly that I had made a resolution never to begin any acquaintance designedly, or make any evening visit beyond a mere call, without first telling the Queen I had such an intention. I was very much vexed to be forced to say to her things that opposed her own plans too strongly for any chance of her concurrence; and she was, notwithstanding my being thus explicit, so dissatisfied and so urgent, that she compelled me to promise I would endeavour to mention her invitation, and accept it.

I had no opportunity for my forced acquiescence that

evening, and drank tea quietly with Colonel Goldsworthy, General Budé, and Miss Planta, whom I invited to stay with me. But the next morning, fearing to quite hurt this poor Madame la Fîte, I ventured to her house, and breakfasted with her; and was introduced to her baron, and to two other gentlemen, one of them a son of Madame la Roche. Much of civilities passed, and I feel that I could really like Madame la Roche, were she less flattering; which, perhaps, rather means were she more so: for much flattery given makes one fear much is thought acceptable.

I have seen her no more; she was going immediately to town, and thence soon back to the continent. She wept in parting with me, as if we had been friends of long standing!—If I were likely to see her often, I should be at some pains to try at discovering what is sensitive from what is affected. As it is, she has left me in such doubt of her real character, I scarce know whether I most should pity, admire, or laugh.

In the evening the sweet little Princess Amelia came to fetch Mrs. Delany to the Queen, and promised me she would then return to play with me: she did, and her innocent facility to be pleased delighted me extremely. Fondly as she is beloved, and universally indulged, there is not the least difficulty in finding entertainment for her. Capt. Phillips's beautiful little strawberry fork is much in favour: she asks for it regularly when I see her, and for something to eat with it; but the play is so much more her object than the food, that a piece of dry bread, or anything that will but serve to show the fork has real prongs, satisfies her as well as fruit or sweetmeat.

I shall now give the rest of October without daily dates, though all from daily memorandums, and try if

that will bring me on a little faster: for to be sure I am terribly belated.

Mrs. Schwellenberg came no more either to Windsor or Kew; she found her health better at the Queen's house in town.

The Queen was unremittingly sweet and gracious, never making me sensible of any insufficiency from my single attendance; which, to me, was an opportunity the most favourable in the world for becoming more intimately acquainted with her mind and understanding. For the excellency of her mind I was fully prepared; the testimony of the nation at large could not be unfaithful; but the depth and soundness of her understanding surprised me: good sense I expected; to that alone she could owe the even tenor of her conduct, universally approved, though examined and judged by the watchful eye of multitudes. But I had not imagined that, shut up in the confined limits of a court, she could have acquired any but the most superficial knowledge of the world, and the most partial insight into character. But I find, now, I have only done justice to her disposition, not to her parts, which are truly of that superior order that makes sagacity intuitively supply the place of experience. In the course of this month I spent much time quite alone with her, and never once quitted her presence without fresh admiration of her talents.

There are few points I have observed with more pleasure in her than all that concerns the office which brings me to her in this private and confidential manner. All that breaks from her, in our *tête-à-têtes*, upon the subject of dress, is both edifying and amiable. She equips herself for the drawing-room with all the attention in her power; she neglects nothing that she

thinks becoming to her appearance upon those occasions, and is sensibly conscious that her high station makes her attire in public a matter of business. As such, she submits to it without murmuring; but a yet stronger consciousness of the real futility of such mere outward grandeur bursts from her, involuntarily, the moment the sacrifice is paid, and she can never refuse herself the satisfaction of expressing her contentment to put on a quiet undress. The great coats are so highly in her favour, from the quickness with which they enable her to finish her toilette, that she sings their praise with fresh warmth every time she is allowed to wear them, archly saying to me, with most expressive eyes, "If I could write—if I could but write!—how I would compose upon a great coat! I wish I were a poetess, that I might make a song upon it—I do think something very pretty might be said about it."

These hints she has given me continually; but the Muse was not so kind as ever to make me think of the matter again when out of her sight—till, at last, she one day, in putting on this favourite dress, half gravely, said, "I really take it a little ill you won't write something upon these great coats!"

I only laughed, yet, when I left her, I scribbled a few stanzas, copied them very fairly, and took them, as soon as they were finished, into her room; and there kept them safely in my pocket-book, for I knew not how to produce them, and she, by odd accident, forbore from that time to ask for them, though her repeated suggestion had, at last, conquered my literary indolence.

I cannot here help mentioning a very interesting little scene at which I was present, about this time.

The Queen had nobody but myself with her, one morning, when the King hastily entered the room, with some letters in his hand, and addressing her in German, which he spoke very fast, and with much apparent interest in what he said, he brought the letters up to her, and put them into her hand. She received them with much agitation, but evidently of a much pleased sort, and endeavoured to kiss his hand as he held them. He would not let her, but made an effort, with a countenance of the highest satisfaction, to kiss hers. I saw instantly in her eyes a forgetfulness, at the moment, that any one was present, while, drawing away her hand, she presented him her cheek. He accepted her kindness with the same frank affection that she offered it; and the next moment they both spoke English, and talked upon common and general subjects.

What they said I am far enough from knowing; but the whole was too rapid to give me time to quit the room; and I could not but see with pleasure that the Queen had received some favour with which she was sensibly delighted, and that the King, in her acknowledgments, was happily and amply paid.

* * * * * * *

No sooner did I find that my coadjutrix ceased to speak of returning to Windsor, and that I became, by that means, the presidentess of the dinner and tea table, than I formed a grand design—no other than to obtain to my own use the disposal of my evenings.

From the time of my entrance into this court, to that of which I am writing, I had never been informed that it was incumbent upon me to receive the King's equerries at the tea-table; yet I observed that they always came to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and that she expected them so entirely as never to make tea till their

arrival. Nevertheless, nothing of that sort had ever been intimated to me, and I saw no necessity of falling into all her ways, without commands to that purpose: nor could I conclude that the King's gentlemen would expect from me either the same confinement, or readiness of reception, as had belonged to two invalid old ladies, glad of company, and without a single connection to draw them from home.

The first week, however, of my presidency, my dear Mrs. Delany, with Miss P——, came to dine and spend the rest of the day with me regularly; and though Mrs. Delany was generally called away to the royal apartments, her niece always remained with me. This not only obviated all objections to the company of the equerries, but kept me at home naturally, and for my own society and visitors.

I could not, however, but be struck with a circumstance that shewed me, in a rather singular manner, my tea-making seemed at once to be regarded as indispensable: this was no other than a constant summons, which John regularly brought me every evening, from these gentlemen, to acquaint me they were come upstairs to the tea-room, and waiting for me.

I determined not to notice this: and consequently, the first time Mrs. Delany was not well enough to give me her valuable society at the Lodge, I went to her house, and spent the evening there; without sending any message to the equerries, as any apology must imply a right on their part that must involve me in future confinement.

This I did three or four times, always with so much success as to gain my point for the moment, but never with such happy consequences as to ensure it me for the time to come; since every next meeting shewed an

air of pique, and since every evening had still, unremittingly, the same message for John.

I concluded this would wear away by use, and therefore resolved to give it that chance. One evening, however, when, being quite alone, I was going to my loved resource, John, ere I could get out, hurried to me, "Ma'am, the gentlemen are come up, and they send their compliments, and they wait tea for you."

"Very well," was my answer to this rather cavalier summons, which I did not wholly admire; and I put on my hat and cloak, when I was called to the Queen. She asked me whether I thought Mrs. Delany could come to her, as she wished to see her? I offered to go instantly, and inquire.

"But don't tell her I sent you," cried the most considerate Queen, "lest that should make her come when it may hurt her: find out how she is, before you mention me."

I promised implicit obedience; and she most graciously called after me,

"Will it hurt you, Miss Burney, to go—is it a fine evening?"

I assured her it was.

"Well, put on your clogs, then, and take care," was her kind injunction.

As I now knew I must return myself, at any rate, I slipped into the tea-room before I set off. I found there Colonel Goldsworthy, looking quite glum, General Budé, Mr. Fisher, Mr. —— Fisher, his brother, and Mr. Blomberg, chaplain to the Prince of Wales.

The moment I opened the door, General Budé presented Mr. Blomberg to me, and Mr. Fisher his brother; I told them, hastily, that I was running away to Mrs. Delany, but meant to return in a quarter of an

hour, when I should be happy to have their company, if they could wait so long; but if they were hurried, my man should bring their tea.

They all turned to Colonel Goldsworthy, who, as equerry in waiting, was considered as head of the party; but he seemed so choked with surprise and displeasure, that he could only mutter something too indistinct to be heard, and bowed low and distantly.

"If Colonel Goldsworthy can command his time, ma'am," cried Mr. Fisher, "we shall be most happy to wait yours."

General Budé said the same: the Colonel again silently and solemnly bowed, and I curtsied in the same manner, and hurried away.

Mrs. Delany was not well; and I would not vex her with the Queen's kind wish for her. I returned, and sent in, by the page in waiting, my account: for the Queen was in the concert-room, and I could not go to her.

Neither would I seduce away Miss P—— from her duty; I came back, therefore, alone, and was fain to make my part as good as I was able among my beaus.

I found them all waiting. Colonel Goldsworthy received me with the same stately bow, and a look so glum and disconcerted, that I instantly turned from him to meet the soft countenance of the good Mr. Fisher, who took a chair next mine, and entered into conversation with his usual intelligence and mildness. General Budé was chatty and well bred, and the two strangers wholly silent.

I could not, however, but see that Colonel Goldsworthy grew less and less pleased. Yet what had I done?—I had never been commanded to devote my evenings to him, and, if excused officially, surely theer

could be no private claim from either his situation or mine. His displeasure therefore appeared to me so unjust, that I resolved to take not the smallest notice of it. He never once opened his mouth, neither to me nor to any one else. In this strange manner we drank our tea. When it was over, he still sat dumb; and still I conversed with Mr. Fisher and General Budé.

At length a prodigious hemming showed a preparation in the Colonel for a speech: it came forth with great difficulty, and most considerable hesitation.

"I am afraid, ma'am,—I am afraid you—you—that is—that we are intruders upon you."

"N—o," answered I, faintly, "why so?"

"I am sure, ma'am, if we are—if you think—if we take too much liberty—I am sure I would not for the world!—I only—your commands—nothing else—"

"Sir!" cried I, not understanding a word.

"I see, ma'am, we only intrude upon you: however, you must excuse my just saying we would not for the world have taken such a liberty, though very sensible of the happiness of being allowed to come in for half an hour,—which is the best half-hour of the whole day; but yet, if it was not for your own commands—"

"What commands, sir?"

He grew still more perplexed, and made at least a dozen speeches to the same no purpose, before I could draw from him any thing explicit; all of them listening silently the whole time, and myself invariably staring. At last, a few words escaped him more intelligible.

"Your messages, ma'am, were what encouraged us to come."

"And pray, sir, do tell me what messages?—I am very happy to see you, but I never sent any messages at all!"

"Indeed, ma'am!" cried he, staring in his turn; "why your servant, little John there, came rapping at our door, at the equerry room, before we had well swallowed our dinner, and said, "My lady is waiting tea, sir."

I was quite confounded. I assured him it was an entire fabrication of my servant's, as I had never sent, nor even thought of sending him, for I was going out.

"Why to own the truth, ma'am," cried he, brightening up, "I did really think it a little odd to send for us in that hurry,—for we got up directly from table, and said, if the lady is waiting, to be sure we must not keep her; and then—when we came—to just peep in," and say you were going out!"

How intolerable an impertinence in John!—it was really no wonder the poor Colonel was so glum.

Again I repeated my ignorance of this step; and he then said "Why, ma'am, he comes to us regularly every afternoon, and says his lady is waiting; and we are very glad to come, poor souls that we are, with no rest all the livelong day but what we get in this good room!—but then—to come, and see ourselves only intruders—and to find you going out, after sending for us!"

I could scarce find words to express my amazement at this communication. I cleared myself instantly from having any the smallest knowledge of John's proceedings, and Colonel Goldsworthy soon recovered all his spirits and good humour, when he was satisfied he had not designedly been treated with such strange and unmeaning inconsistency. He rejoiced exceedingly that he had spoke out, and I thanked him for his frankness, and the evening concluded very amicably.

My dearest friends will easily conceive how vexed I must feel myself with my foolish servant, for taking

so great a liberty in my name; and how provoked to have had these gentlemen, and all others that had occasionally dined at their table, persuaded that I sent them so pressing a call, for the mere impertinent caprice of running away from them after they obeyed it.

Colonel Goldsworthy had been quite seriously affronted with me; General Budé is of a disposition too placid and unconcerned for pique, and had therefore taken the matter very quietly; but Mr. Fisher, as he has since owned to me, suspected some mistake the whole time, and never believed I had sent them any such message. It was owing to his interference, and at his earnest request, that the Colonel had been prevailed upon to state the case to me.

As I have the greatest aversion to seeing servants exposed or reprimanded before witnesses, I would not summon John till I could speak to him alone. I then desired him to explain to me the reason of carrying messages never given to him. At first he positively denied the fact; but when I assured him my intelligence came from Colonel Goldsworthy himself, he only said "Law, ma'am, I'm sure I did not do it for any harm! I did not know as I did any thing wrong;" nor could I get any further satisfaction from him. I can only conclude that he acted from officious folly, simply fancying he added to his own importance, by carrying messages from one party to the other. His want of truth, indeed, is a mischief beyond folly, and made me see him quite unfit for the place I had given him.

The evening after, I invited Miss P——, determined to spend it entirely with my beaus, in order to wholly explain away this impertinence. Colonel Goldsworthy now made me a thousand apologies for having named the matter to me at all. I assured him I was extremely

glad he had afforded me an opportunity of clearing it. In the course of the discussion, I mentioned the constant summons brought me by John every afternoon. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and protested most solemnly he had never sent a single one.

"I vow, ma'am," cried the Colonel, "I would not have taken such a liberty on any account; though all the comfort of my life, in this house, is one half-hour in a day spent in this room. After all one's labours, riding, and walking, and standing, and bowing—what a life it is? Well! it's honour! that's one comfort; it's all honour! royal honour!—one has the honour to stand till one has not a foot left; and to ride till one's stiff, and to walk till one's ready to drop,—and then one makes one's lowest bow, d'ye see, and blesses one's self with joy for the honour!"

This is his style of rattle, when perfectly at his ease, pleased with every individual in his company, and completely in good humour. But the moment he sees any one that he fears or dislikes, he assumes a look of glum distance and sullenness, and will not utter a word, scarcely even in answer. He is warmly and faithfully attached to the King and all the Royal Family, yet his favourite theme, in his very best moods, is complaint of his attendance, and murmuring at all its ceremonials. This, however, is merely for sport and oddity, for he is a man of fortune, and would certainly relinquish his post if it were not to his taste.

His account of his own hardships and sufferings here, in the discharge of his duty, is truly comic. "How do you like it, ma'am?" he says to me, "though it's hardly fair to ask you yet, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life. But wait till November and December, and then you'll get a pretty taste of

them! Running along in these cold passages; then bursting into rooms fit to bake you; then back again into all these agreeable puffs!—Bless us! I believe in my heart there's wind enough in these passages to carry a man of war! And there you'll have your share, ma'am, I promise you that! you'll get knocked up in three days, take my word for that."

I begged him not to prognosticate so much evil for me.

"O ma'am, there's no help for it!" cried he; "you won't have the hunting, to be sure, nor amusing yourself with wading a foot and a-half through the dirt, by way of a little pleasant walk, as we poor equerries do! It's a wonder to me we outlive the first month. But the agreeable puffs of the passages you will have just as completely as any of us. Let's see, how many blasts must you have every time you go to the Queen? First, one upon your opening your door; then another, as you get down the three steps from it, which are exposed to the wind from the garden door downstairs; then a third, as you turn the corner to enter the passage; then you come plump upon another from the hall door; then comes another, fit to knock you down, as you turn to the upper passage; then, just as you turn towards the Queen's room, comes another; and last, a whiff from the King's stairs, enough to blow you half a mile off!"

"Mere healthy breezes," I cried, and assured him I did not fear them.

"Stay till Christmas," cried he, with a threatening air, "only stay till then, and let's see what you'll say to them; you'll be laid up as sure as fate! you may take my word for that. One thing, however, pray let me caution you about—don't go to early prayers in November; if you do, that will completely kill you! Oh

ma'am, you know nothing yet of all these matters!—only pray, joking apart, let me have the honour just to advise you this one thing, or else it's all over with you, I do assure you!"

It was in vain I begged him to be more merciful in his prophecies; he failed not, every night, to administer to me the same pleasant anticipations.

"When the Princesses," cried he, "used to it as they are, get regularly knocked up before this business is over, off they drop, one by one:—first the Queen deserts us; then Princess Elizabeth is done for; then Princess Royal begins coughing; then Princess Augusta gets the snuffles; and all the poor attendants, my poor sister at their head, drop off, one after another, like so many snuffs of candles: till at last, dwindle, dwindle, dwindle—not a soul goes to the chapel but the King, the parson, and myself; and there we three freeze it out together!"

One evening, when he had been out very late hunting with the King, he assumed so doleful an air of weariness, that had not Miss P—— exerted her utmost powers to revive him, he would not have uttered a word the whole night; but when once brought forward, he gave us more entertainment than ever, by relating his hardships.

"After all the labours," cried he, "of the chase, all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the —with your favour, ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the—the perspiration,—and —and all that—after being wet through over head, and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked over gates, what lives we do lead! Well, it's all honour! that's my only comfort! Well, after all this, fagging away like mad from eight in the morn-

ing to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us—sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! and then after all this what do you think follows?—'Here, Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty: so up I comes to him, bowing profoundly, and my hair dripping down to my shoes; 'Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty. 'Sir,' says I, smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me! but still, expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure, and then, 'Here, Goldsworthy, I say!' he cries, 'will you have a little barley water?' Barley water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket, truly!—barley water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! barley water after a whole day's hard hunting!"

"And pray did you drink it?"

"I drink it?—Drink barley water? no, no; not come to that neither! But there it was, sure enough!—in a jug fit for a sick room; just such a thing as you put upon a hob in a chimney, for some poor miserable soul that keeps his bed! just such a thing as that!—And, 'Here, Goldsworthy,' says his Majesty, 'here's the barley water!'"

"And did the King drink it himself?"

"Yes, God bless his Majesty! but I was too humble a subject to do the same as the King!—Barley water, quoth I!—Ha! ha!—a fine treat truly!—Heaven defend me! I'm not come to that, neither! bad enough too, but not so bad as that."

This sort of sport and humour, however, which, when uttered by himself, is extremely diverting, all ceases wholly if the smallest thing happens to disconcert him.

The entrance of any person unexpected by him was always sufficient not merely to silence, but obviously to displease him. If Madame de la Fîte came, his mouth was closed, and his brows were knit, and he looked as if even ill used by her entrance.

I have now to mention an affair—a secret one—which relates to Mrs. Delany. That dear and very extraordinary lady, in our long and many meetings, has communicated to me almost all the transactions of her life, and as nearly as she can remember them, almost all the thoughts. The purity and excellence of her character have risen upon me in every circumstance and in every sentiment that has come to my knowledge; but the confidence most delightful that she has placed in me has been of her transactions with her darling friend, the late Duchess of Portland. That friend, some years ago, had prevailed with Mrs. Delany, by her earnest entreaties, to write down the principal events of her life. This she did in the form of letters, and with feigned names: these letters, invaluable both from their contents and their writer, Lady Weymouth, upon her mother's death, most honourably restored to Mrs. Delany. She has permitted me to see them, and to read them to her.

In reading them to her, she opened upon several circumstances which were omitted, or slightly mentioned; and related so many interesting anecdotes belonging to the times, which, being known already to the Duchess, she had not inserted, that I proposed filling up the chasms, and linking the whole together. She was pleased with the thought, and accordingly we began. I have commenced from the earliest time to which her incomparable memory reaches, and, if her health permits our meeting for this purpose, I shall

complete, with the help of these letters, a history of her whole life. Its early part was entirely left out, and its latter, of course, had never been related.

All the time, therefore, that we were able to pass by ourselves was regularly appropriated to this new work. We have not advanced very far, for our interruptions are almost continual; but I hope, nevertheless, we shall not conclude till the design is completed.

The first night that we began this business, when all the letters, and sundry papers relative to them, were spread upon the table, the King entered my room! Dear Mrs. Delany was quite frightened, and I felt myself pretty hot in the cheeks. He immediately asked what we were about? Neither of us answered. "Sorting letters?" cried he, to me. "Reading some, Sir," quoth I. And there the matter dropped for that time: but not long after he surprised us again. We were then prepared with a double employment, and therefore had one ready for avowal. This was, selecting and examining letters from eminent persons, or from chosen friends, and burning all that contained anything of a private nature, and preserving only such as were ingenious, without possible hazard to the writers or their family.

This has been a pleasant, painful task—pleasant from the many admirable letters it gave me opportunity to read, andpainful from the melancholy retrospections they occasioned dearest Mrs. Delany.

The King, from this time, grew used to expecting to find us encircled with papers when he came into my room for this highly, justly favoured lady (which was almost every evening that we spent at Windsor during this month), and only said—"Well, who are you reading now?"

I went through Swift's letters to her, Dr. Young's, and Mr. Mason's; and destroyed all that could not be saved every way to their honour. And we proceeded n the memoirs pretty well through the infantine part. 'Twas a sweet occupation for our private hours, and I would not have exchanged it for any that could have been offered me.

* * * * * *

About this time, the Queen one day, taking up a book, said, "Now don't answer what I am going to ask if you have any objection to it.—This book, I have been told, contains the character of Mrs. Montagu?"

It was the "Observer;" I could not deny it; and she opened at the account of Vanessa, and read it out to me, stopping upon every new name, for a key from me. I could give it to but very few—Mrs. Wright, the wax modeller, Dr. Johnson, and I have forgot what others; but when she came to a complimentary passage of a *young lady with an Arcadian air*, to whom Vanessa says, "My dear, I am in your third volume," she looked towards me, with an archness that did not make me feel very pale, as she added, "Who is meant by that?" I truly answered I knew not.

How infinitely severe a criticism is this Vanessa upon Mrs. Montagu! Do you remember hearing Mr. Cambridge read it at Twickenham? I think it a very injurious attack in Mr. Cumberland; for whatever may be Mrs. Montagu's foibles, she is free, I believe, from all vice, and as a member of society she is magnificently useful. This, and much more to this purpose, I instantly said to her Majesty, defending her, as well as I was able, from this illiberal assault. The Queen was very ready to hear me, and to concur in thinking such

usage very cruel. She told me that the character of Hume was also given under another fictitious name, and of Lord George Sackville; and asked me if I wished to read the work. The book was the Princess Royal's, but she would borrow it for me.

I could not but accept such graciousness; and I have consequently read over the three volumes. I am heartily averse to any work, of any species, that contains such hard personalities; and I think the "Observer," besides, little more than a compilation from some classic scholar's commonplace book: for all that is not personal is criticism on Greek authors and customs.

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Queen's House, October 16th, 1786.

I have now, dearest Sir, an adventure for you that if it serves you as it served me, will make you start indeed, and "each particular hair to stand on end!"

Yesterday evening my dear Mrs. Delany was sitting with me in my own room, when, for the first time, the Princess Elizabeth entered it. She told me that the Queen desired to speak to me. I instantly obeyed the summons, and found Her Majesty with only Mr. Bolton, who teaches the Princesses geography; she was studying with him herself, as he stood before her with a book in his hand. The Princesses have no masters, except the maître de danse, from whom she does not occasionally receive instructions—so indefatigable and so humble is her love of knowledge.

Well—she looked up very smilingly, and said she believed I had something she wished for, and which she doubted not I would let her have. You may

imagine my answer; but how was I struck, and thunder-struck, when she said it was your "German Tour!"

O! all those "*hundert tausend sacrements!*" How did I start! I felt all within hubble bubble round me, as if whirled by a wheel. I made no answer—I could not get out a word.

A little surprised at this backwardness about a matter which I saw was expected to give me pleasure, she added—"My set is at Kew; but I wish to lend it Elizabeth: I think it will amuse her; and I should like she should read it."

This a little revived me. I had fancied it was to look for some passage herself, and immediately concluded it must be that upon German Genius!—and then, thought I, 'tis all over with us for ever!

I now hesitated out that I was not sure if I had it at Windsor; and that I had only been in possession of it since my last going to town, when you had been so kind as to bring me a set. I added not a word of the *perché!*

Still, I am sure, surprised at this unwillingness, she said that "the greatest care should be taken of it, and she would answer for no injury coming to it if I would lend it."

Quite ashamed of this misapprehension of my reluctance, I said I would go and see if I had brought it to Windsor or not; and away I ran.

It then occurred to me that it would be best to take this opportunity to mention your *pentimento* fairly and openly, and your intention, upon a future edition, to correct some of the severities which you regretted. I therefore took back the book—out of breath, both with fear and consciousness.

She looked much pleased at seeing me return with

it. I immediately proposed sending it to the Princess, who I was sure would not read it with half the attention to its national strokes that her royal mother would; but she held out her hand to take it from me.

I was all in a quiver, but gathered courage now to say "Ma'am, this is a set my father was preparing for some amendment; as he wrote in haste, and with the very recent impression of much personal suffering and ill-usage on his journey; and therefore he now thinks he was led to some rash declarations and opinions, which he is earnest to correct."

I was ready to clap myself for this speech the moment I had got it out.

She smiled with much approbation of the design, and said most good-humouredly, "Indeed it is but true that the travelling in Germany is very bad and provoking."

How I longed to kiss her hand!

She then opened at Frankfort, and read about the street-musicians aloud, and was going on in a tone of pleasure, when—the King entered! Not to interrupt the Queen, he spoke to me: "What are you about?—What have you got there?"

I was now in a worse twitter than ever. I hemmed and hawed—but the Queen stopped reading, and answered, "'Tis her father's tour; I wish Elizabeth to read it, and my set is at Kew."

"O," cried he, "mine is here."

Ah, ah! my dearest daddy! here was some comfort at least. I found my holding back the book, which my surprise made impossible, would have answered no purpose, since it was so near at hand.

He sat down and took up a volume.

I now, in the best way I could, forced out a repetition of the same speech I made before.

He opened at the beginning, and read out "From the Author," with a laughing face, and turning to look at me. I laughed too—a little!

The Queen, turning over to another place, said "Here are marks with a pencil!"

"Yes, ma'am," cried I, in a horrid hurry, "those are only of places to be altered—but my father would be very sorry your Majesty should look at what he gives up himself!"

She felt this, and turned from the paragraph.

The King, looking very wickedly droll indeed, and eyeing me to see how I took it, turned over his volume with great rapidity, calling out "Why, I can't find a mark!—where are they all?"

"The marked places, Sir," said I, "are just what——" "I would not have you find," I meant—but, though I stopped, I saw he understood me; for he laughed very expressively, and still watching me, looked on, and I expected every minute he would meet with that terrible sentence.

At last his eye was caught by "Guadagni," and he stopped and read a word or two of his being hissed off the stage, and then proceeded, to himself, through the rest of the paragraph, finishing with calling out aloud "Very true indeed!—and very just! He says an actor or a singer are the only people never allowed to have a cold or tooth-ache. But pray," cried he, again laughing, "what does your father send you this set for?—to give your opinion of his alterations?"

I was as hot as fire at this question.

"To see, Sir, what places he meant to alter."

"She used to copy for her father," said the Queen; "indeed I think her father has a great loss of her."

Was not that sweet?—Pray, dear Sir, say yes!

"And who copies for him now?" cried the King.

"I don't know, Sir."

"Have not you any sister left behind?"

"Yes, Sir, one—but she has been so much of her time abroad that she forgot her English, and has not yet recovered it sufficiently for such an employment."

"What does he do then?"

"I fancy he copies for himself!"

"Suppose he should send any to you here?"

"I—I should endeavour to find time to copy it."

Here there was an interruption, and in a few minutes they both went to the concert-room: the Queen assuring me, in parting, that the Princess should take the utmost care of the books. Since then nothing more has passed, but that the books were sent to the Lower Lodge, where the Princess lives. And happy was I when I heard they were so far removed! Was it not a most difficult transaction? I am glad, however, I had this set, since else the King would have given his, without the marks or any signs of contrition or intended amendment. As soon as it is all over and returned I will certainly write again.

Diary Resumed.

I have written my father an account of the Queen's borrowing his "German Tour" for the Princess Elizabeth, and of my panic at placing the books in Her Majesty's hands, though I was in hopes they would be sent to the Princess without further examination.

And so I believe they were, as I never heard them mentioned any more; but a most ridiculous mistake followed, from the marks made by my dear father: the Princess Elizabeth told Miss P—— she was going to read Dr. Burney's German Tour; "And I am quite delighted," she added, "that I have Miss Burney's set, with all the marks of her favourite passages!"

I was now doubly shocked; first for my father, that he should be thought so prejudiced a writer, and secondly for myself, that his hardest reflections should seem what were most pleasing to me. I had an opportunity, however, afterwards, of explaining this matter to Her Royal Highness, who was highly diverted with her own conclusions, and my consternation upon them. I made at the same time an apology for my dear father, which she accepted very sweetly; and I entreated her to forbear pointing out the parts she had imagined I preferred. She laughed, but I am sure she will remember my request.

* * * * * *

I must now tell a little thing for my dear Fredy, for 'tis about a flower: though my Susan will equally feel how much more grateful it was to me than the fine robe sent by other hands.

The Queen received one morning from Stoke some of the most beautiful double violets I ever saw; they were with other flowers, very fine, but too powerful for her, and she desired me to carry them into another room: but, stopping me as I was going, she took out three little bunches of the violets, and said "This you shall send to Mrs. Delany; this I will keep; and this —take for yourself."

I quite longed to tell her how much more I valued

such a gift, presented by her own hand, than the richest tabby in the world by a deputy! She knows, however, that, be the intrinsic worth small as it may, the honour of any thing that comes immediately from herself is always great: she does such things, therefore, charily, and always in a manner that marks them for little traits of favour.

* * * * * *

I have mentioned to you, I think, the eldest Miss Clayton.—I believe, indeed, my dearest Susanna saw her at the tea-drinking when at Windsor. She left this place in this month, to prepare for changing her name as well as dwelling, and to bestow herself upon Colonel Fox, brother to the famous Charles. She called upon me the last morning of her stay, with her sister, Miss Emily. She seemed very happy, and she seems, also, so amiable, that she had my best wishes for continuing so. She had just been receiving little parting tokens from the Queen and the Princesses, with whom she was in such favour that Her Majesty had permitted her to take lessons of drawing at the Lodge, at the same time with their Royal Highnesses. The Queen had given her a pincushion in a gold case; the Princess Royal a belt of fine steel; and the Princess Augusta an ivory tooth-pick case, inlaid with gold. She is really a loss to Windsor, where there are not many young women of equal merit and modesty.

The Duke of Montagu came for some days to Windsor, and always took his tea with us. He is Governor of Windsor Castle, in which he has apartments; but he comes to them only as a visitor, for he cannot reside here without a degree of royal attendance for which he is growing now rather unable. Long standing and

long waiting will not, after a certain time of life, agree either with the strength or the spirits. He speaks to me always much of Mr. Cambridge, whom he has a most neighbourly regard for.

* * * * * *

One evening poor Madame la Fîte, even from Colonel Goldsworthy, brought forth much entertainment. The party at that time consisted of herself and Miss P——, the Colonel, the General, Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Blomberg,—a Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, whom I believe I have named before. A general silence was just threatening us, when Madame la Fîte suddenly, in her broken English, exclaimed she had been having a great dispute whether Mrs. Delany was born in this century or the last. The Colonel, surprised out of his glumness, called out "In the last century, ma'am!—What do you mean by that? Would you make the good old lady out to be two hundred years old?"

She explained herself so extremely ill, that not a creature was brought over to her opinion, though it was afterwards proved that she was right, and that the year 1700, in which Mrs. Delany was born, belonged to the last century.

Mr. Fisher and Mr. Blomberg both said that the year 1700 must be the first of the present century. Madame la Fîte declared she had made it clearly belong to the last, and that Mr. Turbulent was as well convinced of it as herself.

"1700 belong to 1600!" cried the Colonel indignantly—"why then I suppose Friday belongs to Thursday, and Wednesday to Tuesday! Bless us! here's such a set of new doctrines, a man won't know soon whether he's alive now or was alive the last age!"

Madame la Fîte now attempted a fuller explanation, but was so confused in her terms, and so much at a loss for words, that, though perfectly right, the Colonel looked at her as if he thought her half mad.

"O dear, yes, ma'am! yes," cried he, bowing with mock submission, "I dare say it's all very right! only it's a little new—that's all!—1700 makes 1600!—O, vastly right! A little like Mr. Rust!"

"No, Sir: give me leave only just to say ——"

"O, no, ma'am!" cried he, turning away in haste, "I don't understand anything of these matters!—they're too deep for me!—I know nothing about them."

"*Mais, monsieur*—Sir—if you will give me leave—*si monsieur veut bien me permettre*—"

"O, no, ma'am, don't trouble yourself! I am not worth the pains; I am quite in the dark in these things. I was franking a parcel of letters yesterday, and I thought I franked them all for this year; but I suppose now I franked them all in the last century!"

* * * * * *

I met Princess Elizabeth coming into the Lodge, with Miss Goldsworthy, on the morning of her departure for Kew; and she seemed so little happy in the journey, so extremely delicate in her constitution, and so sweet and patient in submitting to her destiny, that I was quite affected by her sight. She perceived me at some distance, in the gallery, and turned back to speak to me, and receive my good wishes for the effect of the change of air.

* * * * * *

The Kew visits, which took place from Tuesday to Friday in every other week, grew now less irksome to me. I could not but be pleased at journeys that united

the sick and the well of an affectionate family, and I conquered by degrees—or at least lessened—the sadness of recollection that at first embittered my meetings with Mr. and Mrs. Smelt. Mrs. Delany, also, in one of these excursions, spent the three days at their house; and I had the pleasure of drinking tea with them all on her arrival.

During our tea the King himself suddenly arrived: we all rose, and stood, according to royal etiquette, as much aloof from him and from one another as the room permitted, so as to leave all the space possible for His Majesty, who moved from Mrs. Delany to Mr. Smelt almost every other speech. He was in excellent spirits, and full of good-humoured gaiety. Mr. Smelt and Mrs. Delany are perhaps the man and woman in the world the most to his taste of any persons out of his own family. And what honour upon his taste do two such choices reflect!—To me he never looks so amiable as when in society so chosen.

My dear father came over to me there one morning, from Chesington. I met him at Mr. Smelt's. I then had the happiness of conveying him to my little apartment in the Lodge; and he stayed with me till I was summoned to the Queen.

I told Her Majesty what a gratification I had had; and she instantly and most graciously desired me to ask him to stay and dine with me. I flew to write him the invitation—but he was already gone. I was very much disappointed, and the sweet Queen was so sorry for me, that she immediately promised me a visit to Chesington, to see him there, in recompense: an offer, indeed, most highly acceptable to me, and which I gratefully acceded to; as you will believe, without much stretch of credulity.

After this, the Smelts, at royal motioning, returned the visit of Mrs. Delany, and came to her house at Windsor for four days.

Shall I make you smile with a little trait—as you will call it—of my own character, during their stay at Windsor?

M. Mithoff, at the Queen's desire, had again been asked to dinner; and we had left him with Mr. Smelt in the eating-room, while we went to my drawing-room for coffee. As they did not join us, we concluded they were gone to the equerries; and as Mrs. Delany happened to be thirsty, she wished for some tea before she was carried away from me. My great and constant distress how to order anything at that time was insurmountable, for I had no bell for my man, and his room is at the further end of a long range of offices. I rang vainly for my maid to summon him; she was gossiping out of hearing. I then went into the passage-gallery, to seek for somebody to help me. I could find no one. I opened the eating-room door, to see if it was ready for tea, but saw, to my surprise, a party of uniforms. I shut it hastily, with the guilt of intrusion so strong upon me, that I could distinguish none of them. They called after me, and one of them opened the door, entreating me to come back. I apologised for breaking in upon them, retreating all the time, as fast as I could, to my own room; when, looking back, I perceived a star, and saw it belonged to the Duke of Montagu. He again asked me in, and again I assured him I knew not anybody was there when I opened the door, and curtsied myself into my own room.

Mr. Smelt now followed me, saying, "Why do you run away from the Duke of Montagu?"

"I did not mean to run away," cried I, "but I was ashamed of breaking in upon you in that manner."

"Why we were only waiting for you!" cried he: "the Duke came purposely to pay his respects to you, he said, and expected to find you in the room, not that you would run away from it!"

I was quite ashamed, now, the other way, and was hastening back with an explanation, when I met the King at the door, and was forced to retreat again; and as His Majesty came to carry the Duke to the Queen's rooms, I had no opportunity of making any after apology. I could only do it by never repeating the flight. But I knew not, then, that no one entered that room in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence, but as a visitor of mine. These are things I had no one to tell me: I was left to find them out as I could.

* * * * * *

The Queen, one morning, told me she was going a long excursion, and that I therefore might make what use I pleased of my time. I accepted the kind intimation, by telling her I would go to the cathedral with Mrs. Delany, who was waiting my opportunity, to see the painted window. The next moment I sent to Mrs. Delany, with this proposal. An answer was brought me, that Mrs. Delany could not then go out, as the three young Princesses were with her; but that she had their orders for my coming immediately to her house.

As this message came only through John, I concluded it was one of his forward mistakes, and did not obey the summons, but wrote to Miss P—— for an explanation. She wrote me for answer, that Princess Mary and Princess Sophia wanted to know me ex-

tremely, and complained that they never saw me, though Princess Amelia did very often; and they wanted to do so too, "Because," said Princess Mary, "Mamma likes her mightily!"

I went instantly to the Princesses, who, when I came, were ashamed, and silent. They have a modesty and sweetness that represses all consequence from their rank.

After they were gone, Mrs. Delany carried Miss P—— and me to the cathedral. We were met there by Mr. West, whose original cartoon for the painted window was to be exhibited. The subject is the Resurrection. The Guiding Angel is truly beautiful in it, but our Saviour is somewhat too earthly; he seems athletic as an Hercules, and rather as if he derived his superiority from strength of body than from influence of divinity. The window itself was not yet to be seen.

Mr. West, whom I had once met at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, was exceeding civil, shewing the cartoon himself, and explaining his intentions in it. He spoke of the performance with just such frank praise and open satisfaction as he might have mentioned it with, if the work of any other artist; pointing out its excellences, and expressing his happiness in the execution—yet all with a simplicity that turned his self-commendation rather into candour than conceit.

On the last day of this month we left Windsor, and at Kew were met by intelligence of the death of Princess Amelia, the King's aunt. On this account the drawing-room was put off, and we were informed we should remain at Kew till after the funeral.

PART VI.

1786.

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PART VI.

1786.

NOVEMBER 1ST.—We began this month by steadily settling ourselves at Kew, Miss Planta, Miss Gomme, Mlle. Monmoulin, and Mr. de Luc, and Mrs. Cheveley. Miss Goldsworthy resided at the Princess Elizabeth's house on Kew Green.

A very pleasant circumstance happened to me on this day, in venturing to present the petition of an unfortunate man who had been shipwrecked; whose petition was graciously attended to, and the money he solicited was granted him. I had taken a great interest in the poor man, from the simplicity and distress of his narration, and took him into one of the parlours to assist him in drawing up his memorial.

The Queen, when, with equal sweetness and humanity, she had delivered the sum to one of her pages to give to him, said to me, "Now, though your account of this poor man makes him seem to be a real object, I must give you one caution: there are so many impostors about, who will try to speak to you, that, if you are not upon your guard, you may be robbed yourself before you can get any help: I think, therefore, you had better never trust yourself in a room alone with anybody you don't know."

I thanked her for her gracious counsel, and promised, for the future, to have my man always at hand.

I was afterwards much touched with a sort of unconscious confidence with which she relieved her mind. She asked me my opinion of a paper in the "Tatler," which I did not recollect; and when she was dressed, and seated in her sitting-room, she made me give her the book, and read to me this paper. It is an account of a young man of a good heart and sweet disposition, who is allured by pleasure into a libertine life, which he pursues by habit, but with constant remorse, and ceaseless shame and unhappiness.

It was impossible for me to miss her object: all the mother was in her voice while she read it, and her glistening eyes told the application made throughout. My mind sympathised sincerely, though my tongue did not dare allude to her feelings. She looked pensively down when she had finished it, and before she broke silence, a page came to announce the Duchess of Ancaster.

* * * * * *

In the evening the King brought the Princess Amelia to fetch me, for she had signified her pleasure that I should undress her, or she would not go to bed! I was quite ready for so endearing an office with the sweet child, and attended her upstairs, and stayed with her till her most expert nurse, Mrs. Cheveley, managed to soothe her to rest.

The next morning the Queen said to me "I have just been reading a long letter from Madame la Fîte, and you are its heroine."

The Princess Royal, who was present, laughed exceedingly; and the Queen then proceeded to say that there were friends whose panegyric was sometimes

less judicious than their silence. I agreed in this, protesting, sincerely, that I was always grieved when I found myself its object where I knew it would be more fervent than just, for I could only feel alarmed, not gratified, by praise so much beyond desert and reason.

Her Majesty then bid me not be alarmed, for there was nothing that could seriously hurt me: yet I saw her fully of the same opinion; and I found the letter was from Norbury Park, and written to the Princess Elizabeth. I am sure I am extremely obliged to Madame la Fîte for her kindness; but I cannot forbear wishing it were of a nature more quiet.

NOVEMBER 3RD.—In the morning I had the honour of a conversation with the Queen, the most delightful, on her part, I had ever yet been indulged with. It was all upon dress, and she said so nearly what I had just imputed to her in my little stanzas, that I could scarce refrain producing them; yet could not muster courage. She told me, with the sweetest grace imaginable, how well she had liked at first her jewels and ornaments as Queen,—"But how soon," cried she, "was that over! Believe me, Miss Burney, it is a pleasure of a week,—a fortnight, at most,—and to return no more! I thought, at first, I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them,—believe me, ma'am, in a fortnight's time I longed again for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more!"

She then still more opened her opinions and feelings. She told me she had never, in her most juvenile years, loved dress and shew, nor received the smallest pleasure from any thing in her external appearance beyond

neatness and comfort: yet did not disavow that the first week or fortnight of being a Queen, when only in her seventeenth year, she thought splendour sufficiently becoming her station to believe she should thenceforth choose constantly to support it. But her eyes alone were dazzled, not her mind; and therefore the delusion speedily vanished, and her understanding was too strong to give it any chance of returning.

My dearest Mrs. Delany came to-day, to remain at Mr. Smelt's for the rest of our Kew sojourn; and in the evening she joined our tea-party, and stayed with us till she was fetched to the Queen by the Princess Augusta. The King also came for Mr. Smelt. The rest, as usual, dispersed, and I had again a long *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Smelt; whom the more I am with, the more, from her real goodness both of heart and understanding, I am satisfied.

NOVEMBER 4TH.—This morning, when I attended the Queen, she asked me if I should like to go and see my father at Chesington? and then gave orders immediately for a chaise to be ready without delay—"And there is no need you should hurry yourself," she added, "for it will do perfectly well if you are back to dinner; when I dress, I will send for Miss Planta."

I thanked her very much, and she seemed quite delighted to give me this gratification.

"The first thing I thought of this morning when I woke," said she, "and when I saw the sun shining in upon the bed, was that this would be a fine morning for Miss Burney to go and see her father."

And soon after, to make me yet more comfortable she found a deputy for my man as well as for myself, condescending to give orders herself that another per-

son might lay the cloth, lest I should be hurried home on that account.

I need not tell my two dear readers how sensibly I felt her goodness, when I acquaint them of its effect upon me; which was no less than to induce, to impel me to trust her with my performance of her request. Just as she was quitting her dressing-room, I got behind her, and suddenly blurted out—

"Your Majesty's goodness to me, ma'am, makes me venture to own that there is a command which I received some time ago, and which I have made some attempt to execute."

She turned round with great quickness,—"The great coat?" she cried, "is it that?"

I was glad to be so soon understood, and took it from my pocket book—but holding it a little back, as she offered to take it.

"For your Majesty alone!" I cried; "I must entreat that it may meet no other eyes, and I hope it will not be looked at when any one else is even in sight!"

She gave me a ready promise, and took it with an alacrity and walked off with a vivacity that assured me she would not be very long before she examined it; though, when I added another little request, almost a condition, that it might not be read till I was far away, she put it into her pocket unopened, and, wishing me a pleasant ride, and that I might find my father well, she proceeded towards the breakfast parlour.

My dear friends will, I know, wish to see it,—and so they shall; though not this moment, as I have it not about me, and do not remember it completely.

My breakfast was short, the chaise was soon ready, and forth I sallied for dear—once how dear!—old

Chesington! Every step of the road brought back to my mind the first and most loved and honoured friend of my earliest years, and I felt a melancholy almost like my first regret for him, when I considered what joy, what happiness I lost, in missing his congratulations on a situation so much what he would have chosen for me—congratulations which, flowing from a mind such as his, so wise, so zealous, so sincere, might almost have reconciled me to it myself—I mean even then—for now the struggle is over, and I am content enough.

Ah, my dearest Susan, till within these very few months, how unquiet has been my life from the time of that great calamity, the loss of that noble-minded friend!—whose abilities to this moment I have never seen excelled, whose counsel, to his last hour, was the only one that, out of my own family, I had ever sought, and whose early kindness for me won, and must ever retain, my latest gratitude.

I must have done, however, with this.

John rode on, to open the gates; the gardener met him; and I believe surprise was never greater than he carried into the house with my name. Out ran dear Kitty Cooke, whose honestly affectionate reception touched me very much,—"O," cried she, "had our best friend lived to see this day when you came to poor old Chesington from Court!"

Her grief, ever fresh, then overflowed in a torrent, and I could hardly either comfort her, or keep down the sad regretful recollections rising in my own memory. O my dear Susan, with what unmixed satisfaction, till that fatal period when I paid him my last visit, had I ever entered those gates—where passed the scenes of the greatest ease, gaiety, and native mirth that have fallen to my lot!

Mrs. James Burney next, all astonishment, and our dear James himself, all incredulity, at the report carried before me, came out. Their hearty welcome and more pleasant surprise recovered me from the species of consternation with which I had approached their dwelling, and the visit, from that time, turned out perfectly gay and happy.

My dearest father was already gone to town; but I had had much reason to expect I should miss him, and therefore I could not be surprised.

Poor Mrs. Hamilton had been ill, and still kept her room, and was so much overcome by her surprise, though I did not go to her till she sent for me, that she could not refrain from crying, repeatedly declaring she had never thought to see me more. I did not venture to tell her how much our opinions had coincided.

I left them all with great reluctance. I had no time to walk in the garden,—no heart to ascend the little mount, and see how Norbury hills and woods looked from it!

I set out a little the sooner, to enable me to make another visit, which I had also much at heart—it was to our aunts at Kingston. I can never tell you their astonishment at sight of me; they took me for my own ghost, I believe, at first, but they soon put my substance to the proof, and nothing could better answer my motives than my welcome, which I need not paint to my Susan, who never sees them without experiencing it. To my great satisfaction, also, my nieces Fanny and Sophy happened to be there at that time.

My return was just in time for my company, which I found increased by the arrival of two more gentlemen, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Turbulent.

Mr. Fisher had been ordered to come, that he might read prayers the next day, Sunday; as none of the Royal Family were to go out, not even to church, till after the funeral.

Mr. Turbulent was summoned, I suppose, for his usual occupations; reading with the Princesses, or to the Queen.

Shall I introduce to you this gentleman such as I now think him at once? or wait to let his character open itself to you by degrees, and in the same manner that it did to me? I wish I could hear your answer! So capital a part as you will find him destined to play, hereafter, in my concerns, I mean, sooner or later, to the best of my power, to make you fully acquainted with him—as fully as I am myself, let me add: for even yet I could not delineate him with precision, nor be certain that the very next time I see him may not change the whole progress of the texture I should weave. For a while, therefore, at least, I will leave him to make his own way with you, by simply recounting the gradations of our acquaintance, and the opinions, as they arose, that I conceived of him.

He took his seat next mine at the table, and assisted me, while Mr. Fisher sat as chaplain at the bottom. The dinner went off extremely well, though from no help of mine. Unused to doing the honours to any party, so large a one found me full employment in attending to their grosser food, without any space or power to provide for their mental recreation. To take care of both, as every mistress of a table ought to do, requires practice as well as spirits, and ease as well as exertion. Of these four requisites I possessed not one!

However, I was not missed; the three men and the

three females were all intimately acquainted with one another, and the conversation, altogether, was equal, open, and agreeable.

You may a little judge of this, when I tell you a short speech that escaped Miss Planta. Mr. Turbulent said he must go early to town the next morning, and added, he should call to see Mrs. Schwellenberg, by order of the Queen. "Now for Heaven's sake, Mr. Turbulent," cried she, eagerly, "don't you begin talking to her of how comfortable we are here!—it will bring her back directly!"

This was said in a half whisper; and I hope no one else heard it. I leave you, my dear friends, to your own comments.

Mr. and Mrs. Smelt and Mrs. Delany came to us at tea-time. Then, and in their society, I grew more easy and disengaged.

The sweet little Princess Amelia, who had promised me a visit, came during tea, brought by Mrs. Cheveley. I left every body to play with her, and Mr. Smelt joined in our gambols. We pretended to put her in a phaeton, and to drive about and make visits with her. She entered into the scheme with great spirit and delight, and we waited upon Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Smelt alternately. Children are never tired of playing at being women; and women there are who are never tired, in return, of playing at being children!

In the midst of this frolicking, which at times was rather noisy, by Mr. Smelt's choosing to represent a restive horse, the King entered! We all stopped short, guests, hosts, and horses; and all, with equal celerity, retreated, making the usual circle for his Majesty to move in.

The little Princess bore this interruption to her sport

only while surprised into quiet by the general respect inspired by the King. The instant that wore off, she grew extremely impatient for the renewal of our gambols, and distressed me most ridiculously by her innocent appeals. "Miss Burney!—come!—why don't you play?—Come, Miss Burney, I say, play with me!—come into the phaeton again!—why don't you, Miss Burney?"

After a thousand vain efforts to quiet her by signs, I was forced to whisper her that I really could play no longer.

"But why? why, Miss Burney?—do! do come and play with me!—You must, Miss Burney!"

This petition growing still more and more urgent, I was obliged to declare my reason, in hopes of appeasing her, as she kept pulling me by the hand and gown, so entirely with all her little strength, that I had the greatest difficulty to save myself from being suddenly jerked into the middle of the room: at length, therefore, I whispered "We shall disturb the King, ma'am!"

This was enough; she flew instantly to his Majesty, who was in earnest discourse with Mr. Smelt, and called out, "Papa, go!"

"What?" cried the King.

"Go! papa,—you must go!" repeated she eagerly.

The King took her up in his arms, and began kissing and playing with her; she strove with all her might to disengage herself, calling aloud "Miss Burney! Miss Burney! take me!—come, I say, Miss Burney!—O Miss Burney, come!"

You may imagine what a general smile went round the room at this appeal: the King took not any notice of it, but set her down, and went on with his discourse.

She was not, however, a moment quiet till he retired:

and then we renewed our diversions, which lasted to her bed-time. The Princess Augusta soon after came for Mrs. Delany, and a page for Mr. Smelt.

* * * * *

At night when I went to the Queen——but I believe my most intelligible plan will be to here leave a space for copying my little rhyming, when I find the original.

THE GREAT COAT.

Thrice honour'd Robe! couldst thou espy
  The form that deigns to shew thy worth;
Hear the mild voice, view the arch eye,
  That call thy panegyric forth;

Wouldst thou not swell with vain delight?
  With proud expansion sail along?
And deem thyself more grand and bright
  Than aught that lives in ancient song?

Than Venus' cestus, Dian's crest,
  Minerva's helmet, fierce and bold,
Or all of emblem gay that dress'd
  Capricious goddesses of old?

Thee higher honours yet await:—
  Haste, then, thy triumphs quick prepare,
Thy trophies spread in haughty state,
  Sweep o'er the earth, and scoff the air.

Ah no!—retract!—retreat!—oh stay!
  Learn, wiser, whence so well thou 'st sped;
She whose behest produc'd this lay
  By no false colours is misled.

Suffice it for the buskin'd race
  Plaudits by pomp and shew to win;
Those seek simplicity and grace
  Whose dignity is from within.

The cares, or joys, she soars above
  That to the toilette's duties cleave;
Far other cares her bosom move,
  Far other joys those cares relieve.

The garb of state she inly scorn'd,
 Glad from its trappings to be freed,
She saw thee humble, unadorn'd,
 Quick of attire,—a child of speed.

Still, then, thrice honour'd Robe! retain
 Thy modest guise, thy decent ease;
Nor let thy favour prove thy bane
 By turning from its fostering breeze.

She views thee with a mental eye,
 And from thee draws this moral end:—
Since hours are register'd on high,
 The friend of Time is Virtue's friend.

You may easily believe I did not approach the Queen that night with much of a sleepy composure. She inquired very sweetly after my little excursion, and was quite disappointed for me when she heard I had not seen my father; and all the Princesses, afterwards, as I chanced to be in their way, expressed their concern for me. When Mrs. Thielky left the room, the Queen, with a smile very expressive, half arch, half ashamed, thanked me for the little poem, adding, "Indeed it is very pretty—only! I don't deserve it."

I made no answer whatever; and nothing more passed.

I afterwards heard from Mrs. Delany that as soon as I was set off for Chesington, the Queen went to Mrs. Smelt's, and there called Mrs. Delany into another room. She then asked her if she was not in the secret? and soon finding, with some surprise, that I had not made her my confidant, she produced the little stanzas, and said she was sure I should never regard any communication to Mrs. Delany as treachery, and therefore she would read them to her.

NOVEMBER 5TH.—Mr. Fisher read the service to us this morning, which was Sunday; and I must now tell you the manner of its being performed, which is rather singular, and, I suppose, only Royal.

There is no private chapel at Kew Lodge: the King and Queen, consequently, except by accident, as now, never pass the Sabbath there. The form, therefore, stands thus:—Their Majesties and the five Princesses go into an inner room by themselves, furnished with hassocks, &c. like their closet at church: by the door of this room, though not within it, stands the clergyman at his desk: and here were assembled Mrs. Delany, Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, Miss Goldsworthy, Miss Gomme, Miss Planta, Mlle. Montmoulin, M. de Luc, and I; the pages were all arranged at the end of the room; and, in an outer apartment, were summoned all the servants, in rows, according to their stations.

NOVEMBER 6TH.—This morning happened my first disgrace of being too late for the Queen—this noon, rather; for in a morning 'tis a disaster that has never arrived to this moment.

The affair thus came to pass. I walked for some time early in Kew gardens, and then called upon Mrs. Smelt. I there heard that the King and Queen were gone, privately, to Windsor, to the Lodge: probably for some papers they could not intrust with a messenger. Mr. Smelt, therefore, proposed taking this opportunity for shewing me Richmond gardens, offering to be my security that I should have full time. I accepted the proposal with pleasure, and we set out upon our expedition. Our talk was almost all of the Queen. Mr. Smelt wishes me to draw up her character. I owned to him that should it appear to me, on nearer

and closer inspection, what it seemed to me then, the task could not be an unpleasant one.

He saw me safe to the Lodge, and there took his leave: and I was going leisurely upstairs, when I met the Princess Amelia and Mrs. Cheveley; and while I was playing with the little Princess, Mrs. Cheveley announced to me that the Queen had been returned some time, and that I had been sent for immediately.

Thunderstruck at this intelligence, I hastened to her dressing-room; when I opened the door, I saw she was having her hair dressed. To add to my confusion, the Princess Augusta, Lady Effingham, and Lady Frances Howard were all in the room.

I stood still at the door, not knowing whether to advance, or wait a new summons. In what a new situation did I feel myself!—and how did I long to give way to my first impulse, and run back to my own room!

In a minute or two, the Queen not a little drily said, "Where have you been, Miss Burney?"

I told her my tale,—that hearing she was gone to Windsor, I had been walking in Richmond gardens with Mr. Smelt.

She said no more, and I stood behind her chair. The Princess and two ladies were seated.

What republican feelings were rising in my breast, till she softened them down again, when presently, in a voice changed from that dryness which had wholly disconcerted me, to its natural tone, she condescended to ask me to look at Lady Frances Howard's gown, and see if it was not very pretty.

This made a dutiful subject of me again in a moment. Yet I felt a discomposure all day, that determined me

upon using the severest caution to avoid such a surprise for the future. The Windsor journey having been merely upon business, had been more brief than was believed possible.

When I left the Queen, I was told that Mrs. Delany was waiting for me in the parlour. What a pleasure and relief to me to run to that dear lady, and relate to her my mischance, and its circumstances! Mr. Smelt soon joined us there; he was shocked at the accident; and I saw strongly by his manner how much more seriously such a matter was regarded, than any one, unused to the inside of a court, could possibly imagine.

This discovery added not much to my satisfaction —on the contrary, I think from that time I did not, till long—long after—see noonday approach, without the extremest nervousness, if not entirely prepared for my summons.

While we were talking this over, the Queen's carriage passed the window, and she came into the hall. She had been visiting the Princess Elizabeth. In another minute the parlour-door was opened by a page, and her Majesty entered. She was all smiles and sweetness.

"O, are you here, Mrs. Delany?" cried she, laughing; "I had only seen Mr. Smelt and Miss Burney from the window, and I came in on purpose to accuse them of flirting!"

I understood well the favour meant me by this little gay sally, and I brightened up upon it to the utmost of my power.

In the evening, early, I made my offering to the sweet little Princess Amelia, who came to fetch Mrs. Delany, of the prettiest toy I ever saw, the pincushion and its contents sent me by my dear and most ingenious

Fredy. Her delight was excessive; and she was eager to go off with it, to show it to the Queen.

NOVEMBER 7TH.—When I rang, this morning, at the garden-door at Mr. Smelt's, I was informed the King was upstairs: of course I instantly retreated, and was walking back through the garden, hardly able to make my way, through the violence of the wind, blowing hard from the Thames, when I heard a tapping from a window upstairs: I looked up,—and thought I saw the King;—but too uncertain to trust to eyes so short-sighted as mine, I hastily looked down again, and affecting not to hear the rap-tapping, though it was repeated, and louder, I proceeded on my way.

'Tis almost inconceivable the inconvenience I suffer, thus placed among the Royals of the land, from my utter inability to confide in my own sight. I never know whether they look at me, or at some one beyond me, nor whether they notice me, or pass me regardlessly.

In a few instants, my footsteps were hastily pursued, with a loud call. I then thought I might venture to turn, and beheld Mr. Smelt, quite out of breath with running, but highly delighted to bring me word that the King had ordered me back, and into the room where they all were assembled, that I might not have two such walks in so high a wind, without rest.

How gracious this! I found his Majesty in a little circle, composed of Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Smelt, and Mr. Hayes, a gentleman who was formerly a tutor to one of the younger Princes.

When I went to the Queen at noon, she made many inquiries concerning the Norbury fairings: the little Princess had excited her curiosity by the full-fraught pincushion. She desired me to bring my whole cargo: she admired it exceedingly, and asked me if I had any

objection to letting her have some of the things? and then she selected several from my store. I had much wished to present them to her, but could not venture at such a liberty.

NOVEMBER 8TH.—This was the birth-day of the Princess Augusta, now eighteen. I could not resist this opportunity of presenting her one of my fairings, though I had some little fear she might think herself past the age for receiving birth-day gifts, except from the Royal Family: however they had arrived so seemingly *apropos*, and had been so much approved by the Queen, that I determined to make the attempt. I took one of the work-boxes, and wrote with a pencil, round the middle ornament, "*Est il permis?*"—and then I sent for Miss Makentomb, the Princess's wardrobe woman, and begged her to place the box upon her Royal Highness's table.

At the Queen's dressing-time, as I opened the door, Her Majesty said, "O, here she is?—*Est il permis!* —Come, come in to Augusta;" and made me follow her into the next room, the door of which was open, where the Princess was seated at a writing-desk, probably answering some congratulatory letters.

Immediately, in a manner the most pleasing, she thanked me for the little *cadeau*, saying, "Only one thing I must beg—that you will write the motto with a pen."

The Queen seconded this motion, smilingly repeating "*Est il permis?*"

And afterwards, in the evening, the Princess Augusta came to the parlour, to fetch Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Smelt, and again said, "Now, will you, Miss Burney—will you write that for me with a pen?"

The King brought in the Princess Amelia during

tea. "Here," cried he, "we shall all be jealous of Miss Burney! Amelia insists upon coming to her again; and says she won't go to bed if Miss Burney does not take her!"

The sweet little child then called upon me to play with her. I did what was possible to quiet her, but to no purpose. "Come, Miss Burney," she cried, "come and sit down with me;—sit down, I say!—why won't you sit down?"

Nothing can be so pretty as this innocence of her royal station and her father's rank: though she gave me a thousand small distresses, I longed to kiss her for every one of them.

* * * * *

This long visit at Kew made me more acquainted with much of the household than any other mode of life could have done. At Windsor I mix with quite another set. I liked them all passing well, and was pleased to see that they all appeared persons of worth, sense, and cultivation. But my only real satisfaction, except from the arrival of Mrs. Delany, was in the society of Mr. Smelt. That very excellent, amiable, and most high-bred gentleman shewed a disposition to render our acquaintance more intimate, that was extremely flattering to me. His universal courtesy had hitherto forbid my attributing his civilities to any regard; but I now received them with fuller confidence, as I found in him an increasing openness in every meeting, and a readiness to bestow his time upon me, that made me receive and accept it with very grateful pleasure. His conversation, when he is wholly easy, is both fanciful and instructive; and his imagination is filled with systems of his own, that make his discussions of almost all subjects both new and enlightening. What

an acquisition, in a situation so confined, is the power of such frequent intercourse with so amiable, so intelligent, and so useful a friend!

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH.—All the party returned to Windsor but Mrs. Schwellenberg, who still continued in London.

I had the honour of a very long and confidential discourse with the Queen at noon; the subject, Mrs. D——, formerly Miss H——, and an attendant upon the elder Princesses. I gave her a narration of the beginning and the progress of our acquaintance, and she opened with the utmost frankness, in giving her opinions and thoughts. When they are upon characters living, I will never commit them to paper, except where so closely blended with my own affairs as to be of deeper interest to myself than to her; or except, also, where they are mentioned with praise unmixed—which is rarely the case where a judge so discerning speaks with entire openness.

Miss Planta and Miss P—— dined with me, and Mrs. Delany came to coffee. Miss Planta, you must understand, regularly goes into waiting as soon as she has drunk her coffee: we therefore again took out our papers, which had lain dormant during the Kew residence, and were just opening them as the King entered the room.

He asked immediately how our letter-sorting went on; and Mrs. Delany, who was in excellent spirits, answered his questions with an archness and gaiety that extremely entertained him. He carried her away, and Miss P—— and I returned to the eating-parlour, where we found Colonel Goldsworthy and General Budé, eager to resume old stories and mock lamentations,—when the entrance of poor Madame de la Fîte

abruptly closed the lips of our ever-whimsical colonel, which were no more to be opened that evening.

After tea I had a visit from the sweet little Princess Amelia. She had burnt one of her poor little fingers, by playing with some wax, which she got from her sister Mary, and was in great pain. The King followed, to see how she bore it; and Dr. Lind was sent for, who made a mixture, of which oil was the principal ingredient, and stroked her finger with a feather from it for a considerable time. The King watched the abatement of her pain with great solicitude, and she sustained it with the firmness of a little heroine, making many involuntary grimaces, but resisting her evident inclination to cry.

"She wanted to come to you," said the King, "very much;—she would not be denied; Miss Burney is now the first in favour with her."

"At Kew, Sir!" cried I. "I fear I shall lose all my favour at Windsor, where I see her Royal Highness so seldom."

"No, no, you won't,—she asked to come to you herself,—it was all her own motion."

When the operation was over, and the Princess was retired, I invited Dr. Lind to stay with us; and he made us amends for the glumness of Colonel Goldsworthy, by various singular relations of customs and manners among the Chinese, with whom he has lived very much. Some of his anecdotes, particularly his accounts of the animals they kill for food, appeared so strange to Colonel Goldsworthy, that I saw he thought his assertions deserved no more attention than those of Madame de la Fîte about the century in which Mrs. Delany was born. And when he mentioned that rats and cats were among their table-cattle, he actually

heaved a groan of despair that said, "What lies these travellers do tell!"

Again, the next day, the Queen kept me with her all the morning. I must here mention that Mrs. Delany had just received a letter from Mrs. Montagu, which was filled with the strongest expressions of delight at the recovery of the Princess Elizabeth, worded so dutifully and loyally, that it was not difficult to perceive they were meant for the royal eye; though they were followed by something peculiarly unfit for it, namely, an eloge on a certain person you know, conceived in very flattering terms, but ending with a hope that that person would not fail applying her thoughts and her time to delineating the characters of the exalted personages with whom she lived; and the whole finishing with much rejoicing that opportunity should so happily be bestowed!

This letter the dear Mrs. Delany ventured to shew to the Queen,—as I found upon entering her dressing-room at noon, when she was surrounded by the three eldest Princesses; for she almost instantly said, "I have seen a letter of Vanessa's!"

I was really half frightened, lest she should conclude such a desire from such a lady might lead me to a work that must render my near approach to her extremely disagreeable. I acknowledged I knew what letter she meant.

"You have read it?" she said, with a little earnestness.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered; "and had it been less civil, I might have been much flattered by it; but it goes such lengths, that it puts me in no danger."

She said nothing more, nor I either.

I thought it best, unless she had herself pursued the subject, not to speak of what related to her and the King. I am always glad to avoid professions and promises, even where I feel the fullest confidence of the safety with which I might make them; they are chains, that, however loosely fastened, may, eventually, be grievous shackles.

The Queen has a nobleness of mind that sets her above all false fears or vague suspicions: she is extremely quick of discernment, yet never trusts herself, but waits the slow test of time and trial before she risks her favour or confidence.

Two days afterwards we again went to Kew, though not in so large a party, as our stay was only from Tuesday to Friday. None of the younger Princesses, therefore, nor their governesses, made this journey.

Just before we set out, the Queen sent for me to her dressing-room, and there, in the most gracious manner possible, she presented me with a mahogany writing box and desk, made after particular directions of her own. I am at this moment writing upon it, and I have found it the most useful, compact, and comfortable piece of furniture that I am worth.

She told me then that Mr. Turbulent was to accompany me this time to Kew, as well as Miss Planta and Mr. de Luc; and the motion of her head when she named him, shewed me instantly that she considered herself as bestowing a pleasure upon me in joining him to our party.

Accordingly, at about ten o'clock they all assembled in my room, and we set off together. But we did not make much progress in our acquaintance, he talking but little, and I less.

Immediately upon arriving I made a visit to Mrs. Smelt, and engaged her and her excellent mate to dinner. With the latter I had the satisfaction to pass all the evening *tête-à-tête;* Miss Planta going to her Princesses, Mrs. Smelt to the Queen, Mr. Turbulent to make some visit at Kew, and Mr. de Luc to his writings.

Our discourse took a very serious turn, falling almost wholly upon religious subjects. I am particularly happy to discuss them with Mr. Smelt, whose piety is warm and zealous, rational and refined; and whose reliance upon the goodness of Providence is striking and edifying. I must give you a little trait of it, in a speech he made me this evening that extremely struck me;—he had related to me a tale which had for its theme the sudden death of a gentleman who left a large family of children, all in the earliest season of life. "Poor things!" I exclaimed, "what will become of them?"

"*Poor things?*" he repeated, expressively,—"*as if there was nobody to take care of them!*"

This speech, as I told him, reminded me of one of the same striking sort, made by a Quaker to the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort, who, on the death of her Duke, shut herself up in a room hung with black, and refused all comfort. This Quaker found means to enter her apartment, where he found her all disconsolate, in the deepest mourning, and with scarce a glimmering light suffered to enter the room: he stopped to examine her, while she stared at him in amazement, and then he ejaculated, "What!—hast thou not forgiven God Almighty yet?"

The next day the same party assembled again, and the day following we went to town. Miss Planta and Mr. de Luc were of course to accompany me; and as I heard Mr. Smelt talk of going, I proposed to him being

of our party. He consented, with his usual ready good-breeding, and I named what I had done to the Queen, with that confidence in my proceedings that always belongs to whatever I have to do in reference to Mr. Smelt.

I was, however, a little startled by an immediate answer of—" Does Mr. Turbulent not go with you?"

I had never thought of him upon this occasion, not having the smallest idea, at that time, of his belonging to our party, except by accident. I made some hesitating half answer, and she added " Certainly, if Mr. Turbulent does not desire to have a place with you, you can accommodate Mr. Smelt."

I now saw, by her manner, not only how high Mr. Turbulent had the honour to stand with her, but a sort of solicitude that he should stand equally high with little me; and this appeared still stronger afterwards. I had seen, however, too little of him to form any further opinion than what I have already told you,—that he was serious, silent, quiet, and observant;—and that, Heaven knows, is an opinion that has changed often enough since!

At St. James's my dear father came to me, and our James, and, in the midst of our family comfort, enters Mr. S——. Nothing can be more obliging than this gentleman, who will come to me with offers of services always refused, and with efforts for sociability constantly repelled!

As we slept in town, I inhabited, for the first time, my own apartments: hitherto I had used those of Miss Gomme, for mine were now papering, painting, and furnishing. They are very neat and comfortable. My father came again in the evening; but James had been quite satisfied with Mr. S—— in the morning!

I believe he concluded I was always to be *obsédé* by some such "court chap," and therefore would trust himself to visit me no more. Indeed if that gentleman was to serve as a specimen of my new colleagues, he would do right well to stay away.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH.—We returned to Windsor, Miss Planta and myself *tête-à-tête*.

In the Queen's room, while Her Majesty left it for some minutes, I was seized upon with great eagerness by the elder Princesses, to tell them how I liked my new furniture, and to describe to them every part of it. They seemed vying with each other in good-humoured interest, about my having it all comfortable and to my liking.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH.—While I was at breakfast, the door was suddenly opened, and the Queen entered the room. I started up, and went to meet her. She smiled, asked me what book I was reading, and then told me to write a note to Mrs. Delany; "Tell her," said she, "that this morning is so very cold and wet, that I think she will suffer by going to church;—tell her, therefore, that Doctor Queen is of opinion she had better stay and say her prayers at home."

I always feel ready to thank her for these instances of goodness to my most venerable friend, and am afraid lest, some time or other, without weighing the self-important inference, I shall involuntarily do it. 'Tis so sweet in her, I can scarcely refrain.

Afterwards, when I attended her at noon, she spoke to me a great deal of Mrs. Trimmer, that excellent instructress and patroness of children and the poor; and she made me a present of her last two little books, called 'The Servant's Friend,' and 'The Two Farmers.'

Miss Gomme, by direction of the Queen, who wanted her early in the afternoon, dined with me. She came an hour before the rest of the party, and I had a long discourse with her upon Prussia, where she has passed the greater part of her life. She is very sensible, and, I fancy, well informed; but her manner is not pleasing to strangers, and her conversation, perhaps from great inequality of spirits, has no flow, nothing gliding—it is either abrupt and loquacious, like the rush of a torrent, or it is lost and stagnant, like the poor little round old-fashioned garden-pond.

Monday, November 20th.—Just before I went to the Queen at noon, I had a visit from Lady Effingham. I was obliged to run away from her, but she stopped me a moment in the passage, to introduce me to Mr. Howard, her second son. I could not even see him for hurry, but less regard flying from that family than from almost any, as their frequent intercourse with this house makes them well acquainted with all its etiquettes.

When I told the Queen they were there, as soon as I had helped her on with her *peignoir*, she ordered her hair-dresser, and sent me to fetch Lady Effingham, after which she said, "And now do you go, Miss Burney, and entertain Mr. Howard."

I had a long visit from the Duchess of Ancaster, and a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Miss Planta, who now, in an hour we spent by ourselves at coffee, could not forbear a few very open confessions. She told me that she knew the Queen much approved of her always dining at our table, because it made her more certainly in the way, if suddenly wanted: she has, besides, no table

allowed her, but is forced to dine at some friend's, or to get her own maid to cook for her; which, in a house such as this, is infinitely disagreeable: nevertheless, she had quite given up this table, from the *désagrémens* attending it, and had resolved never to come to it more, but by particular and civil invitation. She had therefore dined alternately with Miss Goldsworthy and Mr. and Mrs. T——, both whose tables she had constant requests to consider as her own. Now, however, she said, she would resume the privilege given by Her Majesty, and if it was not inconvenient to me, dine with me always when the table was mine,—but no longer.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD.—I paid a morning visit to Miss E——, the bedchamber woman. She is not wanting in parts, nor in a desire of shewing them: for a lady artist, she paints remarkably well, I believe, and I could look at her pictures with pleasure, would she display them with less vehemence for exciting it.

In the evening I had a large party of new acquaintance; the Provost of Eton, Dr. Roberts, his lady, Mr. Dewes, Miss P——, the Duke of Montagu, General Budé, Colonel Goldsworthy, and Madame de La Fîte.

The party had the Royal sanction, I need not tell you. The King and Queen are always well disposed to shew civility to the people of Eton and Windsor, and were therefore even pleased at the visit.

The Provost is very fat, with a large paunch and gouty legs. He is good-humoured, loquacious, gay, civil, and parading. I am told, nevertheless, he is a poet, and a very good one. This, indeed, appears not, neither in a person such as I have described, nor in manners such as have drawn from me the character just given.

Mrs. Roberts is a fine woman, though no longer very young; she is his second wife, and very kind to all his family. She seems good-natured and sensible.

The evening turned out very well: they were so delighted with making a visit under the royal roof, that everything that passed pleased them; and the sight of that disposition helped me to a little more spirit than usual in receiving them.

The King came into the room to fetch Mrs. Delany, and looked much disappointed at missing her; nevertheless, he came forward, and entered into conversation with the Provost, upon Eton, the present state of the school, and all that belongs to its establishment. His Majesty takes a great interest in the welfare and prosperity of that seminary.

The Provost was enchanted by this opportunity of a long and private conference, and his lady was in raptures in witnessing it. She concluded, from that time, that the door would never open but for the entrance of some of the Royal Family; and when the equerries came, she whispered me, "Who are they?" And again, on the appearance of a star on the Duke of Montagu, she said, "Who can that be, Miss Burney?"

However, I had not always to disappoint her expectations, for soon after, the sweet little Princess Amelia was permitted to come and pay me a visit; and that was a motive to delight that we all felt equally. She had not yet forgot her Kew partiality, and continued, at that time, to frequently beg the Queen's leave for coming to me.

Sunday, November 26th.—The King, whom I saw in the Queen's room before the early prayers, gave me the same kind message to Mrs. Delany about church that I had had from the Queen that day week.

To-day, having found at last my opportunity for obtaining permission, I invited Mr. Bryant to dinner. Mrs. Delany, Mr. Dewes, Miss P——, and Miss Planta, were the rest of the party, and it all passed very well.

The King and Queen were both much pleased with this visit. I saw it by the manner of the Queen when I proposed it, and the King shewed it still more strongly, by coming into the tea-room in the evening, and chatting with him for a considerable time. He lives at Cypenham, a village near Salt Hill, about two miles and a-half from Windsor; and his character is so highly respectable, that their Majesties, in their morning excursions, have several times made him little visits at his own house.

There is, indeed, something very peculiar and very pleasant in his discourse. He is full of little anecdotes, and gives his facts and his opinions upon them with a quaint kind of brevity and simplicity, extremely original, and very entertaining. His learning, deep as it is, taints no part of his conversation, when he bestows it upon those who could not keep pace with it: on the contrary, whatever he has to say is uttered with a plainness and humility that seem rather to imply a notion of his own inferiority than of the ignorance of others.

Lord Courtown, General Budé, and Colonel Goldsworthy came to tea. Lord Courtown is always well bred and pleasing, but Colonel Goldsworthy was quite set aside by the presence of Mr. Bryant, and retired, taking with him the General and Lord Courtown, the moment he was able. The King carried off Mrs Delany, and Mr. Dewes, Miss P——, and Mr. Bryant remained with me the rest of the evening, during which not a minute passed without producing something amusing or instructive from my new acquaintance

The talk was all on natural and revealed religion, and on natural history. My share, you may well believe, was simply that of leading to these subjects, upon which I had no power to speak but in question. I knew them to be themes well studied by Mr. Bryant, and I was happy to reap, from the good-natured readiness of his communications, as much intelligence upon them as I could comprehend, and more than I could have gathered from books in a year's reading.

As I was just then deeply engaged in Coxe's Travels, I was enabled to lead the wav to much curious discussion upon the state of the earth at the creation, and its condition after the Deluge; subjects which Mr. Bryant has been all his life investigating, and reconciling to the Mosaic system. Mr. Coxe relates many things of the interior parts of Siberia that illustrate and confirm his general ideas, and I felt myself much enlightened by his fair and explicit manner of developing them. He is a man of the most orthodox principles in religion, and the whole of his learning and his inquiries tends to elucidate the Scriptures, and to clear the perplexities of unbelievers.

So notorious is his great fondness for studying and proving the truths of the creation according to Moses, that he told me himself, and with much quaint humour, a pleasantry of one of his friends in giving a character of him;—"Bryant," said he, "is a very good scholar, and knows all things whatever up to Noah, but not a single thing in the world beyond the Deluge!"

Tuesday, November 28th.—Miss Planta and Mr. de Luc accompanied me to Kew, where, as soon as I arrived, I had the honour of a little call from the Princess Royal, with a most gracious message from the Queen, to desire me to invite my friends the Smelts

to dinner. You may imagine with what pleasure I obeyed.

They came,—as did, afterwards, Mr. Turbulont, and the dinner was enlivened with very animated conversation, in which this gentleman took a part so principal, that I now began to attend, and now, first, to be surprised by him.

The subject was female character. Miss Planta declared her opinion that it was so indispensable to have it without blemish, that nothing upon earth could compensate, or make it possible to countenance one who wanted it. Mrs. Smelt agreed that compassion alone was all that could be afforded upon such an occasion, not countenance, acquaintance, nor intercourse. Mr. de Luc gave an opinion so long and confused, that I could not sufficiently attend to make it out. Mr. Smelt spoke with mingled gentleness and irony, upon the nature of the debate. I said little, but that little was, to give every encouragement to penitence, and no countenance to error.

The hero, however, of the discourse was Mr. Turbulent. With a warmth and fervour that broke forth into exclamations the most vehement, and reflections the most poignant, he protested that many of the women we were proscribing were amongst the most amiable of the sex—that the fastidiousness we recommended was never practised by even the best part of the world —and that we ourselves, individually, while we spoke with so much disdain, never acted up to our doctrines, by using, towards *all* fair failers, such severity.

This brought me forth. I love not to be attacked for making professions beyond my practice; and I assured him, very seriously, that I had not one voluntary acquaintance, nor one with whom I kept up the small-

est intercourse of my own seeking or wilful concurrence, that had any stain in their characters that had ever reached my ears.

"Pardon me, ma'am," cried he, warmly, "there are amongst your acquaintance, and amongst everybody's, many of those the most admired, and most charming, that have neither been spared by calumny, nor been able to avoid reproach and suspicion."

I assured him he was mistaken; and Mrs. Smelt and Miss Planta protested he was wholly in an error.

He grew but the more earnest, and opened, in vindication of his assertions and his opinions, a flow of language that amazed me, and a strain of argument that struck and perplexed us all. He felt the generosity of the side he undertook, and he could not have been more eager nor more animated had the fair dames in whose cause he battled been present to reward him with their smiles.

In the end, finding himself alone, and hard pressed, he very significantly exclaimed "Be not too triumphant, ladies!—I must fight you with weapons of your own making for me. There is a lady, a lady whom you all know, and are proud to know, that stands exactly in the place I speak of."

"I'm sure I don't know whom you mean!" cried Miss Planta.

"You know her very well,—at least, as well as you can," answered he, drily.

Mrs. Smelt, laughing, said she might know many unfortunate objects, but she was unconscious of her knowledge.

I boldly protested I knew not, as an acquaintance of my own, a single person his description suited. Those whom I might see or meet or know at the houses of

others, I could not pretend to assert might all be blameless; but however I might compassionate, or even admire, some who could not be vindicated, I began no such acquaintances—I wished them well, and wished them better,—but I distanced them to the best of my power, as I had not weight enough to do good to them, and avoided, therefore, the danger of being supposed to approve them.

"Yes, ma'am," cried he, in a high tone, "you also know, visit, receive, caress, and distinguish a lady in this very class!"

"Do I?" cried I, amazed.

"You do, ma'am! You all do!"

Fresh general protestations followed, and Mr. de Luc called eagerly for the name.

"I do not wish to name her," answered he, coolly, "after what I have said, lest it seem as if I were her censurer; but, on the contrary, I think her one of the most charming women in the world!—amiable, spirited, well informed, and entertaining, and of manners the most bewitching!"

"And with all this, sir," cried I,—and I stopped.

"And with all this, ma'am," cried he, (comprehending me immediately,) "she has not escaped the lash of scandal; and, with every amiable virtue of the mind, she has not been able to preserve her reputation, in one sense, unattacked."

"And—I know her?"

"Yes, ma'am!—know her, and do her justice; and I have heard you, in common with all this company, sing her praises as she deserves to have them sung."

I assured him I was quite in a wood, and begged him to be more explicit. He hung back, but we all called upon him, and I declared I should regard the descrip-

tion as fabulous unless he spoke out, and this piqued him to be categorical; but what was my concern to hear him then name—almost whispering with his own reluctance—Madame de Genlis! I was quite thunderstruck, and every body was silent.

He was then for closing the discourse, but I could not consent to it. I told him that I pretended not to say the character of that lady had never, in my hearing, been attacked; but that I could, and would, and hoped I ever should, say I believed her perfectly innocent of the charges brought against her.

He smiled a little provokingly, and said "We agree here, ma'am,—I think her innocent too."

"No, sir, we do not agree!—I should not think her innocent if I believed the charge!"

"Circumstances," cried he, "may make her mind innocent."

I could say nothing to this, I think it so true; but I would not venture such a concession, where my wishes led me to aim at a full defence. Accordingly, with all the energy in my power, I attempted it; assuring him that there was an evidence of her untainted worth in her very countenance, and written there so strongly, that to mistake the characters was impossible.

"True," cried he, again smiling, "the countenance speaks all that captivating sweetness that belongs—if she has them—to the very frailties of her character."

I could not bear this. "No, sir," I cried, as warmly as himself, "'tis a countenance that announces nothing but the openness of virtue and goodness! There would be more reserve and closeness if she failed in them. I saw her myself, at first, with a prejudice in her disfavour, from the cruel reports I had heard; but the moment I looked at her, it was removed. There

was a dignity with her sweetness, and a frankness with her modesty, that assured, that convinced me, beyond all power of report, of her real worth and innocence."

Nobody else spoke a word, and his fervour was all at an end; he only smiled, and protested that, admiring her so very much himself, it made him happy to hear I was so warmly her admirer also.

Here the matter was forced to drop. I was vexed at the instance he brought, and grieved to have nothing more positive than my own opinion to bring forward in her defence: for it is most true I do believe her innocent, though I fear she has been imprudent.

* * * * * *

The Queen, in looking over some books while I was in waiting one morning, met with "The Mysterious Mother," Mr. Walpole's tragedy, which he printed at Strawberry Hill, and gave to a few friends, but has never suffered to be published. I expressed, by looks, I suppose, my wishes, for she most graciously offered to lend it me. I had long desired to read it, from so well knowing and so much liking the author; and he had promised me, if I would come a second time to Strawberry Hill, that I should have it. Excursions of that sort being now totally over for me, I was particularly glad of this only chance for gratifying my curiosity.

I had had it in my possession some days without reading it. I had named it to Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, and they were eager to see it: the loan, however, being private, and the book having been lent to Her Majesty by Lord Harcourt, I knew not under what restrictions, I could not produce it without leave: this morning I asked and obtained it; and promised it should be forthcoming.

A difficulty arose about the reader, till at last Mrs. Smelt, with a sensible and good-humoured scolding, told her husband that if he resisted any longer, she would read herself, in defiance of her asthmatic complaints.

This determined him, and the curtain drew up.

The opening of the play contains a description of superstitious fear, extremely well, and feelingly, and naturally depicted: it begins, too, in an uncommon style, promising of interest and novelty: but my praise will soon be ended, swallowed up all in the heaviest censure.

Dreadful was the whole! truly dreadful! A story of so much horror, from atrocious and voluntary guilt never did I hear! Mrs. Smelt and myself heartily regretted that it had come in our way, and mutually agreed that we felt ourselves ill-used in having ever heard it. She protested she would never do herself so much wrong as to acknowledge she had suffered the hearing so wicked a tale, and declared she would drive it from her thoughts as she would the recollection of whatever was most baneful to them.

For myself, I felt a sort of indignant aversion rise fast and warm in my mind, against the wilful author of a story so horrible: all the entertainment and pleasure I had received from Mr. Walpole seemed extinguished by this lecture, which almost made me regard him as the patron of the vices he had been pleased to record.

Mr. de Luc had escaped from the latter part of this hateful tragedy, protesting, afterwards, he saw what was coming, and would not stay to hear it out.

Mr. Smelt confessed, with me, it was a lasting disgrace to Mr. Walpole to have chosen such a subject,

and thought him deserving even of punishment for such a painting of human wickedness; and the more as the story throughout was forced and improbable.

But the whole of all that could be said on this subject was summed up in one sentence by Mr. Turbulent, which, for its masterly strength and justice, brought to my mind my ever-revered Dr. Johnson.—" Mr. Walpole," cried he, "has chosen a plan of which nothing can equal the abomination but the absurdity!"

When I returned it to the Queen I professed myself earnest in my hopes that she would never deign to cast her eye upon it.

The next day I found my beloved Mrs. Delany ill. I spent the whole afternoon with her, in defiance of all equerries. I had the Queen's sanction for eloping, as she gave me a message about bleeding, for my dear sick Mrs. Delany.

The following day, thank God, she was so much better that my solicitude about her pretty much ceased. I read once more, in the morning, to the Queen, a paper of the Microcosm, which I forget whether I have mentioned; it is a periodical imitation of other periodical papers, and written by a set of Eton scholars. It has great merit for such youthful composers.*

Let me mention the sweetness of the lovely little Princess Amelia. Hearing Mrs. Delany was ill, of her own accord, when saying her prayers at night to Mrs. Cheveley, she said "Pray God make Lany well again!"

At Eton College I made an invitation for the following week. A sister of Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Kennicott,

* This work afterwards became famous as the vehicle of Canning's first literary efforts.

was then on a visit to her, and Madame de la Fîte had brought me sundry messages from her, of her civil desire about making my acquaintance. Mrs. Kennicott, who was a Miss Chamberlayn, is widow of the famous Hebraist, Kennicott, and has rendered herself famous also, by having studied that language, after marriage, in order to assist her husband in his edition of the Bible; she learnt it so well as to enable herself to aid him very essentially in copying, examining, and revising. She was much acquainted with many of my friends, from whom I have frequently heard of her, particularly Mr. Cambridge, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More; and I had received similar messages while I yet lived in the world, through their means; and therefore, to avoid the *éclat* of an introduction at Madame de la Fîte's, I obtained permission from the Queen to invite her here, with the Provost and Mrs. Roberts.

* * * * * *

One morning at this time, Mrs. Delany had a long visit from Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stuart, and I went to her house to meet them. I had frequently been of the same party with them in town, and I was glad to see them again. Lady Bute, with an exterior the most forbidding to strangers, has powers of conversation the most entertaining and lively, where she is intimate. She is full of anecdote, delights in strokes of general satire, yet with mere love of comic, not invidious ridicule. She spares not for giving her opinions, and laughs at fools as well as follies with the shrewdest derision.

Lady Louisa Stuart, her youngest daughter, has parts equal to those of her mother, with a deportment and appearance infinitely more pleasing: yet she is far from handsome, but proves how well beauty may be

occasionally missed when understanding and vivacity unite to fill up her place. I had conceived much liking to her formerly in town, and had been much flattered by marks of kindness received from her. She and her mother both sent to me now, and I spent an hour—all I had to command—very pleasantly with them. They told a thousand anecdotes of Mrs. North, whom they had just parted from at Bath. They seem both to inherit an ample portion of the wit of their mother and grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though I believe them both to have escaped all inheritance of her faults. I wish I had it in my power to meet with them more frequently—spirited conversation with agreeable people falls now so rarely to my lot.

During my dear Mrs. Delany's confinement she desired me to read to her something of Shakspeare. We had purposed going through his works, which I had begun to her in that eventful visit I made her at Windsor, whence arose my present situation: for had I not just so met the Queen, most probably I had never been known to her. Miss P—— now fixed upon Hamlet, and whenever we had not too much to say, that was our regale. How noble a play it is, considered in parts; how wild and how improbable taken as a whole! But there are speeches, from time to time, of such exquisite beauty of language, sentiment, and pathos, that I could wade through the most thorny of roads to arrive at them, especially when, in meeting with them, I meet at the same time with a sympathy like Mrs. Delany's in feeling and enjoying them.

Again I read a little to the Queen—two "Tatlers;" both happened to be very stupid; neither of them Addison's, and therefore reader and reading were much on a par: for I cannot arrive at ease in this exhibition to Her Majesty; and where there is fear or constraint, how deficient, if not faulty, is every performance!

DECEMBER 10TH.—This evening I had my appointed party, the Provost, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Kennicott, and my dearest Mrs. Delany, quite recovered. We were soon joined by the General, the Colonel, and Mr. Fisher.

Mrs. Kennicott is a middle-aged woman, neither ugly nor handsome. She must certainly be very estimable, for she is sought and caressed by a large circle of friends, among people whose friendship is most honourable. I saw too little of her to form any independent judgment.

The best part of my evening was the honour done to it by the entrance of His Majesty to fetch Mrs. Delany. He knew of the party, and stayed to converse with the Provost for a considerable time. This was a gratification that made all else immaterial.

Mrs. Delany, upon her recovery, had invited the General and Colonel to come to tea any evening. For them to be absent from the Lodge was contrary to all known rules; but the Colonel vowed he would let the matter be tried, and take its course. Mrs. Delany hoped by this means to bring the Colonel into better humour with my desertion of the tea-table, and to reconcile him to an innovation of which he then must become a partaker.

On the day when this grand experiment was to be made, that we might not seem all to have eloped clan-

destinely, in case of inquiry, I previously made known to the Queen my own intention, and had her permission for my visit. But the gentlemen, determining to build upon the chance of returning before they were missed, gave no notice of their scheme, but followed me to Mrs. Delany's as soon as they quitted their own table.

I had sent to speak with General Budé in the morning, and then arranged the party: he proposed that the Colonel and himself should esquire me, but I did not dare march forth in such bold defiance; I told him, therefore, I must go in a chair.

Mrs. Delany received us with her usual sweetness. We then began amusing ourselves with surmises of the manner in which we should all be missed, if our rooms were visited in our absence; and the Colonel, in particular, drew several scenes, highly diverting, of what he supposed would pass,—of the King's surprise and incredulity, of the hunting up and down of the house in search of him, and of the orders issued throughout the house to examine to what bed-post he had hanged himself,—for nothing less than such an act of desperation could give courage to an Equerry to be absent without leave!

Further conjectures were still starting, and all were engaged in aiding them and enjoying them, when suddenly a violent knocking at the door was followed by the most unexpected entrance of the Queen and the Princess Amelia!

Universal was the start, and most instantaneous and solemn the silence! I felt almost guilty, though not for myself: my own invariable method of avowing all my proceedings saved me from the smallest embarrassment on my own account in this meeting; but I was

ashamed to appear the leader in a walk so new as that of leaving the Lodge in an evening, and to have induced any others to follow my example. The Queen looked extremely surprised, but not at me, whom she knew she should encounter; and the two gentlemen hardly could settle whether to make humble explanations, or frank ridicule, of the situation in which they were caught. The Queen, however, immediately put them at their ease, speaking to them with marked civility, and evidently desirous not to mar what she found intended as a private frolic, by any fears of her disapprobation.

She did not stay long, and they soon followed her to the Lodge. I also returned, and at night the Queen owned to me, but very good-humouredly, that she had never been more astonished than at sight of the Equerries that evening, and asked me how it came to pass.

"Mrs. Delany, ma'am," I answered, "as she had taken away their tea-maker, thought she could do no less than offer them tea for once at her own table."

And here the matter rested. But the enterprise has never been repeated.

Tuesday, December 12th.—We made now our last excursion for this year, and indeed for half of the next, to Kew. The party was Miss Planta, Mr. Turbulent, and Mr. de Luc.

The Queen, immediately on my waiting upon her after our arrival, asked me if I had sent to invite Mr. and Mrs. Smelt? I was most glad so to do, and most pleased by her gracious manner of investing me with powers so much to my wish.

They came, and the dinner and the coffee were very pleasant, for Mr. Smelt, and Mr. Turbulent, and Mr. de Luc took the whole talk, and supported a conversation extremely instructive and lively. The subject

was monks and convents. Mr. Turbulent found all the materials for the discourse, with a fulness of memory and knowledge that taught me very highly to respect his abilities and acquirements; Mr. Smelt descanted upon them with a fertility of fancy that furnished me with many new ideas; and Mr. de Luc broke forth into digressions, explanations, and discussions, so extraneous, yet so ingenious, that they could not but entertain, though they sometimes tease, by constantly retarding the progress of what is being pursued. Mr. de Luc is one of the most retrograde conversers and disputants I ever met with.

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Just about this time I put a finishing stroke to an affair which cost me a very unexpected disturbance. I had a letter from Mr. Foss, the attorney, written in the name of Messrs. Cadell and Payne, to inform me that "Cecilia" was then printing in Ireland or Scotland, I forget which, illegally; and that they desired me to sign a letter, which Mr. Foss enclosed, in which I threatened, jointly with these booksellers, to prosecute to the utmost extent of the law any person or persons who should dare thus pirate my work.

Equally astonished and dissatisfied at such a demand, I wrote for answer that I had wholly done with the book, that I would enter into no prosecution for any consideration, and that I wished them well through a business that was entirely their own.

To this refusal succeeded fresh applications. I was made so uneasy, that I confided in Mr. Smelt, and begged his counsel. He happened to be present when one of the letters came to me. He advised me by no means to give way to a request so big with consequences which I could not foresee, and, since the pro-

perty and the profit were now alike made over to them, to persevere in leaving to their own sole conduct so disagreeable a contest.

I did very thankfully follow this advice; but they next had recourse to my father, and offered to indemnify me of all costs, if I would only give them my name and sanction.

My name and sanction were just what I most wished to keep to myself; but so importunate they continued that my father asked the opinion of Mr. Batt. He said he conceived that they had actually a claim to my concurrence in prosecuting any false editors. A softer paper was drawn up than the first, and, little as I liked it, I was obliged to sign myself, with the utmost reluctance, their assistant in the proceedings.

I know not when I have been more astonished than in finding myself in a situation so unlike any into which I had ever meant to place myself. I have heard nothing of the matter since: I flatter myself, therefore, that this signature, fierce as it was constrained, has frightened those who have received, as much as it did her who writ it. Otherwise, to be involved in a prosecution,—a lawsuit!—I know few things indeed that could more heartily have disturbed me.

A most troublesome letter, also, arrived to me from Ireland. A Mrs. Lemman wrote me her whole history, which was very lamentable, if true, but which concluded with requesting me to pay her debts, amounting to about thirty or forty pounds, and to put her and her family into some creditable way of business: otherwise, as I was now her sole resource, she must inevitably put an end to her existence!

I wrote an immediate answer, to assure her I had no power to comply with her demand, and frankly to

own that if my power were greater, my claims nearer home must first be satisfied: I was sorry for a reliance so misplaced, but as we were wholly strangers to each other, I could never suppose myself a resource on which she had placed much dependence. And I concluded with a severe—I thought it right—reprehension of her threat, assuring her that I held such an action in too much horror to suffer it to move my compassion at the expense of my prudence, and, indeed, ability; and I strongly advised her to take an opposite method in the next plan she formed, than that of using a menace that must rob her of pity by provoking displeasure. To this I added such counsel as her letter enabled me to draw out for her, and sent it off.

Soon after came another letter from the same person. She told me she had just read "Cecilia," and was satisfied whoever could write it must save and deliver her; and she added that she was then compiling her own memoirs, and would mention to the world, in the highest terms, all I would do for her.

Simple artifice!—to suppose flattery so grossly promised could so dearly be bought!—vexed was I, however, to have written at all to a person who then was in the act of committing to the press probably whatever she could gather. I made no further answer,—I only wish, now, I had a copy of what she has already. Doubtless her threat originated from a scheme like that she supposes in Mr. Harrel. She thought where Cecilia had been frightened, I also must give way. She forgot that she was no wife of my earliest friend, no guardian to myself, that I saw not the instrument of death in her hand, and that I possessed not three thousand pounds a year from which to borrow her release.

And now for the last day of Kew.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13TH.—The Queen, in the morning, spoke to me of Mrs. Hayes, wife of the gentleman I have already mentioned, and said she was a very pretty kind of woman, and that she wished me to invite her to tea.

Our dinner was as usual, the Smelts, Messrs. de Luc and Turbulent, and Miss Planta; and the last only was gone when Mr. and Mrs. Hayes arrived.

Mrs. Hayes is a really pretty as well as a pretty sort of woman, and modest, well-bred, and sensible; and the afternoon, with the assistance of Mr. Smelt, did very well. They went early home, and both the Smelts were called to the Queen's rooms; M. de Luc said he must retire to write down "some thoughts upon an experiment in his head," and only Mr. Turbulent remained.

I found the partner of my confinement a man of uncommon capacity, but something there was hung about him, or hung about me, that prevented my assimilating with him in anything. I saw he was endowed with great powers of agreeability; but I thought him obtrusive; and that alone is a drawback to all merit, that I know not how to pass over. He spoke his opinions with great openness, equally upon people and things; but it seemed rather from carelessness than confidence, and I know him too little to feel obliged in his trust. The whole trouble of the discourse fell upon him; something between fear of his abilities, and doubts of his turn of mind, keeping me entirely grave and reserved. It was a trouble, however, he was highly capable of taking, for he was never at a loss, yet uttered not a word that was superfluous.

The talk was chiefly upon mere general subjects, till by some accident the approaching birth-day of the

Queen was mentioned. He then inquired of me how I should like the state business of that day?

I told him I knew nothing of what I had to expect from it. He undertook readily to inform me. He said I was to be sumptuously arrayed, to sit in one of the best rooms at St. James's, and there to receive all the ladies of the Queen in particular, and to do the honours to all the gentlemen also, belonging to the establishment.

I laughed, and told him he had painted to me a scene of happiness peculiarly adapted to my taste!

He did not concern himself to examine whether or not I was serious, but said he supposed, of course, the dignity of such a matter of state could not be disagreeable to me, and added, he should take the liberty to wish me joy of the day, among the rest, when it arrived, and to see me in my glory.

After this he said, "You have now nearly seen the whole of everything that will come before you: in a very short time you will have passed six months here, and then you will know your life for as many, and twice and thrice as many years. You will have seen everybody and everything, and the same round will still be the same, year after year, without intermission or alteration."

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23RD.—I had a sweet and most gracious visit from the Queen in my own apartment. She had opened the door to let herself in, and I did not know her till she advanced near me, and kept my seat very composedly, hardly looking up, but concluding it must be Miss P——, as no one else enters without rapping first. She laughed when she saw my surprise; and I laughed too, for the circumstance explained itself too obviously to need any apology; and

my near-sightedness is now pretty generally known, from the various mistakes it has occasioned me.

One of these had just led the King to make inquiry if I were not short-sighted, for, in returning to the Lodge from Mrs. Delany's, I met His Majesty, Mr. Smelt, General Budé, and Colonel Goldsworthy, and by not distinguishing who they were till I approached them, I had advanced straight forward till I came up to them; a matter contrary to all etiquette, which exacts a dead stand-still, and retiring to the side of the walls or houses, when any of the Royal Family appear, and till they are passed. However, his own good sense instantly pointed out to him whence my misdemeanor must arise, and his good-nature led him to make me easy under it, by turning to me very graciously, and taking off his hat while he asked me how I had left Mrs. Delany. He has a true benevolence of nature, and never fancies ill or evil without manifest and undoubted provocation.

The Queen, when in my room, looked over all my books—a thing pretty briefly done, as I have scarce any of my own but a few dictionaries, and such works as have been the gifts of their own authors. My father's most delightful library, as I then told her, with my free access to it, had made it a thing as unnecessary as, in fact, it would have been impracticable, for me to buy books of my own. I believe she was a little disappointed; for I could see, by her manner of turning them over, she had expected to discover my own choice and taste in the collection I possessed.

The day after, she increased my little store herself, in the sweetest manner imaginable. She presented me a set of Ogden's Sermons, asking me first if I had read them. No, I said:—"The Bishop of Worcester," she

answered, "approves them much, and recommends them so I give you nothing bad for you."

You may easily suppose what would follow on my part on such a speech, and when I had returned my thanks I said, "These Sermons, ma'am, were great favourites with Dr. Johnson; he thought of them very highly, and frequently quoted them."

"O, I am glad of that!" cried she, smiling archly, "for now I am sure you will like them!" and indeed I do: as many as I have yet read of them, I find instructive and excellent.

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We had scarce left the dining-parlour for my apartment when the Princess Royal followed us, to fetch Mrs. Smelt to the Queen; and then, while I was left in a *tête-à-tête* I always prize with her husband, the King entered. He delights in Mr. Smelt, and seems to meet and to converse with him with "pleasure ever new." He stayed talking upon many subjects, several of them so confidential with respect to business and business matters, that I was almost tempted to leave the room. But when I considered it was my own private apartment, and not the eating-room, in which he had voluntarily entered into this conference, I conceived I might more properly stay, especially as he never lowered his voice, nor seemed to intend excluding my attention. At last, having said all his say, and stayed about an hour, he went away, and called to Mr. Smelt to follow him.

In the morning of this day, the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd, arrived at the Lodge, to spend the Windsor week. I was told that he had always dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn, upon these visits, which it seems he has made annually at Christmas for

some years. As I had not any acquaintance with him, I had neither spirits nor pretensions to the honour of receiving him. His character and his works would have made me think it a good fortune to have met with him, on any other terms, but those of presiding at a table; and to avoid that, I took as much pains as any one else, thinking equally well of him, would have taken to obtain it. I mentioned to the equerries my respectful disinclination to the encounter, and begged they would immediately invite him to their table upon his arrival. To this they gladly assented, as he was well known, and highly regarded by them all, and they had always thought it an infringement of their right that he had hitherto belonged to the female table.

Having taken this previous step, to prevent any mischief arising from it, I next told the Queen frankly what I had done, expressing at the same time my respect for the Bishop, whom I had once met at Mrs. Delany's, but who, I doubted not, would be much better pleased by this new arrangement than by coming to a person almost wholly a stranger to him.

The Queen made no sort of comment, but I had spoken. and was therefore easy.

When Mr. Smelt arrived he spoke to me at once of the Bishop, with whom he has always maintained the most intimate friendship, from the time of being Sub-Governor to the Prince of Wales, when the Bishop was preceptor. I told him openly what I had done; but I was sorry to see that he was vexed and disappointed. He loves the Bishop, and had flattered himself with the expectation of dining and spending the afternoon in his company during his whole Royal visit; and I was sorry also for my shyness, and frankly blamed it.

At tea-time, when I returned to the eating-parlour, I found the General and the Colonel; and they told me that the Bishop had desired them to introduce him to me, and was just coming to my room when the King sent for him. I was glad to find by this civility he had taken in good part my relinquishing him to the equerries.

At the same moment that they left me to go to the concert-room Mr. Smelt found his way back. He came, he said, to beg a little tea with me; and we were beginning a conversation that was reviving to my spirits, when General Budé opened the door, and announcing the Bishop of Worcester, ushered him in, and returned to the concert-room.

His appearance and air are dignified, placid, grave, and mild, but cold, and rather distancing. He is extremely well bred, nevertheless, and his half-hour's visit passed off without effort or constraint. I was indebted, indeed, for all its agreeability, to the presence of Mr. Smelt.

DECEMBER 24TH.—When I attended the Queen to-day after church, she kept me with her the whole morning, and spoke with more openness and trust upon various matters than I had yet observed. Chiefly the subject was the unhappy and frail Lady C. The Queen had known her all her life, and particularly interested herself in all her proceedings: she had frequently received her in private, and had taken pains as well as pleasure in shewing a marked, a useful, and a partial regard for her. What a disappointment, what a shock, then, did she not receive by her fall! She spoke of the whole transaction, gave me her character, her story, her situation—all at large; and at last, in speaking of her utter ruin, and all its horrors, the tears ran down

her face, and she held her handkerchief to her eyes some time before she could dry them.

How amiable and how touching did such sorrow appear in a mind so rigidly a stranger to every frail sensation that could lead to similar guilt! I never admired the Queen more. In characters the most exalted, not all the severity of virtue, however nobly sustained, strikes me with so much admiration as a soft commiseration of vice.

My dear Mrs. Delany to-day joined us at coffee; but the King, staying first near an hour to converse with her and Mr. Smelt, took her to the Queen's rooms as well as Mrs. Smelt and her charming husband.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.—Miss Planta and I went together to the Chapel Royal this morning, where we attended two complete services. The first concluded with a sermon by Dr. Wilson, one of the canons; after which we received the sacrament from Dr. Lockman, senior canon, and Mr. Majendie; and then returning to our seats, stayed on, after the communion service was over, till the arrival of the Royal Family, when the prayers, read by Mr. Fisher, began again, and were ended with a sermon by the Bishop of Worcester; after which everybody left the chapel except the Royal Family, of whom the King, Queen, Princess Royal, and Princess Augusta remained to take the sacrament.

Immediately after so awful a solemnity, to go through the whole service a second time was just what I liked. The mind, by this sacred ceremony, is fitted solely for devotion, and I was happy in recapitulating prayers and praises here rather than in my chamber.

The sermon of the Bishop was excellent—plain, simple, devout, instructive; written manifestly for the Royal ears, yet carefully and without disguise level-

ling them, on this holy occasion, with other creatures of the dust, alike and throughout the world dependent, frail, and unimportant.

When I came home I read some of my Queen's gift, "Ogden's Sermons." *Some* may sound odd, but they are so short that a common sermon would at least comprise three—in quantity, I mean, not in matter; for indeed they are admirable.

My dear Mrs. Delany could not come to-day, and I was sorry, though I wanted her not, nor any of those who did, to wish me what was so far from possibility—a merry Christmas!

Mr. and Mrs. Smelt dined with me, and, as usual, Miss Planta, and when we came to my apartment for coffee, the King soon entered, and stayed long in conversation with Mr. Smelt; and now, finding by his manner nothing was wrong, I had no longer any scruples with regard to remaining in the room. My dear friends will both wonder I ever should have had any; but there are so many peculiarities and unaccountabilities here, that I can feel sure of nothing but by long and repeated trial.

The Queen sent for the Bishop, and ordered him tea in the concert-room, that he might be nearer at hand. He is, and justly, most high in her favour. In town she has his picture in her bedroom, and its companion is Mrs. Delany. How worthily paired! what honour to herself such honour to them! There is no other portrait there but of royal houses—her own mother, one of her brothers, His Majesty, the late Queen of Denmark, Princess Elizabeth when a baby, and two of the youngest Princes when children.

The Queen presented me this morning with two pieces of black stuff, very prettily embroidered, for shoes. These little tokens of favour she has a manner all her own, in its grace and elegance, of bestowing.

The next day the Bishop again came to my tea-table, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, and a very desirable discourse was beginning, when the Queen sent for him. She is very right, for how seldom can she enjoy conversation so worthy of her, from those whose rank and station enable her to call for them thus publicly!

The King just after fetched Mr. Smelt; and the equerries and Miss P—— came to tea. Colonel Goldsworthy was in one of his most facetious humours, and invited us to a supper at his house in town, giving a really comic account of his way of life, the great power of his domestics, their luxurious manner of living, and the ascendency they had gained over their master.

Mrs. Smelt was to be the head lady, he said, of the party, to which she readily agreed. Miss P—— made inquiries into every particular of the entertainment he was to give us; and he uttered a very solemn charge to her, not to offend one of his maids, an elderly person, so extremely tenacious of her authority, that she frequently took up a poker, and ran furiously about with it, after any of her fellow-servants, who thwarted her will. To me also he gave a similar charge—"I have a poor old soul of a man, ma'am," says he, "that does his business very well for such a forlorn poor fellow as me; but now, when you want a glass of wine or so, don't be in too great a hurry with him—that's all I beg; don't frighten him, poor fellow, with calling to him hastily, or angrily, or that—for if you once do that he won't know a single thing he says or does all

the rest of the time!—he'll quite lose his wits at a stroke!"

Some one now by chance named Mrs. Ariana Egerton, the bedchamber woman; and Miss P—— said she now sent in her name in that manner, as she must no longer be called Miss, from her present office.

"Mrs. what?" cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "Mrs. Ariana? what name is that?"

"Why, it's her name," said Miss P——; "she writes it upon her cards."

"Ariana?" repeated he, "I never heard the like in my life! Why I no more believe—what will these folks tell us next! It's nobody's name under the sun, I'll be bound for it. All the world put together shan't make me believe it. Ariana, forsooth! why it must be a nick-name! depend upon it it's nothing else. There, at my poor miserable bachelor's cell in the Mews, I've got a boy that says his name is Methusalem; he comes from Windsor, too! Heaven help the poor people! if they are but near a court, it turns their heads directly. I had the boy only out of the stable, just by the bottom of the garden, yet he told me his name was Methusalem! A likely matter, truly! ha! ha! I'll be sworn his name is no other than Jack!"

"Pray," cried I, "what do you call him for short?"

"Why, ma'am, that was a great difficulty to me at first: I'd have called him Me, for shortest, but I thought the people would all laugh, and say, Ah, poor gentleman, it's all over with him now! he's calling *himself* when he wants his man! and then I thought of Thusy. Thusy sounds soft and pretty enough; but I thought it is like a woman's name—Susy; to be sure, thinks I, they'll all suppose I mean one of the maids; and then again, ah, say they, the poor gentleman's certainly

cracked! nothing else would make him behave so comical! And then I thought of Lem. But it's quite too much for me to settle such a set of hard long names

In this manner he ran on, till General Budé reminded him it was time they should appear in the concert-room.

"Ay," cried he, reluctantly, "now for the fiddlers! There I go, plant myself against the side of the chimney, stand first on one foot, then on the other, hear over and over again all that fine squeaking, and then fall fast asleep, and escape by mere miracle from flouncing down plump in all their faces!"

"What would the Queen say if you did that?"

"O, ma'am, the Queen would know nothing of the matter; she'd only suppose it some old double bass that tumbled."

"Why, could not she see what it was?"

"O no! ma'am, we are never in the room with the Queen! that's the drawing-room, beyond, where the Queen sits; we go no farther than the fiddling-room. As to the Queen, we don't see her week after week sometimes. The King, indeed, comes there to us, between whiles, though that's all as it happens, now Price is gone. He used to play at backgammon with Price."

"Then what do you do there?"

"Just what I tell you—nothing at all, but stand as furniture! But the worst is, sometimes, when my poor eye-peepers are not quite closed, I look to the music-books to see what's coming; and there I read 'Chorus of Virgins:' so then, when they begin, I look about me. A chorus of virgins, indeed! why there's nothing but ten or a dozen fiddlers! not a soul beside! it's as true as I'm alive! So then, when we've stood sup-

porting the chimney-piece about two hours, why then, if I'm not called upon, I shuffle back out of the room, make a profound bow to the harpsichord, and I'm off."

So was he again then, with the General; but the evening was not concluded, for the Bishop returned, accompanied by Mr. Smelt.

"Her Majesty, ma'am," said he, with a tone and look extremely pleasing, "has been so gracious as to order me tea, which I have drunk, but I was determined still not to be disappointed of having some with Miss Burney."

Mr. Smelt spoke of the Christmas Day sermon, and gave it, delicately, yet pointedly, its due praise. I could not take that liberty, except by small, little assents. The Bishop, with a very expressive smile, turning towards me, said, "Mrs. Delany has been making me a request to have a copy of the sermon to read; no, I told her, it would not do for her—it was a mere plain, simple Christian sermon, made for the King and Queen, but it would not do for a *bel-esprit!*"

No further summons arriving to hasten them, the Bishop, with Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, stayed rather later, and the quietness, with the solidity of the conversation, joined to my real reverence of the Bishop's piety, made this evening more tranquil and less strained than any I had passed for a long while.

I think I have omitted to mention, in its place, Mr. Mathias. My first official visit from Mr. Gabriel, uncle to our, or rather Charlotte's Mr. Mathias, I remember telling; but my second quarterly meeting was with the nephew. Greatly to my advantage was the change. He really deserved our Charlotte's good opinion, in its fullest possible extent. He stayed with me more than an hour, though he came only for a minute; but so

much he found to say, and all so lively and well worth hearing, that I was pleased with his stay, and encouraged him to lengthen it. His first recommendation with me was a secret pleasure in receiving a favourite of my dear Charlotte. How widely may we spread the chains of true affection! when absent from its objects, how tenderly do we bind them round everything those objects could have intercourse with! how fantastically, yet how soothingly weave them into all our actions, of our own choice, by fond though imaginary concatenations in our ideas!

If you will not laugh at me too much, I will also acknowledge that I liked Mr. Mathias all the more for observing him as awkward and embarrassed how to present me my salary as I felt myself in receiving it.

There is something, after all, in money, by itself money, that I can never take possession of it without a secret feeling of something like a degradation: money in its effects, and its produce, creates far different and more pleasant sensations. But here it made me feel so like—what I am, in short—a servant! We are all servants, to be sure, in the red book, but still——

Well! to the Christmas week again.

DECEMBER 27TH.—This morning I had the very grateful employment of going to my dear Mrs. Delany, to prepare her for seeing, in two days' time, my beloved father: he had promised me a Windsor visit in these holydays, and she had most kindly insisted her house might be his home. I also told the Queen, who appeared quite pleased for me that I had such a pleasure in view.

While I was yet at Mrs. Delany's, arranging matters, the Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, came to make her a visit. I would

then have retreated, but the Princess desired me to stay, and immediately and most condescendingly made me take my seat in the little party, consisting only of themselves, Miss P——, and the venerable lady of the house.

Mrs. Delany ordered a breakfast; her Royal Highness took some of it immediately, and desired Lady Elizabeth, and asked every body else, one after another, by name: all declined, and she exclaimed, with great *naïveté*, "But I can't eat alone! I really cannot do it. I never did in my life!" Lady Elizabeth then took some chocolate.

The conversation was all upon common topics, only rendered interesting by a sweetness and most unaffected simplicity of manners in the amiable Princess, who is the general, the almost universal first favourite even among those who are every one highly approved.

The next morning I met the Bishop of Worcester at Mrs. Delany's: he was very serious, unusually so, but Mrs. Delany was cheerful. He soon left us; and she then told me she had been ill in the night, and had been led to desire some very solemn conversation with the good Bishop, who is her friend of many years' standing, and was equally intimate with her lost darling, the Duchess of Portland.

My dearest Mrs. Delany had been discoursing upon the end of all things with this good and pious Bishop; and she went on with the conversation, in a manner so content with her fair expectations, yet so meek upon her deserts, that she inspired me, at once, with double pain in the prospect of losing so inestimable a friend. O how shall I now do without her? I felt so sorrowed in the talk, that she sweetly and benignly glided into other and less affecting matters, yet not till first she

had given me this serious exhortation, tenderly at the same time folding me to her loved heart,—"You must let me, my dear Fanny, you must let me go quietly!" I understood her, and promised all the composure I could gather. O could I but cling to her wings! how willingly would they waft me, if to her indulgent partiality my future lot were given in charge!

All gay and all alive, her mind relieved and her sweet spirits cheered by the conference with the Bishop, who had spoken peace to her fears and joy to her best hopes, this evening came again my revered Mrs. Delany. With what admiration did I look at her—what admiration and what tenderness! I knew what was passing in her mind; I knew well she believed her dissolution approaching, and I saw with what pious, what edifying faith she was resigning herself to everlasting mercy.

This, however, has passed away, and her precious life is yet spared us.

Friday, December 29th.—This day, by long arrangement, I expected to receive a visit from my father. He had engaged himself to me for three days, and was to reside at Mrs. Delany's.

I acquainted the Queen with my hopes, which she heard with the most pleased and pleasing expression of approbation. She told them to the King, who inquired, with an air of real satisfaction in my happiness, when he would come?

Afterwards, while the Queen was at her toilette, and asking me kind questions of my father and all the family, the King entered. He inquired if my father was arrived. I was delighted to see, by their natural

behaviour, how right, as well as sweet, was this parental visit.

Before this, however, she had desired that my father should dine with me; and then asked me to invite, also, Mlle. Montmoullin, because she was wanted early in the afternoon; and she condescended to add "I would not else have her with you to-day; but she will not stay long, and I hope it won't be troublesome to you."

At three o'clock our dearest Padre arrived—well, gay, and sweet—and we spent near two hours wholly alone, and truly happy.

At dinner the party was enlarged by the presence of Mrs. Delany and Mr. Smelt; to these were added the lovely and lively Miss P——, the gentle Mlle. Montmoullin, and the friendly Miss Planta.

My dear father was the principal object to all, and he seemed to enjoy himself, and to be enjoyed throughout.

We returned to my own apartment to our coffee, and the two governess ladies retired; and then came the King for Mrs. Delany; and not for that solely, though ostensibly, for his behaviour to my father proved his desire to see and converse with him.

He began immediately upon musical matters, and entered into a discourse upon them with the most animated wish of both hearing and communicating his sentiments; and my dear father was perfectly ready to meet his advances. No one, at all used to the court etiquettes, could have seen him without smiling; he was so totally unacquainted with the forms usually observed in the royal presence, and so regardless or thoughtless of acquiring them, that he moved, spoke, acted, and debated, precisely with the same ease and

freedom that he would have used to any other gentleman whom he had accidentally met.

A certain flutter of spirits, which always accompanies these interviews, even with those who are least awed by them, put my dear father off the guard which is the customary assistant upon these occasions, of watching what is done by those already initiated in these royal ceremonies: highly gratified by the openness and good-humour of the King, he was all energy and spirit, and pursued every topic that was started, till he had satisfied himself upon it, and started every topic that occurred to him, whether the King was ready for another or not.

While the rest, retreating towards the wainscot, formed a distant and respectful circle, in which the King alone moves, this dear father came forward into it himself, and, wholly bent upon pursuing whatever theme was begun, followed the King when he moved away, and came forward to meet his steps when he moved back; and while the rest waited his immediate address ere they ventured to speak a word, he began and finished, sustained or dropped, renewed or declined, every theme that he pleased, without consulting anything but his feelings and understanding.

This vivacity and this nature evidently pleased the King, whose good sense instantly distinguishes what is unconscious from what is disrespectful; and his stay in the room, which I believe was an hour, and the perfect good-humour with which he received as well as returned the sprightly and informal sallies of my father, were proofs the most convincing of his approbation.

December 30th.—This morning my dear father carried me to Dr. Herschel. That great and very extraordinary man received us with almost open arms.

He is very fond of my father, who is one of the Council of the Royal Society this year, as well as himself, and he has much invited me when we have met at the Lodge or at Mr. de Luc's.

At this time of day there was nothing to see but his instruments: those, however, are curiosities sufficient. His immense new telescope, the largest ever constructed, will still, I fear, require a year or two more for finishing, but I hope it will then reward his labour and ingenuity by the new views of the heavenly bodies, and their motions, which he flatters himself will be procured by it. Already, with that he has now in use, he has discovered fifteen hundred universes! How many more he may find who can conjecture? The moon, too, which seems his favourite object, has already afforded him two volcanoes; and his own planet, the Georgium Sidus, has now shewn two satellites. From such a man what may not astronomy expect, when an instrument superior in magnitude to any ever yet made, and constructed wholly by himself or under his own eye, is the vehicle of his observation?

I wished very much to have seen his sister, whose knowledge in his own science is so extraordinary, and who herself was the first discoverer of the last comet; but she had been up all night, and was then in bed.

Mr. Smelt joined us, by appointment; and the Bishop of Worcester came afterwards, with Dr. Douglas, to whom I was then introduced. He is the famous editor, who has published and revised and corrected so many works: among them, the last voyage round the world.

By the invitation of Mr. Herschel, I now took a walk which will sound to you rather strange: it was through his telescope! and it held me quite upright,

and without the least inconvenience; so would it have done had I been dressed in feathers and a bell hoop —such is its circumference. Mr. Smelt led the way, walking also upright; and my father followed. After we were gone, the Bishop and Dr. Douglas were tempted, for its oddity, to make the same promenade.

Again my dear father, by the Queen's command, dined with me; and Mr. Smelt and Miss Planta met him. Mrs. Delany could not come till the afternoon.

After coffee, the sweet Princess Amelia was brought by the King himself, to fetch Mrs. Delany. The King shewed her to my father, who could not but most unaffectedly admire so lovely a child.

Then, sportively pointing to my father, the King whispered her, "Do you know who that is, Emily?"

"No."

"Is it Miss Burney's papa?"

"No!"

"Why not? is he too young?"

"Yes!"

This mightily entertained the King, who repeated it to my father, as a great compliment to his youthful looks.

The little Princess then, taking Mrs. Delany by the hand, pulled her on, to go to her mamma, saying, "Come, Mrs. Delany, come to mamma; *take care*, Mrs. Delany! —Papa, come and take care of Mrs. Delany down the steps!—Don't you come alone, Mrs. Delany!"

The King, though I believe he had meant to stay and converse again with my father, was too much the father himself to resist this bewitching little claimant; and away they all went; though he turned round first, and in answer to her "Take care of Mrs. Delany!" said, "And who shall we leave to take care of Miss Burney?"

"Why—*That!*" cried she, comically, and pointing to my father.

When Mrs. Delany came back, to take my father to her hospitable house, she whispered me that she had been requesting the Queen to allow her a copy of the verses on a Great Coat: and the Queen had referred her to me; saying at the same time,—

"I would give you them, and I would shew and produce them often, and to many, but I cannot, because of what belongs to myself in them."

Very true, my conscious Queen! thought conscious F. B., for on that very reliance did I compose and present them.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31ST.—This morning my dear father breakfasted with me previous to his departure: most reluctantly I parted with him, my present pre-eminence enabling me to see him so constantly and so irreproachably, that my enjoyment in his society had no mixture of thwarting ingredients. He made his last bow at the chapel, where the King condescended to ask if he would not stay another day? and the Queen told me, at noon, she would surely have seen my father, had she not imagined he would have remained longer.

I consulted with my oracle, Mr. Smelt, upon these gracious hints, and he was fully of opinion my father ought to come again. I wrote him this, and he promised compliance. I had already told the Queen how much he wished to express his grateful sense of her goodness to his daughter, and she seemed willing and pleased to give him the opportunity; for I instantly communicated to her the project of his returning.

I finished the old year in excellent society, though damped by my father's departure. I had invited Mr.

Bryant to dinner, to meet Mr. Smelt, and they were both so well pleased with each other, that each appeared to great advantage.

The King, who is always much entertained with Mr. Bryant's conversation, came into my room at coffee-time, and stayed talking with him near an hour.

And here ends December, 1786.

PART VII.

1787.

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PART VII.

1787.

MONDAY, JANUARY 1ST.—I opened the new year with what composure I could acquire. I considered it as the first year of my being settled in a permanent situation, and made anew the best resolutions I was equal to forming, that I would do what I could to curb all spirit of repining, and to content myself calmly—unresistingly, at least—with my destiny.

For this end I kept myself more than ever employed, not suffering a moment to be wasted by meditation, save what, perforce, was borrowed from my sleep. This measure, indeed, I had pursued from my first settlement, and without it I had never, I am sure, been able to support myself. Even with it, for what a length of time must I have appeared to the Queen (all ignorant of the state of my mind) cold, shy, and inaccessible!

* * * * *

Mr. Smelt and Mr. de Luc called only to make their congratulations on the new year; and then Miss P—— went with me to St. George's Chapel, which was this morning opened, with West's picture of the Resurrection, on Jarvis's painted glass. I have already said my say upon it, and can only add that this solemn old chapel is extremely beautified ("a vile phrase!") by this superb window.

The crowd was so great, that we had difficulty to get entrance; and but for Mr. Battiscomb, who perceived us, and assisted us to pass on, we might have been left in the midst of the mob. And even when admitted, we had still no seats, and the people said none were to be had: but on Miss P——'s speaking to me aloud, by my name, a clergyman went up to her, and said, "Is Miss Burney here?" and immediately offered me a seat in his own stall. It proved to be a canon, Mr. Majendie. I sat very near his handsome wife, whom I took this opportunity to address, begging her to make my thanks. She talked to me then of Norbury, and we formed just the acquaintance for which alone I have time or inclination—that of a little intercourse upon accidental meetings, without any necessary consequence of appointed interviews.

The King was to make an offering, as Sovereign of the Garter. He was seated in the Dean of Windsor's stall, and the Queen sat by his side. The Princesses were in the opposite seats, and all of them at the end of the church.

When the service was over, the offering ceremony began. The Dean and the Senior Canon went first to the communion table: the Dean then read aloud, "Let your light so shine before men, &c." The organ began a slow and solemn movement, and the King came down from his stall, and proceeded, with a grave and majestic walk, towards the communion table. When he had proceeded about a third of the way, he stopped, and bowed low to the altar: then he moved on, and again, at an equal distance, stopped for the same formality, which was a third and last time repeated as he reached the steps of the altar. Then he made his offering, which, according to the order of

the original institution, was ten pounds in gold and silver, and delivered in a purse: he then knelt down, and made a silent prayer, after which, in the same measured steps, he returned to his stall, when the whole ceremony concluded by another slow movement on the organ.

The air of piety, and the unaffected grace and dignity, with which the King performed this rite, surprised and moved me; Mr. Smelt, the most affectionate of his many loyal subjects, even shed tears from emotion, in looking at him in this serious office. The King, I am told, always acquits himself with true majesty, where he is necessarily to appear in state as a monarch.

The very great crowd detained Miss P—— and me some time in the chapel; we parted at the iron rails, and I ran on to the Lodge Gate, but there, seeing some uniforms, I stopped, and peeping in, discerned the King, with his equerries, in the passage. I was retreating, but he graciously came forward, saying, "How do you do, Miss Burney?—Come in!—come out of that sharp air. Do you find it too hot?"

General Budé and Colonel Goldsworthy, with the Bishop of Worcester, were standing against the wall. Thither went my little figure, also, for I knew not how to pass the King, who was walking up and down, and waiting for the Queen, who, with the Princesses, soon arrived. She looked towards me with great surprise; and then, laughing, said, "Well—I did not know Miss Burney!" She might well not be aware of seeing me in such a circle! I said, as she passed me, it was by the King's orders I had entered, and her smile shewed her approval.

Afterwards, in her dressing-room, she presented me with a new almanac for the year 1787,—the "Almanac Atlas.'

Tuesday, January 2nd.—The Bishop of Worcester made me a visit this morning whilst I was at breakfast, but damped the pleasure I received from his company, by telling me he came to take leave, as he returned to town at noon. There is no chance of his again visiting Windsor till this time twelvemonth, and I felt very sorry to lose sight of him for such a length of time. Piety and goodness are so marked on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, "The Beauty of Holiness." Indeed, in face, manner, demeanour, and conversation, he seems precisely what a bishop should be, and what would make a looker-on, were he not a bishop, and a see vacant, call out—Take Dr. Hurd!—that is the man!

He had not long left me when another visitor came to take leave also,—Mr. West. He has done, for the present, with Windsor, but returns to his great work in the summer. We talked over, of course, his window; and he spoke of it in the highest terms of praise and admiration. Another man would be totally ridiculous who held such language about his own performances; but there is, in Mr. West, a something of simplicity in manner, that makes his self-commendation seem the result rather of an unaffected mind than of a vain or proud one. It may sometimes excite a smile, but can never, I think, offend or disgust.

Mr. Smelt came also, and much brightened the discourse; for though he continued the subject,—and Mr. West could have talked upon no other,—he varied and animated it by fanciful suggestions on the painting art; which happily drew the artist into a more open field, and seduced him, from time to time, to leave his individual work, and discuss more general rules, and consider more extensive possibilities.

When Mr. West rose to go, he inquired if he might first wait on the Bishop of Worcester. Mr. Smelt offered to find out if he were visible; and presently, to my great gratification, he returned, attended by the reverend prelate himself, who was so good as to ask me if he might receive Mr. West's visit in my room instead of his own.

By this means I had a little *coterie* highly desirable. The talk, still, was all of the window; but I could not be tired, nor could that or any subject be exhausted, while Mr. Smelt and the Bishop were the talkers.

At night we came to town. I found Mrs. Schwellenberg better; and she presented me, from Her Majesty, with a new year's gift. The Queen makes one annually to all her household: I mean all of the upper class. Mine was very elegant: a complete set of very beautiful white and gold china for tea, and a coffee-pot, tea-pot, cream-jug, and milk-jug of silver, in forms remarkably pretty.

At night, as well as I was able, I thanked the gracious giver of my gift; and ventured to hint my wishes that Her Majesty would deign to look in at my apartment in its new state: for all is quite renovated there since poor Mrs. Haggerdorn's departure. She readily promised me the honour I solicited.

The next day, though the fourth of the month, was kept at Court as New Year's Day. I cannot but relate a little trait of the Princess Elizabeth this morning, which is strongly expressive of the modest ingenuousness of her character, and the simplicity of her education. Her Royal Highness was with the Queen during the duties of the toilette; when they were over, Her Majesty went to another apartment; I was then retiring, but the Princess, who had been desired to wait

the Queen's return, insisted that I should stay with her, and bade me sit down. I begged to decline that honour, as I expected the Queen every moment, and was not tired. She then would not sit herself, but came and stood by me at the window, and entered into an easy and cheerful *chattery*, till the return of the Queen. Her Majesty gave her a commission to write to Lady Courtown, about a present intended her, of a screen, and again quitted the room.

Once more I was retreating, but the Princess charged me to stay, and to help her; and while she was writing, applied to me continually about her expressions; and, having finished, said, "Now, Miss Burney,—as I am sure nobody knows so well,—will you look at this, and tell me if it is proper?" She then put it into my hand.

What truly amiable modesty and humility! The letter was quite without fault, short, and well-bred.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5TH.—I was preparing to journey back to Windsor, when Mrs. Thielky came to inquire if I was alone; and immediately disappearing, her place was supplied by the Queen, who, with the three eldest Princesses, came to visit my new fitted up apartment. I shewed every thing off to the best advantage, and they were all much pleased with my content. I produced my royal gift to their Royal Highnesses, who take the most sweet interest in every thing done by the Queen for the gratification of any part of the household.

Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta accompanied me to Windsor. Mrs. Schwellenberg had now finally given up all thoughts of going there during the winter.

Colonel Welbred was arrived, and was, at this time, the only attendant upon the King at Windsor.

There seemed to be no opportunity in the power of chance so favourable as the present for the execution of my long-wished project of liberating my evenings from official trammels. My plan having long been revolving in my head, I had ventured, in the last week, to hint at it to General Budé, and to beg him to take no notice to the succeeding equerries that I gave tea, as I had not the honour to know them.

My dearest Mrs. Delany came to coffee. I then informed her of my new plan, by which I hoped to spend every evening with her, either at her own house or in my own room, quite undisturbed, during the rest of her stay at Windsor. But how surprised was I to find she totally disapproved it! Without the concurrence of the Queen, she said, no innovations ought to be risked; and as the King's attendants for so many years had drank their tea with the Queen's, she thought it could only pass for dissatisfaction, with their Majesties, to break the custom, and probably, for prudery with the gentlemen themselves.

I then resolved, in obedience to Mrs. Delany, to make tea constantly in the usual way, and, after it, to retire to my own room, or go to her house when she was not at the Lodge.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6TH.—To-day arrived again my dearest father, in consequence of the gracious speeches that had passed about his lengthened stay when here last. Sweet, hospitable Mrs. Delany received him; but he came to me to dinner,—at the Queen's suggestion. Miss P—— and Miss Planta were of our party; Mrs. Delany could only join us at coffee.

This evening proved indeed a pleasant one; the honours paid my dear father gladdened my heart. The King came into my room to see Mrs. Delany, and

conversed with him so openly, so gaily, and so readily, that it was evident he was pleased with his renewed visit, and pleased with his society. Nor was this all; soon after, the Queen herself came also, purposely to see him. She immediately sat down, that she might seat Mrs. Delany, and then addressed herself to my father, with the most winning complacency. Repeatedly, too, she addressed herself to me, as if to do me honour in my father's eyes, and to shew him how graciously she was disposed towards me. I had previously entreated my father to snatch at any possible opportunity of expressing his satisfaction in all that related to me, as I knew it would not only give pleasure to her benevolence, but was a token of gratitude literally expected from him.

My Susan, however, knows our dear father, and will know him by the following trait: he had planned his speech, and was quite elevated with the prospect of making it, and with the pleasure of my pointing it out, and being so happy! Dearest father! how blessed in that facility of believing all people as good and as happy as he wishes them! Nevertheless, no sooner did the King touch upon that dangerous string, the history of music, than all else was forgotten! Away flew the speech,—the Queen herself was present in vain,—eagerly and warmly he began an account of his progress, and an enumeration of his materials,—and out from his pockets came a couple of dirty books, which he had lately picked up, at an immense price, at a sale, and which, in shewing to the King, he said were equally scarce and valuable, and added, with energy, "I would not take fifty pounds for that!" Just as if he had said—little as he meant such meaning—"Don't hope for it to your own collection!"

Was not this a curious royal scene?

*   *   *   *   *

They carried Mrs. Delany away with them. I obeyed her, however, by returning to the eating-parlour, to make tea for my father and Miss P——.

Back again we hurried, my apparent duty over, to my own room; and thither we were soon followed by the King and the Princess Amelia: the Princess, and her Mrs. Cheveley, he left with me; but my father, to my infinite satisfaction, he ordered to follow him, and kept in the concert-room with him all the evening.

This was the height of my father's Windsor ambition. Could I help feeling really happy to see it gained?

The next day Mrs. Delany was unusually unwell; the Queen took alarm for her, and consulted with the King whether Dr. Turton ought not to be sent for. His Majesty gave immediate sanction to the proposal, and I had orders to write to him, in the Queen's name, and command his attendance.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10TH.—This morning my dear Mrs. Delany was better. When I was hurrying to the Queen I met Mr. Fairly, who said he was waiting to see me. Very melancholy he looked—very much changed from what I had seen him. His lady, to whom he is much attached, is suffering death by inches, from the most painful of all complaints, a cancer. His eldest son, who seems about twelve years old, was with him. He was going, he said, to place him at Eton.

The day following I was taken very ill myself; a bilious fever, long lurking, suddenly seized me, and a rheumatism in my head at the same time. I was forced to send to Mr. Battiscomb for advice, and to Miss Planta to officiate for me at night with the Queen.

Early the next morning Miss Planta came to me from the Queen, to desire I would not be uneasy in missing my attendance, and that I would think of nothing but how to take care of myself. This, however, was not all, for soon after she came herself, not only to my room, but to my bedside, and, after many inquiries, desired me to say sincerely what I should do if I had been so attacked at home.

A blister, I said, was all I could devise; and I had one accordingly, which cured the head, and set me at ease. But the fever had been longer gathering, and would not so rapidly be dismissed.

I kept my bed this day and the next.

The third day I was sufficiently better to quit my bed and bed-room; and then I had not only another visit from the Queen, but also from the two eldest Princesses; and Princess Mary sent to me from the Lower Lodge, to inquire, in her own name, how I did.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16TH,—Was the day appointed for removing to town for the winter; from which time we were only to come to Windsor for an occasional day or two every week.

I received a visit, just before I set out, from the King. He came in alone, and made most gracious inquiries into my health, and whether I was sufficiently recovered for the journey.

The four days of my confinement, from the fever after the pain, were days of meditation the most useful: I reflected upon all my mental sufferings in the last year; their cause seemed inadequate to their poignancy. In the hour of sickness and confinement, the world, in losing its attractions, forfeits its regrets:—a new train of thinking, a new set of ideas, took possession of all my faculties; a steady plan, calm, yet no

longer sad, deliberately formed itself in my mind; my affliction was already subsided; I now banished, also, discontent. I found myself as well off, upon reflection, as I could possibly merit, and better, by comparison, than most of those around me. The beloved friends of my own heart had joined me unalterably, inviolably to theirs;—who, in number, who, in kindness, has more?

Now, therefore, I took shame to myself, and *Resolved to be happy*. And my success has shewn me how far less chimerical than it appears is such a resolution.

To be patient under two disappointments now no longer recent;—to relinquish, without repining, frequent intercourse with those I love;—to settle myself in my monastery, without one idea of ever quitting it;—to study for the approbation of my lady abbess, and make it a principal source of content, as well as spring of action;—and to associate more cheerily with my surrounding nuns and monks;—these were the articles which were to support my resolution.

I thank God I can tell my dearest friends I have observed them all; and, from the date of this illness to the time in which I am now drawing out my memorandums, I can safely affirm I know not that I have made one break with myself in a single promise here projected.

And now, I thank God, the task is at an end;—what I began from principle, and pursued from resolution, is now a mere natural conduct. My destiny is fixed, and my mind is at ease;—nay, I even think, upon the whole, that my lot is, altogether, the best that can betide me, except for one flaw in its very vitals, which subjects me, at times, to a tyranny wholly subversive of all power of tranquillity.

I go back to the 16th, when I went to town, accompanied only by Mr. de Luc. I saw my dear father the next morning, who gave me a poem on the Queen's birth-day, to present. It was very pretty; but I felt very awkward in offering it to her, as it was from so near a relation, and without any particular reason or motive. Mr. Smelt came and stayed with me almost all the morning, and soothed and solaced me by his charming converse. The rest of the day was devoted to milliners, mantua-makers, and such artificers, and you may easily conjecture how great must be my fatigue. Nevertheless, when in the midst of these wasteful toils, the Princess Augusta entered my room, and asked me, from the Queen, if I should wish to see the ball the next day. I preferred running the risk of that new fatigue, to declining an honour so offered: especially as the Princess Augusta was herself to open the ball.

A chance question this night from the Queen, whom I now again attended as usual, fortunately relieved me from my embarrassment about the poem. She inquired of me if my father was still writing? "A little," I answered, and the next morning,

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18TH, when the birth-day was kept, I found her all sweetness and serenity; mumbled out my own little compliment, which she received as graciously as if she had understood and heard it; and then, when she was dressed, I followed her through the great rooms, to get rid of the wardrobe woman, and there taking the poem from my pocket, I said "I told your Majesty yesterday that my father had written *a little!*—and here—the little is!"

She took it from me with a smile and a curtsey, and I ran off. She never has named it since; but she has spoken of my father with much sweetness and com-

placency. The modest dignity of the Queen, upon all subjects of panegyric, is truly royal and noble.

I had now, a second time, the ceremony of being entirely new dressed. I then went to St. James's, where the Queen gave a very gracious approbation of my gewgaws, and called upon the King to bestow the same; which his constant good-humour makes a matter of great ease to him.

The Queen's dress, being for her own birth-day, was extremely simple, the style of dress considered. The King was quite superb, and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth were ornamented with much brilliancy.

Not only the Princess Royal was missed at this exhibition, but also the Prince of Wales. He wrote, however, his congratulations to the Queen, though the coldness then subsisting between him and his Majesty occasioned his absence from court. I fear it was severely felt by his Royal mother, though she appeared composed and content.

The two Princesses spoke very kind words, also, about my frippery on this festival; and Princess Augusta laid her positive commands upon me that I should change my gown before I went to the Lord Chamberlain's box, where only my head could be seen. The counsel proved as useful as the consideration was amiable.

When the Queen was attired, the Duchess of Ancaster was admitted to the dressing-room, where she stayed, in conversation with their Majesties and the Princesses, till it was time to summon the bed-chamber women. During this, I had the office of holding the Queen's train. I knew, for me, it was a great honour, yet it made me feel, once more, so like a mute upon the stage, that I could scarce believe myself only performing my own real character.

Mrs. Stainforth and I had some time to stand upon the stairs before the opening of the doors. We joined Mrs. Fielding and her daughters, and all entered together, but the crowd parted us; they all ran on, and got in as they could, and I remained alone by the door. They soon found me out, and made signs to me, which I saw not, and then they sent me messages that they had kept room for me just by them. I had received orders from the Queen to go out at the end of the second country dance; I thought, therefore, that as I now was seated by the door, I had better be content, and stay where I could make my exit in a moment, and without trouble or disturbance. A queer-looking old lady sat next me, and I spoke to her now and then, by way of seeming to belong to somebody. She did not appear to know whether it were advisable for her to answer me or not, seeing me alone, and with high head ornaments; but as I had no plan but to save appearances to the surrounders, I was perfectly satisfied that my very concise propositions should meet with yet more laconic replies.

Before we parted, however, finding me quiet and inoffensive, she became voluntarily sociable, and I felt so much at home, by being still in a part of the palace, that I needed nothing further than just so much notice as not to seem an object to be avoided.

The sight which called me to that spot perfectly answered all my expectations: the air, manner, and countenance of the Queen, as she goes round the circle, are truly graceful and engaging: I thought I could understand, by the motion of her lips, and the expression of her face, even at the height and distance of the Chamberlain's box, the gracious and pleasant speeches she made to all whom she approached. With my

glass, you know, I can see just as other people see with the naked eye.

The Princesses looked extremely lovely, and the whole court was in the utmost splendour.

At the appointed moment I slipped through the door, leaving my old lady utterly astonished at my sudden departure, and I passed, alone and quietly, to Mr. Rhamus's apartment, which was appropriated for the company to wait in. Here I desired a servant I met with to call my man: he was not to be found. I went down the stairs, and made them call him aloud, by my name; all to no purpose. Then the chairmen were called, but called also in vain!

What to do I knew not; though I was still in a part of the palace, it was separated by many courts, avenues, passages, and alleys, from the Queen's or my own apartments; and though I had so lately passed them, I could not remember the way, nor at that late hour could I have walked, dressed as I then was, and the ground wet with recent rain, even if I had had a servant: I had therefore ordered the chair allotted me for these days; but chair and chairmen and footmen were alike out of the way.

My fright lest the Queen should wait for me was very serious. I believe there are state apartments through which she passes, and therefore I had no chance to know when she retired from the ball-room. Yet could I not stir, and was forced to return to the room whence I came, in order to wait for John, that I might be out of the way of the cold winds which infested the hall.

I now found a young clergyman, standing by the fire. I suppose my anxiety was visible, for he instantly inquired if he could assist me. I declined his

offer, but walked up and down, making frequent questions about my chair and John.

He then very civilly said, "You seem distressed, ma'am; would you permit me the honour to see for your chair, or, if it is not come, as you seem hurried, would you trust me to see you home?"

I thanked him, but could not accept his services. He was sorry, he said, that I refused him, but could not wonder, as he was a stranger. I made some apologising answer, and remained in that unpleasant situation till, at length, a hackney-chair was procured me. My new acquaintance would take no denial to handing me to the chair. When I got in, I told the men to carry me to the palace.

"We are there now!" cried they; "what part of the palace?"

I was now in a distress the most extraordinary: I really knew not my own direction! I had always gone to my apartment in a chair, and had been carried by chairmen officially appointed; and, except that it was in St. James's Palace, I knew nothing of my own situation.

"Near the park," I told them, and saw my new esquire look utterly amazed at me.

"Ma'am," said he, "half the palace is in the park!"

"I don't know how to direct," cried I, in the greatest embarrassment, "but it is somewhere between Pall Mall and the Park."

"I know where the lady lives well enough," cried one of the chairmen, "'tis in St. James's-street."

"No, no," cried I, "'tis in St. James's Palace."

"Up with the chair!" cried the other man, "I know best—'tis in South Audley-street; I know the lady well enough."

Think what a situation at the moment! I found they had both been drinking the Queen's health till they knew not what they said, and could with difficulty stand. Yet they lifted me up, and though I called in the most terrible fright to be let out, they carried me down the steps.

I now actually screamed for help, believing they would carry me off to South Audley-street; and now my good genius, who had waited patiently in the crowd, forcibly stopped the chairmen, who abused him violently, and opened the door himself, and I ran back to the hall.

You may imagine how earnestly I returned my thanks for this most seasonable assistance, without which I should almost have died with terror, for where they might have taken or dropped me, or how or where left me, who could say?

He begged me to go again upstairs, but my apprehension about the Queen prevented me. I knew she was to have nobody but me, and that her jewels, though few, were to be intrusted back to the Queen's house to no other hands. I must, I said, go, be it in what manner it might. All I could devise was to summon Mr. Rhamus, the page. I had never seen him, but my attendance upon the Queen would be an apology for the application, and I determined to put myself under his immediate protection.

Mr. Rhamus was nowhere to be found; he was already supposed to be gone to the Queen's house, to wait the arrival of his Majesty. This news redoubled my fear; and now my new acquaintance desired me to employ him in making inquiries for me as to the direction I wanted.

It was almost ridiculous, in the midst of my distress, to be thus at a loss for an address to myself! I felt

averse to speaking my name amongst so many listeners, and only told him he would much oblige me by finding out a direction to Mrs. Haggerdorn's rooms.

He went upstairs; and returning, said he could now direct the chairmen, if I did not fear trusting them.

I did fear—I even shook with fear; yet my horror of disappointing the Queen upon such a night prevailed over all my reluctance, and I ventured once more into the chair, thanking this excellent Samaritan, and begging him to give the direction very particularly.

Imagine, however, my gratitude and my relief, when, instead of hearing the direction, I heard only these words, "Follow me." And then did this truly benevolent young man himself play the footman, in walking by the side of the chair till we came to an alley, when he bid them turn; but they answered him with an oath, and ran on with me, till the poles ran against a wall, for they had entered a passage in which there was no outlet!

I would fain have got out, but they would not hear me; they would only pull the chair back, and go on another way. But my guardian angel told them to follow him, or not, at their peril; and then walked before the chair.

We next came to a court where we were stopped by the sentinels. They said they had orders not to admit any hackney chairs. The chairmen vowed they would make way; I called out aloud to be set down; the sentinels said they would run their bayonets through the first man that attempted to dispute their orders. I then screamed out again to be set down, and my new and good friend peremptorily forced them to stop, and opening the door with violence, offered me his arm, saying, "You had better trust yourself with me, ma'am!"

Most thankfully I now accepted what so fruitlessly

I had declined, and I held by his arm, and we walked on together—but neither of us knew whither, nor the right way from the wrong! It was really a terrible situation.

The chairmen followed us, clamorous for money, and full of abuse. They demanded half a crown; my companion refused to listen to such an imposition: my shaking hand could find no purse, and I begged him to pay them what they asked, that they might leave us. He did; and when they were gone, I shook less, and was able to pay that one part of the debt I was now contracting.

We wandered about, heaven knows where, in a way the most alarming and horrible to myself imaginable: for I never knew where I was.—It was midnight. I concluded the Queen waiting for me.—It was wet. My head was full dressed. I was under the care of a total stranger; and I knew not which side to take, wherever we came. Inquiries were vain. The sentinels alone were in sight, and they are so continually changed that they knew no more of Mrs. Haggerdorn than if she had never resided here.

At length I spied a door open, and I begged to enter it at a venture, for information. Fortunately a person stood in the passage who instantly spoke to me by my name; I never heard that sound with more glee: to me he was a stranger, but I suppose he had seen me in some of the apartments. I begged him to direct me straight to the Queen's rooms: he did; and I then took leave of my most humane new friend, with a thousand acknowledgments for his benevolence and services.

Was it not a strange business? I can never say what an agony of fright it cost me at the time, nor ever be sufficiently grateful for the kind assistance, so providentially afforded me.

I found myself just in time; and I desired immediately to speak with Mr. Nicolay, the page, of whom I requested a direction to my own rooms.

FRIDAY, JAN. 19TH.—The good stranger called upon Scourfield, to ask her how I did, but left no name, and did not ask to see me. I was really quite sorry not to see and to know him.

I had visits from some of the Queen's ladies that were entire strangers to me—Mrs. Tracy and Mrs. Herbert, two bedchamber women; the former a motherly, good sort of woman; the latter mighty good humoured, but immeasurably heavy. Mrs. Chetwyn also,—who, though a nobleman's daughter, is the Queen's laundress,—and Miss Boscawen, one of the maids of honour, came while I was dressing. I fear I shall never go through so arduous an undertaking as that of returning all these official civilities.

I had two notes from Lady Rothes, both very embarrassing to me. The first was an invitation to her own home, the second an offer to visit me in mine. I knew not at all what I might, or might not do, with respect to visits, either at home or abroad. Hitherto I had gone nowhere, and received nobody but a few of my relations, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Miss Cambridge, and Mrs. Ord. Spirits I had wanted, as much as knowledge and opportunity, for going further. Something, however, must be answered to this double proposition, and it compelled me to form some immediate plan. I determined, therefore, to speak openly to the Queen, upon the visiting subject, and to learn, if possible, my proper privileges, and her own desires concerning them. The next day we were to go to Windsor, and then I expected opportunity to open my suit. Meanwhile I sent no answer whatever to Lady Rothes.

SATURDAY, JAN. 20TH.—To-day began our s[...] weekly visits for the winter to Windsor. I travelled with Mr. Turbulent, and with him only. He says that he and his lady were acquainted with our step-sister, Mrs. Rishton, at Geneva; and I have some idea that both you and I once saw him. He speaks English perfectly well. Do you remember our hearing a younger sister of his wife sing a fine French air, with all true French cadenzas?

The journey was rather awkward. To be three hours and a half *tête-à-tête* with a person so little known to me, and of whom I had been unable to form any precise opinion, while still in a feeble state of health, and still feebler of spirits, was by no means desirable; and yet the less as there was something in the uncertainty of my notions that led me to fear him, though I knew not exactly why.

The conversation that ensued did not remove these difficulties: wholly brought on and supported by himself, the subjects were just such as I least wish to discuss with *him*—religion and morality.

With respect to morality, his opinions seemed upon rather too large a scale for that perfect measurement which suited my more circumscribed ideas. Nothing faulty fell from him, but much was thrown out that, though not positively censurable, had far better never be uttered. He again revived the subject of Madame de Genlis; again I defended her, and again, while he palliated all the wrong with which he charged her, he chose to disbelieve the seriousness of my assertions in her favour. True, however, it is, I do believe her innocent of all crime but indiscretion, and of that I know not how to clear her, since to nothing softer can I attribute the grounds upon which so much calumny has been

ed. I imagine her, and so I told him, to have fallen at an early and inexperienced period into designing and depraved hands, and not to have been able, from cruel and distressed circumstances, to give up the unworthy protection of a profligate patron, though her continuing under it has stained her fair fame for evermore! Perhaps her husband, himself worthless, would not permit her—perhaps she feared the future ruin of her two children—perhaps, in a country such as France, she did not, in that first youth, dare even to think of relinquishing the protection of a Prince of the blood. She was only fifteen when she was married—she told me that herself. How hard do I think her lot, to fall into hands she must ever have despised, and so to be entangled in them as not to dare shew to the world, in the only way the world would believe her, the abhorrence of her mind to the character of her patron, by quitting a roof under which she could not live without censure!

The subject, however, was so nice, it was difficult to discuss, and I wished much to avoid it, since there was so much that I could not explain without apparent concessions against my own case, which he instantly seized, and treated as actual concurrences. He praised her as much as I praised her myself, and I found he admired her with as sincere a warmth: but though we agreed thus far, and yet farther, in thinking all that might be wrong in her was venial, we differed most essentially in our opinions of what that wrong might be. He thought her positively fallen, yet with circumstances claiming every indulgence. I thought her positively saved, yet with circumstances authorising suspicion.

I tried what was possible to fly from this disquisition, but I found I had one to deal with not easy to control.

He kept it up, forcibly and steadily, till I was compelled to be silent to his assertions, from want of proof beyond opinion for answering them.

He then proceeded to a general vindication of the victims to such sort of situations, in which I could by no means concur; but when I resisted he startled me by naming as individuals amongst them some characters of whom I had conceived far superior notions. I heard him quite with grief, and I will not write their names. I cannot look upon him as a detractor, and I saw him by no means severe in his exactions from female virtue: I gave, therefore, and give, implicit credit to his information, though I gave not, and give not, any to his inferences and general comments.

"Depend upon it," said he, "with whatever prejudice, and even just prejudice, you may look upon these fallen characters at large, and considered in a class, you will generally find them, individually, amongst the most amiable of your sex: I had almost said amongst the most virtuous; but amongst those who possess the greatest virtues, though not every virtue, undoubtedly. Their own sweetness and sensibility will generally have been the sole source of their misconduct."

I could neither agree nor dispute upon such a subject with such an antagonist, and I took my usual resource, of letting the argument die away for want of food with which to nourish it.

I did not fare the better, however, by the next theme, to which the death of this led us: Religion.

There is no topic in the world upon which I am so careful how I speak seriously as this. By "seriously" I do not mean gravely, but with earnestness; mischief here is so easily done, so difficultly reformed. I have made it, therefore, a rule through my life never to talk

in detail upon religious opinions, but with those of whose principles I have the fullest conviction and highest respect. It is therefore very, very rarely I have ever entered upon the subject but with female friends or acquaintances, whose hearts I have well known, and who would be as unlikely to give as to receive any perplexity from the discourse. But with regard to men, I have known none with whom I have willingly conferred upon them, except Dr. Johnson, Mr. Lock, and Mr. Smelt, and one more.

My companion was urgent to enter into a controversy which I was equally urgent to avoid; and I knew not whether most to admire or to dread the skill and capacity with which he pursued his purpose, in defiance of my constant retreat. When, in order to escape, I made only light and slight answers to his queries and remarks, he gravely said I led him into "strange suspicions" concerning my religious tenets; and when I made to this some rallying reply, he solemnly declared he feared I was a "mere philosopher" on these subjects, and totally incredulous with regard to all revealed religion.

This was an attack which even in pleasantry I liked not, as the very words gave me a secret shock. I therefore then spoke to the point, and frankly told him that subjects which I held to be so sacred, I made it an invariable rule never to discuss in casual conversations.

"And how, ma'am," said he, suddenly assuming the authoritative seriousness of his professional character and dignity, "and how, ma'am, can you better discuss matters of this solemn nature than now, with a man to whom their consideration peculiarly belongs?—with a clergyman?"

True, thought I; but I must better be apprised of

your principles, ere I trust you with debating mine!—Yet, ashamed to decline so serious a call, I could only make a general answer, that as I was very well satisfied at present, I did not wish to make myself unnecessary difficulties by any discussions whatsoever.

"And why unnecessary, ma'am? Do you fear to sift your opinions?"

"No—but I want them not to be sifted by others."

"And upon what principle do you decline to have them examined?"

"Because I see not any good in such an examination to others; and for myself, I am clear and satisfied—and what should I aim at more?"

"Upon what grounds are you satisfied, ma'am?"

Fairly afraid of him, and conscious that one serious answer would draw on as many more as he pleased, I honestly told him I must beg to decline at once a subject in which no good could accrue to him, and none that I knew was likely to accrue to myself.

A little affronted, he somewhat haughtily said, "You disdain then, ma'am, to enter into this topic with me?"

"No, sir, not with you particularly; but I love not to talk upon controversial points with anybody."

"Are you a Catholic, ma'am?"

"No, indeed!"

"If you take your religion upon faith, and without venturing at any investigation, what else can you call yourself?"

Again I made what slight answers I could suggest, struggling with all my might to fly from the theme entirely; and when at last I fairly assumed courage to declare I would say no more upon it, he raised his hands and eyes, and with an air of being greatly consternated protested—

"By all, then, that I can gather, I see and can infer but one of these two things—either that you are a Roman Catholic, or an *esprit fort!*"

Even this, however, would not provoke me to the controversy—though it provoked me with the logician, I frankly confess; and nothing but predetermined steadiness upon this point could have guarded me, in such an attack, from any intricacy or labyrinth into which he might have amused himself by leading me.

These were the principal features of our *tête-à-tête*, which left me unsettled as ever in my notions of my companion.

When, afterwards, I attended the Queen, she inquired of me particularly how the journey had passed, and if it was not very pleasant? I made some short and general answer; and she cried "Did you read? Did Mr. Turbulent read to you?"

"No, ma'am, we had no provision of that sort: I heartily wish I had thought of it; I should have liked it exceedingly."

"But surely you do not like reading better than conversation!"

"No, ma'am—not better than some conversation."

"Surely not better than Mr. Turbulent's? Nobody converses better than Mr. Turbulent; nobody has more general knowledge, nor a more pleasing and easy way of communicating it."

Fearing to do mischief, I assented—but faintly however, for indeed he had perplexed far more than he had pleased me. The Queen again made his panegyric, and in very warm terms, and seemed quite disappointed at the coldness of my concurrence.

Good there must be, I was sure, in a man so honoured, who for many years has been tried in his present try-

ing situation, of teacher to the elder Princesses, and occasionally to her Majesty herself. I resolved, therefore, to suspend the judgment which was inclining on the evil side, and to wait undecided till further opportunity gave me fairer reasons for fixing my opinions.

The Princess Royal was nearly recovered on our return. Miss Planta came to dinner with me: so did Mr. Turbulent. Much was said about Colonel Welbred. I made such answers when he was named as left it still in the dark that we had never met, for I dreaded some introducing scheme from Mr. Turbulent that might seize out of my hands the only remaining chance of gaining to my own disposal the evenings spent at Windsor in Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence.

He left us after dinner to visit this Colonel, who stands in his favour the highest of all the equerries.

At tea-time Mr. Turbulent returned in very high spirits, and quite a different man from the importunate casuist who had alarmed and tormented me in the coach.

When the tea was brought, and I was preparing to make it,—

"Have you sent, ma'am," he cried, "to Colonel Welbred?"

"No, I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"But, do you not know, ma'am, the honourable customs of this house, and that the gentlemen here are always invited to the ladies?"

I tried to laugh this off; but he pursued it, till Miss Planta, quite teazed, begged he would not trouble his head about the matter, but leave me to manage as I pleased.

Turning upon her very short, "What is your objection," he cried, "Miss Planta?"

Miss Planta, surprised, and a little intimidated, disclaimed having any.

Mercy! thought I, what an imperious esquire is this to whom we are committed! And this was just the thought that gave me courage to determine against yielding to him.

Turning then again to me, he said, with a very courteous bow,—

"Will you depute me, ma'am, to fetch the Colonel?"

"By no means, sir! I would not give you that trouble."

"Shall you send him a message, then, ma'am?"

"No, sir," cried I very steadily.

"And why not, ma'am?" cried he in the same tone.

Miss Planta then again broke forth, asking him why in the world he could not be content with minding his own affairs?

With an adroitness of raillery, against which she had not the smallest chance, he retorted the question upon her. Again she was silenced; and again he renewed his application.

"You will not make the tea, ma'am, and leave the Colonel out?"

"I have never had the Colonel in, Sir, and therefore there is nothing peculiar in the omission."

"And why, ma'am?—why have you not? There cannot be a more amiable man—a man of manners, person, address, appearance, and conversation—more pleasing—more enchanting, ma'am."

"I don't at all doubt it, sir."

"Shall I fetch him, then?"

"No, sir."

"*Vous avez donc peur?*"

"Now, if you would but let him alone!" cried Miss Planta; "he does not want to come."

"And how do you know that, Miss Peggy Planta?"

Again poor Miss Planta was silenced; but soon after, with an impatience that she could not repress, she declared that if Colonel Welbred had wished to come he would have made his appearance the first evening.

This was a most unfortunate speech. Mr. Turbulent seized upon it eagerly, and said he now perceived the motive to so much shyness, which was all the effect of resentment at the Colonel's apparent backwardness.

I protested against this warmly, but to no purpose; and all that fell from the too eager zeal of Miss Planta in my service seemed but to confirm his pretended new explanation.

"However, ma'am," he continued, "if you will suffer me to fetch him, he will soon satisfy you with his apologies. I do assure you he only waits an invitation: when I asked him if he was not coming up to tea, he said he had not the pleasure to know Miss Burney, and could not take the liberty to intrude upon her."

I was now satisfied that General Budé had given him a hint of the new construction of the tea-table: I therefore earnestly begged Mr. Turbulent to permit me to have my own arrangement in my own way, and only to be quiet, and forbear any interference of any sort in the business; and after much opposition he submitted to my request.

* * * * *

At night I had an opportunity to speak to the Queen upon the subject of my visits and acquaintance, but I knew not how to introduce it abruptly; and therefore, only just as she had wished me good night, with her usual gracious bow of the head, I begged to know whether, when she should be a little at leisure, she would condescend to allow me to make her a little harangue, all about my own little self?—She seemed

surprised and curious, but gave an immediate assent, and in a manner extremely encouraging.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21ST.—To-day I had the honour of a very long conference with her Majesty, upon my own affairs and proceedings. She sent for me at noon, and with the greatest complacency desired me to explain what I had meant the preceding evening.

I came immediately to the point: I told her that there was nothing I more earnestly coveted than the high honour of her own personal directions, with regard to the acquaintance it might now be proper for me to keep or decline, and, for the time to come, to make or to refuse.

I saw instantly by her manner the importance she annexed to this subject: she treated it, at once, as a matter of serious concern, and entered upon it with the most ready concurrence to discuss it fully. My acquaintance, hitherto, I frankly told her, was not only very numerous, but very mixed, taking in not only most stations in life, but also most parties.

To this last word she gave the deepest attention, and gave me, upon that subject, the most open opinions. I must not here enter into them, as they were all necessarily interspersed with names and characters of whom she could not speak with unmixed praise, if with praise at all. But I found her liberal and noble-minded, beyond what I had conceived her rank and limited connections could have left her, even with the fairest endowments from her early nature; and many things dropped from her, in relation to parties and their consequences, that shewed a feeling so deep upon the subject, joined to a lenity so noble towards the individuals composing it, that she drew tears from my eyes in several instances.

I begged her permission to assure her that, for myself, I would form no connection, and make no acquaintance, but with her consent; nor even maintain those already made and formed, but by her knowledge: and I entreated her leave to constantly mention to her whomsoever I saw, or desired to see, that I might have the undoubted satisfaction of a security that I could run no risk, in the only way I feared it—that of ignorance.

She gave a pleased, though only tacit assent, but I saw that the proposal met with her entire approvance.

I told her of the two notes of Lady Rothes; and she cheerfully assured me her acquaintance was perfectly what she should approve my cultivating.

In the conclusion, with a high and just panegyric upon Mr. Smelt, she desired that whenever I had any perplexity with respect to this subject, I would consult with him, and abide by his counsel.

This was extremely pleasant to me; his wisdom, his goodness. and his long experience in a court, all concurring to make him the most desirable, as well as able, adviser that, in this situation, I can have. And here, most graciously on her side, and much satisfied on mine, the conference ended.

JANUARY 22ND.—We returned early to town, Mr. Turbulent, Miss Planta, and myself; and I had the gratification of a very long visit from Mr. Smelt, to whom I communicated, in full detail, my whole conference with her Majesty. The important charge devolving on himself in its conclusion made it necessary to acquaint him with all its circumstances.

You may imagine him not insensible to such a trust from the Queen. I ran over to him, in brief, the names of all those who yet desired, openly, the renewal or continuance of intercourse, and we discussed at large

their several recommendations or defects for visiting under the Royal roof.

I name none now, the Queen's opinions being deeply involved in all that passed; but the general directions and counsel of Mr. Smelt, which I have scrupulously observed ever since, were, in abridgment, these:—

That I should see nobody at all but by appointment. This, as he well said, would obviate, not only numerous personal inconveniences to myself, but prevent alike surprises from those I had no leave to admit, and repetitions of visits from others who might inadvertently come too often. He advised me to tell this to my father, and beg it might be spread, as a settled part of my situation, among all who inquired for me.

That I should see no fresh person whatsoever without an immediate permission from the Queen, nor any party, even amongst those already authorised, without apprising her of such a plan.

That I should never go out without an immediate application to her, so that no possible inquiry for me might occasion surprise or disappointment.

These, and other similar ties, perhaps, had my spirits been better, I might less readily have acceded to: as it was, I would have bound myself to as many more.

At length, however, even then, I was startled when Mr. Smelt, with some earnestness, said, "And, with respect to your parties, such as you may occasionally have here, you have but one rule for keeping all things smooth, and all partisans unoffended, at a distance—which is, to have *no men—none!*"

I stared a little, and made no answer.

"Yes," cried he, "Mr. Locke may be admitted; but him singly. Your father, you know, is of course."

Still I was silent: after a pause of some length, he plumply—yet with an evidently affected unmeaningness, said, "Mr. Cambridge—as to Mr. Cambridge"—

I stopped him short at once; I dared not trust to what might follow, and eagerly called out "Mr. Cambridge, sir, I cannot exclude! So much friendship and kindness I owe, and have long owed him, that he would go about howling at my ingratitude, could I seem so suddenly to forget it!"

My impetuosity in uttering this surprised, but silenced him; he said not a word more, nor did I.

I agreed to invite Lady Rothes for next Thursday, and only Mrs. and Miss Ord to meet her. And then, with a repetition of the rules I have mentioned, our conference concluded.

JANUARY 23RD.—A singular circumstance happened this evening, and one which I am sure will please you both to hear. While I was in Mrs. Schwellenberg's room, with only Mrs. Planta and herself, Mr. Griffith was announced, and who should I see enter but the very clergyman to whom I had been so much obliged on the birth-night!

I started, and so did he, and he could not make his bow to Mrs. Schwellenberg till he received my compliments, of thanks for his good offices, and of pleasure in this opportunity to make them to him.

The accident that brought him here will, I hope, turn out to his advantage. He has a sister in the household, as laundress to the Princesses; and she is a great favourite with Mrs. Schwellenberg. This brother has some small living, but greatly requires something more; and he came to-night to read to Mrs. Schwellenberg, that she might make some report of him,—to whom or how I know not, but surely my best wishes

must accompany him. He had not at all, he said, known me, till he went upstairs to inquire Mrs. Haggerdorn's direction, and then he heard my own name, which had much surprised him.

Mrs. Schwellenberg speedily desired him to read; and had a standing desk procured him, such as is used by the readers to the Queen, who are not, of course, allowed to sit down.

"What book is it to be, ma'am," cried he; "something interesting, I hope!"

"No," cried she, "I won't have nothing what you call novels, what you call romances, what you call histories—I might not read such what you call stuff,—not I!"

The good Mrs. Planta, who is an excellent old woman, a Swiss or Italian by birth, and cheerful, gay, social, and good-humoured, evidently feared I should look upon this speech as a personal reflection; and therefore, to soften it, said "O Miss Burney! what pretty book you write! I cry at it! I cry just like littel baby!—And then I laugh so!—O you would think me mad, for an old woman to laugh so!"

I tried to stop her, but Mr. Griffith seized the moment to exclaim, "How little did I think, the other night, that the lady I had the honour to attend to her chair was the Miss Burney from whom I had received such pleasure!"

I begged him to read, and the book was brought: it was Josephus, which is the only book in favour at present, and serves for all occasions, and is quoted to solve all difficulties.

January 24th.—I went in the morning to see my sweet Mrs. Delany, whom I had not for a long, long time been able to behold. I found her in bed and ill.

I was cruelly alarmed; she wept bitterly—bitterly I say, for her tears of kind joy in my return to her were embittered indeed by personal sorrows and afflictions of the most poignant sort. Dear and venerable Mrs. Delany!—what on earth can be so affecting as to see excellence and age such as hers bowed down by personal ill-usage and ingratitude, from those who are most bound to cherish and revere her!—yet such has been her hard lot through all the latter period of her long and exemplary life!

I stayed to my last moment, and left her more calm, and promised to see her, now I was myself well again, almost daily. For, since the birth-day, I had been much indisposed till now.

The Queen, in the morning, when I chanced to be alone with her, read to me a new poem of Mr. Jerningham's, upon the death of his mother. It is very pretty.

The King, whom I saw at St. James's, was so gracious as to tell me the concern the Queen had expressed at seeing me frightened and low-spirited for dear Mrs. Delany. How doubly welcome to me her condescension when so communicated! They were both of them in the greatest anxiety about her.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26TH.—After a short but very pleasing visit this morning from the Bishop of Worcester, I accompanied Miss Planta and Mr. Turbulent to Windsor.

The journey was very different to the last, and Mr. Turbulent appeared in a new character. Lamentation and murmuring upon the ill-condition of human life filled up the sum of all that he troubled himself to say. Youth, he averred, was the only season of possible happiness, and that, once flown, nothing but pain, mortification, and sorrow, remained for mortal man.

Every tendency to misanthropy makes me sad or angry, and Mr. Turbulent, for whose happiness I was not sufficiently interested, though I wished him well, to be sad, nor with whose circumstances I was sufficiently acquainted to know his situation well enough to be angry, gave me a feeling something between concern and disapprobation, that by no means helped to lighten the present journey, or to brighten the prospects of those to come.

Miss Planta said almost nothing; she has a very useful understanding, but no powers of entertainment.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27TH.—To-day, in the Queen's room, Mr. Turbulent most suddenly and unexpectedly made his peace with me for all his hitherto offences. While her Majesty's hair was dressing, the King returned from his hunt, and entered her dressing-room. He began talking of the death of Mr. Maty, and the vacancy at the Museum. He sent in for Mr. Turbulent and M. de Luc, who were both in waiting for the Queen's commands. He then talked over the affair with them both, as both were much acquainted with Mr. Maty.

The first moment there was a pause, Mr. Turbulent, in French, which they always choose he should speak with them, said "that there had been *une belle action* performed, upon the death of Mr. Maty, by M. Burney, *frère de Mademoiselle*."

The King eagerly asked what it was, looking suddenly towards me; and the Queen, instantly rising, and casting upon me one of her sweetest smiles, approached him to hear more distinctly.

Mr. Turbulent then related the little circumstance, that Charles, on the death of Mr. Maty, and the distress

of his widow, insisted upon taking the only son under his care, without any recompense but his pleasure in bringing up the son of an eminent scholar, who bequeathed not fortune sufficient for his education.

I knew the fact, but never hoped to have had it so proclaimed. Poor Charles!—I trembled and glowed alternately with surprise and pleasure at this recital. It was received with every mark of approbation, and I know it will not be forgotten when his name recurs.

Mr. Turbulent told it, also, in terms the most flattering, adorning the little narration with his best ornaments of language and manner.

Is it, thought I, from the misanthrope of yesterday that flows this good-nature to-day?—For no one knows better the weight of a little anecdote thus told, and nobody knows more how rarely, for the relatives of others, such anecdotes are told at all.

At last, then, thought I, the good is coming. I did well to wait a little patiently, I see now it is at hand.

In the evening I read Mr. Hastings's Memoirs of India, and the Memoir of the Son of the Mogul in his visit to Mr. Hastings, when Governor-General of Bengal. Mr. Hastings's Memoirs are too imperfect and unfinished to be satisfactory, and seem by no means meant for publication: in parts they are nervous and interesting, but upon the whole obscure, and insufficient for their purpose and promise.

The Memoir of the Mogul's Son, which is subjoined, is truly curious, and paints the notions and gives the terms of the Eastern Court, in a stronger and more minute manner than any tract I have chanced to meet

with before. I am sure Mr. Locke would be pleased with reading it.

Sunday, January 28th.—I was too ill to go to church. I was now, indeed, rarely well enough for any thing but absolute and unavoidable duties; and those were still painfully and forcibly performed.

I had only Miss Planta for my guest, and when she went to the Princesses I retired for a quiet and solitary evening to my own room. But here, while reading, I was interrupted by a tat-tat at my door. I opened it, and saw Mr. Turbulent. I saw upon his face, at the first glance, a look of doubt as to his reception: but it soon vanished, for though *he*, at that moment, forgot, *I* instantly recollected, his good office concerning Charles; and I gave him, therefore, the first smile of welcome he ever received from me.

He was not backward in perceiving or accepting it: he came forward, and began a gay and animated conversation, with a flow of spirits and good-humour which I had never observed in him before.

His darling Colonel was the subject that he still harped upon; but it was only with a civil and amusing raillery, not, as before, with an overpowering vehemence to conquer. Probably, however, the change in myself might be as observable as in him,—since I now ceased to look upon him with that distance and coldness which hitherto he had uniformly found in me.

I must give you a little specimen of him in this new dress.

After some general talk,

"When, ma'am," he said, "am I to have the honour of introducing Colonel Welbred to you?"

"Indeed, I have not settled that entirely!"

"Reflect a little, then, ma'am, and tell me. I only wish to know when."

"Indeed to tell you that is somewhat more than I am able to do; I must find it out myself, first."

"Well, ma'am, make the inquiry as speedily as possible, I beg. What say you to now? shall I call him up?"

"No, no,—pray let him alone."

"But will you not, at least, tell me your reasons for this conduct?"

"Why, frankly, then,—if you will hear them and be quiet, I will confess them."

I then told him, that I had so little time to myself, that to gain even a single evening was to gain a treasure; and that I had no chance but this. "Not," said I, "that I wish to avoid him, but to break the custom of constantly meeting with the Equerries."

"But it is impossible to break the custom, ma'am; it has been so always: the tea-table has been the time of uniting the company, ever since the King came to Windsor."

"Well, but every thing now is upon a new construction. I am not positively bound to do every thing Mrs. Haggerdorn did, and his having drank tea with her will not make him conclude he must also drink tea with me."

"No, no, that is true, I allow. Nothing that belonged to her can bring conclusions round to you. But still, why begin with Colonel Welbred? You did not treat Colonel Goldsworthy so?"

"I had not the power of beginning with him. I did what I could, I assure you."

"Major Price, ma'am?—I never heard you avoided him."

"No; but I knew him before I came, and he knew much of my family, and indeed I am truly sorry that I shall now see no more of him. But Colonel Welbred and I are mutually strangers."

"All people are so at first; every acquaintance must have a beginning."

"But this, if you are quiet, we are most willing should have none."

"Not he, ma'am—he is not so willing; he wishes to come. He asked me, to-day, if I had spoke about it."

I disclaimed believing this; but he persisted in asserting it, adding "For he said if I had spoke he would come."

"He is very condescending," cried I, "but I am satisfied he would not think of it at all, if you did not put it in his head."

"Upon my honour you are mistaken; we talk just as much of it down there as up here."

"You would much oblige me if you would *not* talk of it,—neither *there* nor *here*."

"Let me end it, then, by bringing him at once!"

"No, no, leave us both alone: he has his resources and his engagements as much as I have; we both are best as we now are."

"But what can he say, ma'am? Consider his confusion and disgrace! It is well known, in the world, the private life that the Royal Family live at Windsor, and who are the attendants that belong to them; and when Colonel Welbred quits his waiting—three months' waiting—and is asked how he likes Miss Burney, he must answer *he has never seen her!* And what, ma'am, has Colonel Welbred done to merit such a mortification?"

It was impossible not to laugh at such a statement

of the case; and again he requested to bring him directly. "One quarter of an hour will content me; I only wish to introduce him—for the sake of his credit in the world; and when once you have met, you need meet no more; no consequences whatever need be drawn to the detriment of your solitude!"

I begged him to desist, and let us both rest.

"But have you, yourself, ma'am, no curiosity—no desire to see Colonel Welbred?"

"None in the world."

"If, then, hereafter you admit any other equerry—"

"No, no, I intend to carry the *new construction* throughout."

"Or if you suffer any one else to bring you Colonel Welbred."

"Depend upon it I have no such intention."

"But if any other more eloquent man prevails—"

"Be assured there is no danger!"

"Will you, at least, promise I shall be present at the meeting?"

"There will be no meeting."

"You are certainly, then, afraid of him?"

I denied this, and, hearing the King's supper called, he took his leave; though not before I very seriously told him that, however amusing all this might be as pure *badinage*, I should be very earnestly vexed if he took any steps in the matter without my consent.

MONDAY, JANUARY 29TH.—This morning an unusually early summons to the Queen made me scamper out of my room without any cap on, with my hair just dressed, no gloves, and my girdle in my hand, which I meant to buckle as I ran along the gallery; and in this manner, as I darted out of my room, full speed, to

gallop on, I was suddenly met by one of the Windsor Uniforms!—Colonel Welbred, I conclude.

Ashamed both of my violent speed, and my unfinished appearance, instantly and involuntarily I turned round, and ran back to my own room. What he might think of such a flight I know not; but it was provoking altogether.

When Miss Planta came to me, previous to our journey back, she spoke very seriously about Mr. Turbulent, and said she saw he was bent upon thwarting all my schemes of privacy, and that she had been arguing with him, in the other room, till she was quite weary, in vain. She advised me to be more peremptory with him; but I knew my attempt was a real innovation, and I could not therefore proceed in so authoritative a mode. I saw, too, by yesterday's dialogue, that he was far more conquerable by an easy kind of raillery than by argument and opposition; and now that I saw this, I began to wish she would quiet her zeal, kind as it was, and leave the matter to me.

At the appointed hour of departure he came, and almost instantly exclaimed "Have you seen Colonel Welbred, ma'am?"

"What should make you think I have?" cried I.

"Because he just now ran after me, saying, 'Pray do tell me what Miss Burney is dressed in!'—so I presumed you had met."

I gave him no satisfactory answer, and he now very sedately said he should make the introduction as we went to the carriage, for Colonel Welbred was in waiting in the gallery.

I was glad to be informed of his intention, for now I resolved not to move till he should be out of the way.

Miss Planta entered into my scheme, and even went

out, from time to time, to see if he were still in the way: nor would I stir till she assured me the coast was clear.

Mr. Turbulent, thus defeated, was almost provoked into running to the Equerry-room to call him, after handing us into the carriage; but we forced him to follow. He repined all the way, accusing me of mere coquetry or singularity; and compelling me to laugh, through all his complaints and charges, by very earnestly exclaiming "When we are all so agreeable, why should we not live together?"

He protested, further, that as he now liked not to quit either of the tea-tables, it was a weighty distress to him what to do in the evenings; and there was no way to make him content but by uniting them. He talked incessantly the whole way of the Colonel, who, he told us, had invited him to go in the Equerry-coach, but he would not leave us. I entreated him never to stand upon that ceremony, but, since Colonel Welbred was as desirous of his company as he could be of the Colonel for a companion, I begged him, without scruple, to attend him in future.

No, he declared himself as free from wish as from intention to make any such change: yet the name of Colonel Welbred was never out of his mouth.

When our horses stopped at Hounslow, to water, the Equerry-coach overtook us, and stopped also. Mr. Turbulent protested there could be no better spot for the interview, and that he would fetch the Colonel to the coach door. I absolutely refused to let him even put down the glass at my side. He let down the glass at the opposite side, and stood up, to look out from it; and then, as I heard afterwards from Miss Planta, he beckoned the Colonel to advance to us. The Colonel,

however, had more grace than to accept such an invitation.

When, afterwards, the carriages passed each other, he wanted again to let down the glass: but I positively forbade it. He was not, however, to be kept in order: he not only bowed, with a most expressive smile, to the passing Colonel, but kissed his hand to him, and motioned it towards me, as if pointing me out to him!

I was a good deal provoked, yet the whole was too ridiculous for any thing but laughter.

And thus, during this whole journey, in a nother new character appeared Mr. Turbulent! For nothing did he seem, more or less, than a mere mischievous *polisson*, from its beginning to its end!

JANUARY 30TH.—I had a visit, extremely distressing to me, from a stranger, who came with a petition for the Queen. The petition was from Elinor de C——, the last of one of the oldest English noble families, who was confined at Exeter for debt. The story, with many interesting circumstances, was related to me by Lady Lumm, who had been this unfortunate lady's friend from her earliest years. I promised to do what I could, and I gave her the best counsel my little experience in these matters furnished me with, for altering the petition, and adding and omitting such things as I conceived, from her narration, might do good or mischief to her cause.

Lady Lumm prepared and brought me the petition: but I found I had done wholly wrong in accepting and presenting it. The Queen, though with great gentleness, informed me of my error, and now frankly told me, that of the many I had presented her, there was not one that I ought not to have refused, as it was

singly the place of the Lord Chamberlain to receive and mention them.

I was extremely sorry for this intelligence, though given with every lenient expression to soften its prohibition; but I considered with grief the disappointment and mortification of which it must be productive to so many solicitors.

When I saw poor Lady Lumm, this information was a thunderbolt to her. However, she carried the petition, by my advice, to Lord Aylesbury; and thither I now directed all who applied to me.

She has had, however, no success: the petition was for a pension, and a pension can now only be granted by the Parliament, which has already a list of expectants too long for present addition.

Since this time I have ventured no more to interfere —but I have had several very afflicting scenes with those whom I have been compelled to refuse. Nothing can be more painful: yet the poor Queen is so overwhelmed with these prayers and pleadings, that she touched me much by saying, upon this very occasion —"If I listen to many more I must want a pension for myself!"

The calls and claims upon their Majesties are indeed tremendous, and how they answer to them in any degree according to the expectations with which they are made, is a real surprise to me, since I have lived under their roof, and seen their expenses, and been somewhat informed of the insufficiency of their means.

PART VIII.

1787.

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PART VIII.

1787.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST.—During the drawing-room, Mr. Smelt called upon me; he informed me that Mrs. Montagu had applied to him for instructions how she might come to me. To be sure application was never more judiciously made. He answered, according to our covenant, that I was only visible by appointment; and he promised me to meet her at my apartment when I should be able to name a time. I determined to wait the arrival of Mr. Locke and my Fredy, that I might have something to recompense her civility and kindness when she honoured me with her company.

FEBRUARY 2ND.—In the morning I had a visit from the new knight, Sir Robert Strange, who was so kind as to give me a proof plate of his print of the two little Princes, Octavius and Alfred.

Miss Planta came to tea, and we went together to the eating-parlour, which we found quite empty. Mr. Turbulent's studious table was all deserted, and his books laid waste; but in a very few minutes he entered again, with his arms spread wide, his face all glee, and his voice all triumph, calling out, "Mr. Smelt and Colonel Welbred desire leave to wait upon Miss Burney to tea?"

A little provoked at this determined victory over my

will and my wish, I remained silent,—but Miss Planta broke forth into open upbraidings:

"Upon my word, Mr. Turbulent, this is really abominable; it is all your own doing—and if I was Miss Burney I would not bear it!"—and much more, till he fairly gave her to understand she had nothing to do with the matter.

Then, turning to me, "What am I to say, ma'am? am I to tell Colonel Welbred you hesitate?"

"No, no; but why in the world have you done this —so seriously as I begged you to be quiet?"

"And what harm have I done? It will be but for once—and what mischief can there be in your giving Colonel Welbred a dish of tea one single evening?"

"But will it be one single evening?"

"Unless you make it more, ma'am!"

"Indeed, Miss Burney," cried Miss Planta, "if I were you, I would not consent!"

"And what *reason* would you assign, Miss Peggy?"

This silenced poor Miss Planta; and I then questioned him whether he was not inventing this message, or whether it was really sent?

He protested he came upon the embassy fairly employed.

"Not *fairly*, I am sure, Mr. Turbulent! The whole is a device and contrivance of your own! Colonel Welbred would have been as quiet as myself, had you left him alone."

"Don't throw it all upon me, ma'am; 'tis Mr. Smelt. But what are they to think of this delay? are they to suppose it requires deliberation whether or not you can admit a gentleman to your tea-table?"

I begged him to tell me, at least, how it had passed, and in what manner he had brought his scheme about.

But he would give me no satisfaction; he only said "You refuse to receive him, ma'am?—shall I go and tell him you refuse to receive him?"

"O, no."

This was enough: he waited no fuller consent, but ran off. Miss Planta began a good-natured repining for me. I determined to fetch some work before they arrived; and in coming for it to my own room, I saw Mr. Turbulent, not yet gone downstairs. I really believe, by the strong marks of laughter on his countenance, that he had stopped to compose himself before he could venture to appear in the Equerry-room!

I looked at him reproachfully, and passed on; he shook his head at me in return, and hied down stairs.

I had but just time to rejoin Miss Planta when he led the way to the two other gentlemen: entering first, with the most earnest curiosity, to watch the scene. Mr. Smelt followed, introducing the Colonel.

I could almost have laughed, so ridiculous had the behaviour of Mr. Turbulent, joined to his presence and watchfulness, rendered this meeting; and I saw in Colonel Welbred the most evident marks of similar sensations: for he coloured violently on his entrance, and seemed in an embarrassment that, to any one who knew not the previous tricks of Mr. Turbulent, must have appeared really distressing. And, in truth, Mr. Smelt himself, little imagining what had preceded the interview, was so much struck with his manner and looks, that he conceived him to be afraid of poor little me, and observed, afterwards, with what "blushing diffidence" he had begun the acquaintance!

I, who saw the true cause through the effect, felt more provoked than ever with Mr. Turbulent, since I

was now quite satisfied he had been as busy with the Colonel about me, as with me about the Colonel.

He is tall, his figure is very elegant, and his face very handsome: he is sensible, well-bred, modest, and intelligent. I had always been told he was very amiable and accomplished, and the whole of his appearance confirmed the report.

The discourse was almost all Mr. Smelt's; the Colonel was silent and reserved, and Mr. Turbulent had resolved to be a mere watchman. The King entered early and stayed late, and took away with him, on retiring, all the gentlemen.

Certainly, were no consequences of future constraint to be apprehended, no one could be otherwise than pleased by the acquisition of such an acquaintance as Colonel Welbred; but my fears of other times told me that the exclusion to which *he* might have submitted contentedly, those who were every way his inferiors might always resent, unless such a precedent stood before them. However, it was over, and past remedy.

FEBRUARY 3RD.—As the tea hour approached, to-day, Mr. Turbulent grew very restless. I saw what was passing in his mind, and therefore forbore ordering tea; but presently, and suddenly, as if from some instant impulse, he gravely came up to me, and said "Shall I go and call the Colonel, ma'am?"

"No, sir!" was my Johnsonian reply.

"What, ma'am!—won't you give him a little tea?"

"No, no, no!—I beg you will be at rest!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and walked away; and Mr. Smelt, smiling, said, "Will you give *us* any?"

"O yes, surely!" cried I, and was going away to ring for the man.

I believe I have already mentioned that I had no

bell at all, except in my bed-room, and that only for my maid, whom I was obliged to summon first, like Smart's monkey—

> "Here, Betty!—Nan!—
> Go call the maid, to call the man!"

For Mrs. Haggerdorn had done without, twenty-six years, by always keeping her servant in waiting at the door. I could never endure inflicting such a hardship, and therefore had always to run to my bed-room, and wait the progress of the maid's arrival, and then of her search of the man, ere ever I could give him an order. A mighty tiresome and inconvenient ceremony.

Mr. Turbulent insisted upon saving me this trouble, and went out himself to speak to John. But you will believe me a little amazed, when, in a very few minutes, he returned again, accompanied by his Colonel!

My surprise brought the colour both into my own cheeks and those of my guests. Mr. Smelt looked pleased; and Mr. Turbulent, though I saw he was half afraid of what he was doing, could by no means restrain a most exulting smile, which was constantly in play during the whole evening.

Mr. Smelt instantly opened a conversation, with an ease and good breeding which drew every one into sharing it. The Colonel was far less reserved and silent, and I found him very pleasing, very unassuming, extremely attentive, and sensible and obliging.

The moment, however, that we mutually joined in the discourse, Mr. Turbulent came to my side, and, seating himself there, whispered that he begged my pardon for the step he had taken.

I made him no answer, but talked on with the Colonel and Mr. Smelt.

He then whispered me again, "I am now certain of your forgiveness, since I see your approbation!"

And when still I said nothing, he interrupted every speech to the Colonel with another little whisper, saying that his end was obtained, and he was now quite happy, since he saw he had obliged me!

At length he proceeded so far, with so positive a determination to be answered, that he absolutely compelled me to say I forgave him, lest he should go on till the Colonel heard him.

The King came soon after tea, and stayed, conversing chiefly with Mr. Smelt, for some time; he then summoned Mr. Turbulent to read to the Queen, and called the two gentlemen to join the audience.

FEBRUARY 4TH.—I spent the evening most sweetly with my beloved Mrs. Delany.

At night I chanced to be alone with the Queen and I had a very long and interesting conversation with her, on the subject of society and acquaintances. The poor *Sventurata* was much involved in it; and the Queen told me, with a marked displeasure towards her, that she was a friend to do more mischief than an enemy, by her extreme injudiciousness and officiousness; and then explained it was to myself she meant, whom her Majesty considered as injured rather than exalted by the style of praise which she bestows upon me in my absence.

I was very much surprised; and she soon condescended to be more explicit: acquainting me that this ill-judging friend, extolling me to all she could induce to hear her, constantly offered me to their acquaintance, of her own accord, and told them that the *charmante auteur de Cecile* was *vraiment l'héroine d'un roman!* And this, which to the Queen's cool judgment

sounds a character of romantic affectation and flightiness, was what she asserted of me so strongly after my first meeting with her, at Norbury Park, that her Majesty frankly told me she had conceived, from that time, an idea of me so little to her satisfaction, that it had taken from her all desire ever to see me, till she heard of me again from Mrs. Delany.

How curious an incident this to come to my knowledge, and how little did I imagine, when first I saw her Majesty at Mrs. Delany's, that a prejudice had been conceived against me so greatly disadvantageous! and how much less could I then foresee that it was so soon to give place to so voluntary a distinction!

She then added, that she thought such a character in the world as the heroine of a romance, so unjust and so injurious to me, that she designed interfering herself, and speaking to the *Sventurata*, in order to put a stop to such mistaken panegyric.

After this, which gave me real concern for the poor panegyrist, she questioned me concerning certain propositions which had been made to me by her, for enlarging my acquaintance, by adding to them her own.

I am all amazed, and all in the dark to this moment, who can have given her Majesty all this information!

I very honestly related, in brief, all that belonged to this subject; and received a candid caution, in return, to repulse these offers with uniform distance, lest I should be involved in a coterie of successive foreigners, dangerous in the consequences of their acquaintance, which might be productive of numberless inconveniences, and a variety of accounts of myself, that might travel abroad, and, however erroneous, becom public, and gain general credit.

Poor M. Bonneville, the poet, was here included,

and I readily promised, with regard to him and to all others, never to make or to receive an acquaintance that I did not first mention to her Majesty, that no one, through my means, might ever be brought under the Royal roof, from whom any danger might be previously apprehended.

In all this, my chief concern was for the poor *Sventurata*, whose imprudence has thus largely brought her into discredit and distrust. Who there is that thus betrays her I know not; but certainly she has some enemy who spares not to recount her failings.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH.—This morning I performed my self-promise with regard to Mr. Turbulent, for I made an application to the Queen that he might be permitted to travel, occasionally, with the Equerries.

She seemed so much surprised, that I hardly knew how to account for my request. I could not tell the fact, that he really was too boisterous for my spirits in their present state, nor yet that I wished to repress his self-consequence with respect to his services: I could only, therefore, put it upon his attachment to Colonel Welbred. She seemed to think it quite strange that I should be content to part with him, and spoke of his agreeable and entertaining faculties in conversation with very partial admiration. I concurred in allowing them, but accepted her tacit consent to the occasional separation.

I had now something to say to my Knight that I knew would keep him in some order. He came, at the usual hour of journey, with Miss Planta: I instantly expostulated on his not accompanying his Colonel, but added nothing more at that time, as I saw he was again in his humour *de misanthrope*, and could not

take such a moment to give him a dismission, which, unless *en badinant,* must be rude and affronting.

* * * * *

I am now reading the "Paston Family Original Letters," written in the wars of York and Lancaster. I had borrowed the first volume of my dear father: the second, by accident, I have not yet seen. I am much entertained with them. They do not bring forth anything very new in facts, or very striking in sentiments; but they contain much information on the manners and customs of the times, by the anecdotes and observations and directions incidentally interwoven with them. As they were not written for the public, no professed or formal instruction must be expected from them; and much allowance for insignificance and tautology must be made: but their antique air, their unstudied communication of the modes of those old times, not only in diction and in action, but in *thinking;* with their undoubted authenticity, render them, to me at least, interesting, curious, and informing.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH.—This little *partie* will not be the least welcome to my beloved readers, for it opens upon the first day that, since my abode royal, I was sensible of an internal sensation of returning tranquillity—the first day in which a little leisure was found, yet not seized upon for the indulgence of sadness.

I have, indeed, I thank God, now fairly and thoroughly formed my mind to my situation. I even think I now should do ill to change it: for though my content with it has been factitious, I believe it, in the main, suited to save me from more disturbance than it gives me.

This morning, soon after my breakfast, the Princess Royal came to fetch me to the Queen. She talked of Mrs. Delany all the way, and in terms of affection that can never fail to raise her in the minds of all who hear her.

The Queen was alone; and told me she had been so much struck with the Duke of Suffolk's letter to his son, in the Paston collection, that she wished to hear my opinion of it. She then condescended to read it to me. It is indeed both instructive and interesting. A conversation then took place, which lasted almost all the morning, and in which the Queen spoke at once so rationally and so feelingly, so openly and so wisely, upon the use and abuse of time, that she filled me with new admiration both of her parts and her disposition.

She was then so gracious, when she dismissed me, as to lend me the book, desiring me to have it sent back to her apartment when I went to dinner.

So great was her complacency, that I even ventured to speak to her of my own family concerns; namely, of the state of my household. John has become quite irreclaimable in foppery and forwardness, and a German, Frederic Ebers, had been-recommended to me, who the Queen promised me should have his character investigated, by the means of one of her own pages.

I had invited Mr. Bryant to dinner. He came an hour before, and I could not read Paston, but rejoiced the more in his living intelligence. We talked upon the Jew's Letters, which he had lent me. Have I mentioned them? They are a mighty well written defence of the Mosaic law and mission, and as orthodox for Christians as for Jews, with regard to their main tenor, which is to refute the infidel doctrine of Voltaire up to the time of our Saviour.

Before our dinner we were joined by Mr. Smelt; and the conversation was then very good. The same subject was continued, except where it was interrupted by Mr. Bryant's speaking of his own works, which was very frequently, and with a droll sort of simplicity that had a mixture of nature and of humour extremely amusing. He told us, very frankly, his manner of writing; he confessed that what he first committed to paper seldom could be printed without variation or correction, even to a single line: he copied everything over, he said, himself, and three transcribings were the fewest he could ever make do; but, generally, nothing went from him to the press under seven.

Afterwards, whilst we were in the midst of another subject, he suddenly made an interruption, to ask Mr. Smelt if he had got his work on Mythology?

Mr. Smelt, a little ashamed, confessed himself without it. 'Tis in four volumes quarto.

"I'll send it you, sir!" cried he with quickness, "I'll give it you!"

Mr. Turbulent and Miss Planta came to dinner, and it was very cheerful. Ere it was over John told me somebody wanted me. I desired they might be shewn to my room till the things were removed; but, as these were some time taking away, I called John to let me know who it was. "The Princess Royal, ma'am," was his answer, with perfect ease.

Up I started, ashamed and eager, and flew to her Royal Highness's instantly: and I found her calmly and quietly waiting, shut up in my room, without any candles, and almost wholly in the dark, except from the light of the fire!

I made all possible apologies, and doubled and trebled them upon her smilingly saying, "I would not

let them tell you who it was, nor hurry you, for I know 'tis so disagreeable to be called away in the middle of dinner!" And then, to reconcile me to the little accident, she took hold of both my hands.

She came to me from the Queen, about the Paston Letters, which John had not carried to the right page.

* * * * * *

Very soon after came the King, who entered into a gay disquisition with Mr. Bryant upon his school achievements; to which he answered with a readiness and simplicity highly entertaining.

"You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant," said the King; "but pray, for what were you most famous at school?"

We all expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer his—Latin Exercises: but no such thing!

"Cudgelling, sir. I was most famous for that."

While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularize his feats; though unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak, thin, feeble, little frame, whence issued the proclamation of his prowess, you can but very inadequately judge the comic effect of his big talk.

"Your Majesty, sir, knows General Conway? I broke his head for him, sir."

The shout which ensued did not at all interfere with the steadiness of his further detail.

"And there's another man, sir, a great stout fellow sir, as ever you saw—Dr. Gibbon of the Temple: I broke his head too, sir.—I don't know if he remembers it."

The King, afterwards, inquired about his present family, meaning his dogs, which he is famed for breed ing and preserving.

"Why, sir," he answered, "I have now only twelve. Once, I recollect, when your Majesty was so gracious as to ask me about them, I happened to have twenty-two; and so I told you, sir. Upon my word, sir, it made me very uneasy afterwards when I came to reflect upon it: I was afraid your Majesty might think I presumed to joke!"

The King then asked him for some account of the Marlborough family, with which he is very particularly connected; and desired to know which among the young Lady Spencers was his favourite.

"Upon my word, sir, I like them all! Lady Elizabeth is a charming young lady—I believe, sir, I am most in her favour; I don't know why, sir. But I happened to write a letter to the Duke, sir, that she took a fancy to; I don't know the reason, sir, but she begged it. I don't know what was in the letter, sir—I could never find out; but she took a prodigious fancy to it, sir."

The King laughed heartily, and supposed there might be some compliments to herself in it.

"Upon my word, sir," cried he, "I am afraid your Majesty will think I was in love with her! but indeed, sir, I don't know what was in the letter?"

Dr. H——, also, was talked over, and some of his peculiarities, of which it seems he has many, in matters of religion.

"Upon my word, sir," cried Mr. Bryant, "he is never of the same mind upon these points for four days together;—now he's one way, now another, always unsettled and changing, and never satisfied nor fixed. I tell him, as his religion was made before him, and not he before his religion, he ought to take it as he finds it, and be content to fit himself to that, not expect that to fit itself to him."

The converse went on in the same style, and the King was so much entertained by Mr. Bryant, that he stayed almost the whole evening. The Queen sent for Mr. Bryant, and all the party dispersed soon after.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH.—The usual trio assembled in my room for the usual expedition back to Windsor.

While I was dressing for dinner, I heard a step advancing in my parlour. I hastily shut my bedroom-door, and then heard the sweet voice of the Princess Augusta, saying, "It's only me, Miss Burney; I won't come in to disturb you." Out I rushed, all bepowdered, entreating her pardon: she said she only came for little Badine, but stayed chatting on some time, merely to recover me from the confusion of having seemed to shut her out.

The instant I was left alone with Mr. Turbulent he demanded to know my "*project for his happiness;*" and he made his claim in a tone so determined, that I saw it would be fruitless to attempt evasion or delay.

"Your captivity, then, Sir," cried I—"for such I must call your regarding your attendance to be indispensable—is at an end: the Equerry-coach is now wholly in your power. I have spoken myself upon the subject to the Queen, as you bid—at least, braved me to do; and I have now her consent to discharging you from all necessity of travelling in our coach."

He looked extremely provoked, and asked if I really meant to inform him I did not choose his company?

I laughed the question off, and used a world of civil argument to persuade him I had only done him a good

office: but I was fain to make the whole debate as sportive as possible, as I saw him disposed to be seriously affronted.

A long debate ensued. I had been, he protested, excessively ill-natured to him. "What an impression," cried he, "must this make upon the Queen! After travelling, with apparent content, six years with that oyster Mrs. Haggerdorn—now—now that travelling is become really agreeable—in that coach—I am to be turned out of it! How must it disgrace me in her opinion!"

She was too partial, I said, to "*that oyster*," to look upon the matter in such a degrading light; nor would she think of it at all, but as an accidental matter.

I then added, that the reason he had hitherto been destined to the female coach was, that Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn were always afraid of travelling by themselves; but that as I had more courage, there was no need of such slavery.

"Slavery!"—repeated he, with an emphasis that almost startled me,—"Slavery is pleasure—is happiness—when directed by our wishes!"

And then, with a sudden motion that made me quite jump, he cast himself at my feet, on both his knees—

"Your slave," he cried, "I am content to be! your slave I am ready to live and die!"

I begged him to rise, and be a little less rhapsodic. "I have emancipated you," I cried; "do not, therefore, throw away the freedom you have been six years sighing to obtain. You are now your own agent—a volunteer—"

"If I am," cried he, impetuously, "I dedicate myself to you!—A volunteer, ma'am, remember that! I dedicate myself to you, therefore, of my own accord,

for every journey! You shall not get rid of me these twenty years."

I tried to get away myself—but he would not let me move; and he began, with still increasing violence of manner, a most fervent protestation that he would not be set aside, and that he devoted himself to me entirely. And, to say the simple truth, ridiculous as all this was, I really began to grow a little frightened by his vehemence and his posture; till, at last, in the midst of an almost furious vow, in which he dedicated himself to me for ever, he relieved me, by suddenly calling upon Jupiter, Juno, Mars, and Hercules, and every god, and every goddess, to witness his oath. And then, content with his sublimity, he arose.

Was it not a curious scene? and have I not a curious fellow-traveller for my little journeys?

This sample of his behaviour in a *tête-à-tête* will not invite me to another with him: for though I think his rhodomontading as innocent as that of our cousin Richard, there is something in it now and then a little more violent than suits either my taste or my nerves.

The next day I had a very large evening party. Miss Emily Clayton I had invited, as Miss Planta was engaged; and she brought an aunt, Lady Harriet Conyers, who, with Lady Louisa Clayton, made me a visit previous to going to the Queen's rooms. Mr. Smelt brought not only the Colonel, but a nephew of the Colonel, who is at Eton, on the last form. Colonel Welbred, in the mildest manner, made many apologies, but declared Mr. Smelt had urged him to bring this nephew. I assured him Mr. Smelt had done perfectly well, and he came and sat by me; and an open and

pleasant converse, with Mr. Smelt for leader, passed during the rest of the evening. I liked him very much. I found him by no means the reserved character he had been represented: he is only shy in making and beginning an acquaintance, not backward in supporting it.

He spoke to me now of Captain Phillips; and told me he had been very much indebted to him for procuring him one of the best copies he ever saw of one of the portraits he most esteemed: it was Edward's, of his brother, from Romney.

He then gave a very entertaining account of some of the *wild-beast spectacles* in Germany. He had been to several at Vienna. My father speaks of them in his 'German Tour.' Several things which he told served to exalt the brute so much above the mortal man, that I almost sighed to hear him. The beasts are so urged, so provoked, to the combat, which by the man is undertaken deliberately and wilfully, that there was no listening to his relation without a conscious acknowledgment that the term brute, in those fights, might better have suited the animal with two feet. Unless they are just starved with forced hunger, they never, he declared, were the aggressors in these encounters.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH.—This morning I proposed to my fellow-travellers that we should begin our journey on foot. The wonderment with which they heard a proposal so new was diverting: but they all agreed to it; and though they declared that my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, would have thought the person fit for Bedlam who should have suggested such a plan, no one could find any real objection, and off we set, ordering the coach to proceed slowly after us.

The weather was delightful, and the enterprise served

to shorten and enliven the expedition, and pleased them all.

Mr. Turbulent began, almost immediately, an attack about his Colonel: upon quite a new ground, yet as restless and earnest as upon the old one. He now reproached my attention to him, protesting I talked to him continually, and spun out into an hour's discourse what might have been said in three minutes.

"And was it my spinning?" I could not forbear saying.

"Yes, ma'am; for you might have dropped it."

"How?—by not answering when spoken to?"

"By not talking to him, ma'am, more than to any one else."

"And pray, Mr. Turbulent, solve me, then, this difficulty: what choice has a poor female with whom she may converse? Must she not, in company as in dancing, take up with those who choose to take up with her?"

He was staggered by this question, and while he wavered how to answer it, I pursued my little advantage—

"No man, Mr. Turbulet, has any cause to be flattered that a woman talks with him, while it is only in reply; for though *he* may come, go, address or neglect, and do as he will,—she, let her think and wish what she may, must only follow as he leads."

He protested, with great warmth, he never heard any thing so proudly said in his life. But I would not retract.

"And now, ma'am," he continued, "how wondrous intimate you are grown! After such averseness to a meeting—such struggles to avoid him—what am I to think of the sincerity of that pretended reluctance?"

"You must think the truth," cried I; "that it was not the Colonel, but the Equerry, I wished to avoid; that it was not the *individual*, but the *official necessity* of receiving company, that I wished to escape."

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH (*continued*).—The Queen sent for me as soon as we arrived in town, and told me she had ordered the Box, that we might go to the Play. There is a Box appropriated for this purpose, whenever her Majesty chooses to command it: 'tis the Balcony-Box, just opposite to the King's Equerries, and consequently in full view of their Majesties and all their suite. Miss Goldsworthy, Miss Gomme, and Miss Planta, made the party, and Colonel Goldsworthy was our esquire.

The play was new, "Such Things Are," by Mrs. Inchbald; and it has great merit, I think, both in the serious and the comic parts.

It was a great pleasure to me to see the reception given by the public to the Royal Family: it was always, indeed, pleasant to me; but now it has so strong an additional interest, that to be in the house when they are present makes them become half the entertainment of the evening to me.

I had also, this day, a very gracious message from the King, to inquire if I should like to have my name down among the subscribers to the Tottenham Street Oratorio. Doubtless I accepted this condescension very willingly.

At night I had the gratification of talking over the play, in all its parts, with the Queen, who has a liberality and a justice in her judgments that make all discussions both easy and instructive with her.

I found many invitations awaiting me in town; among them from Lady Mary Duncan, Mrs. North,

Mrs. Robinson (who was Miss Harris), Miss Bowdler, Miss Bulls, and Lady Harris.

Madame La Fîte called upon me, and renewed her pleadings for M. Bonneville in the most urgent and distressing manner. I really cannot, if I would, receive foreigners or strangers, without a painful application for a reluctant leave, which I have neither courage nor inclination to solicit.

So far, however, I went, as to name this M. Bonneville to Her Majesty; but an immediate look of anxiety, and a general remark upon the extreme circumspection necessary to be observed with respect to all persons who were admitted under this roof, made me eagerly close my opening, by a protestation of the most scrupulous exactness upon that subject; and, with that, poor M. Bonneville was dropped! There might, she wisely said, be no harm in him; but we knew nothing of him, and there was no foreseeing the use that might be made, or the designs that might be formed, from visits of people who were strangers, and might mean to gather or invent intelligence, for purposes the most dangerous.

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I made a visit at this time to Mrs. Ord; and met Miss More, Miss Cholmley, Mr. Smelt, Captain Phillips, and my father: a very sweet party, and sweet evening.

I forget if I have mentioned that I had the satisfaction of settling to accompany Mrs. Ord to the Oratorios, during their whole six performances. The night before they began, His Majesty surprised me much by coming into my room, where he gave me a commission for Mr. Smelt respecting some tickets, and then inquired of me very particularly with whom I should go, and some

other questions, all kindly gracious and condescending.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25TH.—This was the first Sunday I spent in town. We never keep the Sabbath there, I find, but for the six Sundays in Lent, and during these the fatigue is very great, as I am obliged to be full dressed, in order to be at the Queen's apartment at St. James's between ten and eleven o'clock, though I have to prepare for two waitings upon the Queen before I go.

MONDAY, FEB. 26TH.—To-day—our travelling day—I was drawn into a species of trust with my companions that I had resolved from prudence steadily to avoid; but I was not proof against the discoveries of Mr. Turbulent. With respect to a certain lady, I had hitherto uniformly declined all discussion. The hard or coarse treatment I occasionally met with I had kept to myself, and accepted the intermediate better usage without making any remark whatsoever. Mr. Turbulent, however, this last week, had told Miss Planta he was in much concern, at a sight he had accidentally obtained of my poor phiz, when *tête-à-tête* in one of the Queen's rooms with this lady, and when I knew not, from short-sightedness, even that a door was ajar; though he, long-sighted and observant, had seen through it sufficiently to read all the depression of countenance which some immediate disagreeability had brought on.

Miss Planta had already informed me of this accident, which was vexatious enough. I had hitherto always tried to make them suppose that either I did well enough, or was unconcerned in doing otherwise. But there was no combating ocular proof. He put aside all his flights and his violences, and seemed hurt for me more than I could have supposed. I passed it all off as gaily as I could, but he touched me, I own,

when in a tone of the most compassionate regret at my lot, he exclaimed, "This, ma'am, is your colleague!—Who could ever have imagined it would have been Miss Burney's fate to be so coupled? Could you ever, ma'am, foresee, or suspect, or believe you should be linked to such a companion?"

No, thought I, indeed did I not! But to recover myself from the train of thoughts to which so home a question led, I frankly narrated some small circumstances, of a ludicrous and unimportant nature, which regarded this lady, with some of her domestics.

They were almost in fits of laughter; and Mr. Turbulent's compassion so fleeted away from the diversion of this recital, that he now only lamented I had not also known the other original colleague, that she too might have lived in my memory. I thank him much!

He had lately, he told me, had much conversation concerning me with Mr. Boswell. I feel sorry to be named or remembered by that biographical, anecdotical memorandummer, till his book of poor Dr. Johnson's life is finished and published. What an anecdote, however, did he tell me of that most extraordinary character! He is now an actual admirer and follower of Mrs. Rudd!—and avows it, and praises her extraordinary attractions aloud!

The King came into the room during coffee, and talked over Sir John Hawkins's "Life of Dr. Johnson" with great candour and openness. I have not yet read it.

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I have parted with my man John. His fopperies and forwardness were become even dangerous, in a situation such as mine, where the conduct of the servant may always be ascribed to the directions, the

approbation at least, of the mistress. He was very urgent to stay, offering any submission or reformation; but after repeated trials, and promises made and broken, I hired another man in the middle of this month —a German, named Frederick Ebers, and strongly recommended to me from various quarters.

I had but just got to my own room when this Frederick brought me compliments from Colonel Welbred and Major Price, with a request for admittance. I had already, and with great pleasure, heard that Major Price was just arrived, upon an invitation from the King, to spend a few days at the Lodge. I most readily desired to see them, and gave orders to have tea in the next room in half an hour's time; but I guessed not they were already at my own door, and Frederick, who knew nothing of my contrivances for keeping my own room to myself, brought them instantly in.

I was quite glad to see the Major, and told him how much I had regretted his resignation. We talked it all over very socially, and he protested nothing on earth but the visible decline of his health, and insufficiency of his strength for his office, could have induced him to a resignation which the King's constant graciousness to him had made particularly painful. He now lives entirely in the country, and keeps a small farm close to his eldest brother's estate.

When tea was ready I summond Miss Planta, and we adjourned, luckily before Mr. Turbulent returned from a walk. Had he surprised the two Equerries in my room, whence I so frequently turn him out, how would he have rioted! For I am now fairly obliged to turn him out two or three times in a day, so frequent are his visits, so little else has he to do in these short excur-

sions, and so much does he love to *make, give,* or *take* a little disturbance! I think this last sentence pictures him exactly.

We had a very cheerful evening, and one that renewed my concern for the loss of Major Price. He is so good, so upright, so sincere even in trifles, that it will not be easy to find him a successor who shall merit equal esteem.

FEB. 27TH.—To-day I had obtained leave for inviting Mr. Lightfoot to dinner again. Mr. de Luc, coming by accident, I believe, into my room, met him there; and imagine their mutual surprise and satisfaction when they saw each other, and told me that they had made acquaintance on the mountains of Wales, where both had been *naturalising* thirteen years ago, and had never seen each other since till this chance encounter in my room!

In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Royal, came into my room to have some botanical conversation with Mr. Lightfoot, who was made as happy as if he had been nominated Archbishop of Canterbury.

The moment they retired came a message with compliments from Major Price and Colonel Welbred, and a request from the latter to have leave to bring his nephew and Dr. Lind to tea with me.

After some general conversation, Colonel Welbred told me he had been much concerned at observing my frequent difficulties about a *Bell*, the want of which for my man occasioned me frequently to run into my own room to ring for my maid; and he had therefore taken the liberty to speak to Mr. Gray, the Surveyor-General upon the subject.

I thanked him for so very obliging and unexpected

an attention, but told him I had already vainly applied to Mr. Gray, who had declined doing any thing without the leave of the King, which I had not yet found an opportunity to beg.

"I know all that," answered he, smiling; and then added, *that the whole was settled,* for he had started the subject again with Mr. Gray in the King's hearing, and so made an opportunity of mentioning the difficulty.

Imagine my pleasure and amazement at this step: I assured him nothing possibly could be more useful to me; that there was nothing I had so long wished for with respect to convenience, and that I was very essentially obliged to him.

He then communicated to me various schemes he had been projecting for conducting this bell-wire to the man's apartment, "which you are not, perhaps," said he, "aware, is *near half a mile off!*" without causing any disturbance by the way.

When the King came he condescended to take much notice of Mr. Lightfoot; and I believe that worthy and very ingenious man has seldom passed so pleasant a day. The Major, however—and well he deserves the distinction—had His Majesty's chief attention. Indeed the King is quite grieved at losing him. I told Colonel Welbred I wanted to find out some new place of less fatigue, to bring him back again to the family; but I could think of nothing to propose, except *Backgammon player to His Majesty*—a post which no one fills so much to the King's satisfaction.

I had a little discussion with Mr. de Luc: he began, upon our being left together one day, a very warm ex-

hortation, upon my not spending more time with Mrs. Schwellenberg. I immediately answered that I spent far more than, upon my entering under the royal roof, I had ever meant to do. Extremely surprised, he hinted to me that I ought to be more guarded, and to attend better to my interest, which, he need not tell me, must hang upon her good will. I could not stand this: I assured him, with spirit and with truth, I had no interest in the matter. I had not sought the situation in which I had been placed: I owed nothing to Mrs. Schwellenberg but such civility as her civility might claim; and far from trembling at her power, I considered myself wholly out of it, and must frankly declare that while I relinquished so much in all my nearest and dearest connections, from the duties and confinements properly and inevitably requisite to my place and attendance, I could by no means consent to sacrifice the little leisure I might call my own, to dedicate it where I could so little regard it as due.

I am very glad to have said all this openly at once, though it was heard with an amazement and disappointment that half hurt me for poor Mr. de Luc, who had imagined till then he had a right to a partner in his assiduous attentions.

MARCH 1ST.—With all the various humours in which I had already seen Mr. Turbulent, he gave me this evening a surprise, by his behaviour to one of the Princesses, nearly the same that I had experienced from him myself. The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a knotting shuttle of the Queen's. While she was speaking to me, he stood behind and exclaimed, *à demi voix*, as if to himself, "*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*" And then, seeing her blush ex-

tremely. he clasped his hands, in high pretended confusion, and hiding his head, called out "*Que ferai-je?* The Princess has heard me!"

"Pray, Mr. Turbulent," cried she, hastily, "what play are you to read to-night?'

"You shall choose, ma'am; either *La Coquette corrigée*, or—" [he named another I have forgotten.]

"O no!" cried she, "that last is shocking! don't let me hear that!"

"I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette? La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?"

"No, indeed, I am sure I did not say that."

"Yes, ma'am, by implication. And certainly, therefore, I will read it, to please your Royal Highness!"

"No, pray don't; for I like none of them!"

"None of them, ma'am?"

"No, none;—no *French plays* at all!"

And away she was running, with a droll air, that acknowledged she had said something to provoke him.

"This is a declaration, ma'am, I must beg you to explain!" cried he, gliding adroitly between the Princess and the door, and shutting it with his back.

"No, no, I can't explain it; so pray, Mr. Turbulent, do open the door."

"Not for the world, ma'am, with such a stain uncleared upon your Royal Highness's taste and feeling!"

She told him she positively could not stay, and begged him to let her pass instantly.

But he would hear her no more than he has heard



me, protesting he was too much shocked for her, to suffer her to depart without clearing her own credit!

He conquered at last, and thus forced to speak, she turned round to us and said, "Well—if I must, then—I will appeal to these ladies, who understand such things far better than I do, and ask them if it is not true about these French plays, that they are all so like one to another, that to hear them in this manner every night is enough to tire one?"

"Pray, then, madam," cried he, "if French plays have the misfortune to displease you, what *National* Plays have the honour of your preference?"

I saw he meant something that she understood better than me, for she blushed again, and called out "Pray open the door at once! I can stay no longer; do let me go, Mr. Turbulent."

"Not till you have answered that question, ma'am! what *Country* has plays to your Royal Highness's taste?"

"Miss Burney," cried she impatiently, yet laughing, "pray do you take him away!—Pull him!"

He bowed to me very invitingly for the office; but I frankly answered her, "Indeed, ma'am, I dare not undertake him! I cannot manage him at all."

"The *Country!* the *Country!* Princess Augusta! name the happy *Country!*" was all she could gain.

"*Order* him away, Miss Burney," cried she; "'tis your room: order him away from the door."

"Name it, ma'am, name it!" exclaimed he; "name but the *chosen nation!*"

And then, fixing her with the most provoking eyes, "*Est-ce la Danemarc?*" he cried.

She coloured violently, and quite angry with him, called out, "Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool!"

And now I found . . . the Prince Royal of Denmark was in his meaning, and in her understanding!

He bowed to the ground, in gratitude for the term *fool*, but added with pretended submission to her will, "Very well, ma'am, *s'il ne faut lire que les comédies Danoises.*"

"Do let me go!" cried she, seriously; and then he made way, with a profound bow as she passed, saying, "Very well, ma'am, *La Coquette*, then? your Royal Highness chooses *La Coquette corrigée?*"

"*Corrigée?* That never was done!" cried she, with all her sweet good-humour, the moment she got out; and off she ran, like lightning, to the Queen's apartments.

What say you to Mr. Turbulent now?

For my part, I was greatly surprised. I had not imagined any man, but the King or Prince of Wales, had ever ventured at a *badinage* of this sort with any of the Princesses; nor do I suppose any other man ever did. Mr. Turbulent is so great a favourite with all the Royal Family, that he safely ventures upon whatever he pleases, and doubtless they find, in his courage and his rhodomontading, a novelty extremely amusing to them, or they would not fail to bring about a change.

For myself, I own, when I perceived in him this mode of conduct with the Princesses, I saw his flights, and his rattling, and his heroics, in a light of mere innocent play, from exuberance of high spirits; and I looked upon them, and upon him, in a fairer light.

* * * * * *

The King came in just as the tea was pouring out. He made a long stay, and then, coming up to the tea-table, said "How far are you got?"

I knew he meant to know if he might carry off Major

Price; but while I hesitated, the Major, with his usual plainness, said "Sir, we had not begun."

His Majesty then went away, without giving any commands to be followed; and Major Price had the thanks and compliments of all the company for his successful hardiness.

When Major Price was sent for to the King, to play at backgammon, he asked me if he might bring Lord Templeton to drink tea with me on our next meeting. I was very happy in the proposal, and in thinking I could name Norbury, and tell my dear Fredy I had seen her friend's son.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6TH.—I spent almost all this morning with her Majesty, hearing her botanical lesson, and afterwards looking over some prints of Herculaneum, till the Princess Augusta brought a paper, and a message from Mr. Turbulent, with his humble request to explain it himself to her Majesty. It was something he had been ordered to translate.

"O yes!" cried the Queen readily, "let him come; I am always glad to see him."

He came immediately; and most glad was I when dismissed to make way for him: for he practises a thousand mischievous tricks, to confuse me, in the Royal presence; most particularly by certain signs which he knows I comprehend, made by his eyebrows; for he is continually assuring me he always discovers my thoughts and opinions by the motion of mine, which it is his most favourite gambol to pretend constantly to examine, as well as his first theme of gallantry to compliment, though in a style too high flown and rhodomontading to be really embarrassing, or seriously offensive. Nevertheless, in the Royal presence, my terror lest he should be observed, and any ques-

tions should be asked of the meaning of his signs and tokens, makes it seriously disagreeable to me to continue there a moment when he is in the room.

He and Miss Planta both dined with me; and they entered into a very long dispute upon female education, which he declared was upon the worst of plans, teaching young girls nothing but disguise, double-dealing, and falsehood; and which she maintained was upon no other plan than decorum and propriety dictated. In all essential points she was undoubtedly right; but in all the detail he conquered—crushed her, rather, as forcibly by his arguments, as he disconcerted her by his wit. It was no disgrace to Miss Planta that she was no match for him, though she answered him with a degree of vexation, when overset, that made her lose the advantages she might have kept. Both of them called frequently upon me, but I declined the discussion: I should have been happy to have assisted Miss Planta, who, in the main, was right, but that she defended all, every thing, on her own side, whether right or wrong, and sought to oppose the domineering powers of her adversary by allowing no quarter to any thing he advanced. Candour in argument is the most rare of all things, and Truth is for ever sacrificed to the love of victory and the fear of disgrace.

At length, she went for her work: he then attacked me most vehemently, insisting on my opinion. But I never professedly argue: I may be drawn in by circumstances, or from the interest and feeling of the moment, or from an earnest desire to bring forward conviction, in some point of serious consequence to the principles or conduct either of another or my own; but deliberately and designedly I never enter into that mode of conversation, which, except arising from the

sudden animation of the moment, I have always thought and found either wearisome or irritating.

He tried whatever was possible to urge me to the battle. "Come," he cried, "speak out your real sentiments now we are alone."

"Assure yourself," quoth I, "you will never have any other, whether alone or before millions!"

"O yes, I beg your pardon; ladies are never so sincere, with one another, as with us:—tell me, therefore, now, the truth of your opinions upon this matter."

Even this would not do. I told him I was in no disputative humour.

"You are unwilling to own it," cried he, "but I see you are precisely of my way of thinking! You would not say so before poor Peggy, who is but a bad logician, but I saw which way you turned."

This also failed. I assured him I was seized with a silent fit, and he might spare himself further trouble.

He would not allow this plea, and grew quite violent in his remonstrances, protesting I ought not to be silent, and he would not suffer it.

I worked on very quietly, only informing him that to be silent was a privilege I had everywhere claimed, and that though he had heard me talk probably as much as my neighbours, it was merely because I generally appeared before him as Lady of the Ceremonies, either at table or in the carriage, where I thought it incumbent on me to help forward all I could; but that, otherwise, and where I considered myself at liberty to do as I pleased, I had a general character, among strangers and short acquaintance, of the most impenetrable taciturnity.

He vowed he could not believe it. "It would be a shame," he cried, "and not only a shame, but an impossibility; you cannot be taciturn!—I defy you! Your eyebrow!"

And then broke forth one of his most flighty rants of compliments, with expressions really beyond *badinage.* He made me a little grave, and I told him, that however he might amuse himself with conning fine speeches to me, I should desire and hope he would at least confine them to my own ears, and say nothing of me in any way in my absence.

He was a little affronted, and asked why? but he had given me a feeling I could not quite explain, even to myself, and which, however, he almost immediately dissipated by a more moderate mode of proceeding.

"I should be glad," said he, "you should yourself have heard how I have mentioned you."

"I should be far more glad," cried I, "to hear you never mentioned me at all."

"And why, ma'am? why that distrust or disdain?"

"Because—shall I tell you the truth?—I do not believe you would speak of me so well as *I* think anybody else would! This may be vain about *others,* perhaps!"

This occasioned a vehement outcry, and professions of superior devotion to all the world; but they afforded me the very opportunity I was waiting for, and, with some circumlocution, I frankly acknowledged I should be sorry to be spoken of by one whose manner had taught me to fear he thought, in fact, less well of me than I had ever had reason to believe any one else had done.

I was almost concerned this escaped me, it produced such asseverations; but I was glad afterwards, when I

found, in its effect, it distanced that manner for the rest of the conference.

Some time after, "I want," cried he, a little thoughtfully, "to hear more of you from your older acquaintances; I want to meet somebody who has known you long, and to converse with them about you: those I meet tell me nothing but what I already know, and what everybody knows, that Miss Burney is very" &c. &c. &c.; "but I want to see some of her Intimates, and to hear them speak to particulars. I had heard much of her before I saw her, and I wished much to see her, and her Majesty was so gracious as to order me to dine here one day, last summer, on purpose to give me that satisfaction; and now—"

His speeches were all stopped short by the return of Miss Planta.

* * * * * *

I find no further memorandums of my winter Windsor expeditions of this year. I will briefly record some circumstances which I want no memorandums to recollect, and then tie my accounts concisely together till I find my minutes resumed.

Mr. Turbulent became now every journey more and more violent in his behaviour. He no longer sued for leave to bring in his Colonel, who constantly sent in his own name to ask it, and invariably preserved that delicacy, good-breeding, and earnestness to oblige, which could not but secure the welcome he requested.

I saw no more of Major Price, which I sincerely regretted. He returned to his farm in Herefordshire.

We were travelling to Windsor—Mr. Turbulent, Miss Planta, and myself, the former in the highest spirits, and extremely entertaining, relating various anecdotes

of his former life, and gallantly protesting he was content to close the scene by devoting himself to the service of the ladies then present.

All this for a while did mighty well, and I was foremost to enter into the spirit of his rhodomontading: but I drew a little back when he said we did not live half enough together during these journeys, and desired he might come to breakfast with me. "Why should we not," he cried, "all live together? I hate to breakfast alone. What time do you rise?"

"At six o'clock," cried I.

"Well, I shall wait upon you then—call you, no doubt, for you can never be really up then. Shall I call you? Will you give me leave?"

"No, neither leave, nor the trouble."

"Why not? I used to go to Miss Planta's room before she rose, and wander about as quiet as a lamb."

Miss Planta was quite scandalized, and exclaimed and denied with great earnestness. He did not mind her, but went on—

"I shall certainly be punctual to six o'clock. If I should rap at your door to-morrow morning early, should you be very angry?—*can* you be very angry?"

An unfortunate idea this, both for him and for me, and somewhat resembling poor Mrs. Vesey's, which she expressed once in the opening of a letter to me in these words—"*You look as if you could forgive a liberty!*" I fear Mr. Turbulent thought so, too.

His vehemence upon the eternal subject of his Colonel lasted during the whole journey, and when we arrived at Windsor he followed me to my room, uttering such high-flown compliments, mixed with such bitter reproaches, that sometimes I was almost tempted to be quite serious with him, especially as that manner which

had already so little pleased me returned, and with double force, so as to rise at times to a pitch of gallantry in his professions of devotion and complaints of ill-usage that would have called for some very effectual exertion to subdue and crush, had I not considered all the circumstances of his situation, and the impossibility of his meaning to give me cause for gravity.

All his murmurs at the weariness of these winter journeys, and all his misanthropical humours, were now vanished. He protested he longed for the return of the Windsor days; and when he got into my room upon our arrival, he detained me in a sort of conversation hard to describe, of good-humoured raillery and sport, mixed with flighty praise and protestations, till I was regularly obliged to force him away, by assurances that he would disgrace me, by making me inevitably too late to be dressed for the Queen. Nevertheless, till this evening, to which I am now coming, I was altogether much amused with him, and though sometimes for a moment startled, it was only for a moment, and I felt afterwards constantly ashamed I had been startled at all.

I must now, rather reluctantly I own, come to recite a quarrel, a very serious quarrel, in which I have been involved with my most extraordinary fellow-traveller. One evening at Windsor Miss Planta left the room while I was winding some silk. I was content to stay and finish the skein, though my remaining companion was in a humour too flighty to induce me to continue with him a moment longer. Indeed I had avoided pretty successfully all *tête-à-têtes* with him since the time when his eccentric genius led to such eccentric conduct in our long conference in the last month.

This time, however, when I had done my work, he

protested I should stay and chat with him. I pleaded business—letters—hurry—all in vain: he would listen to nothing, and when I offered to move was so tumultuous in his opposition, that I was obliged to re-seat myself to appease him.

A flow of compliments followed, every one of which I liked less and less; but his spirits seemed uncontrollable, and, I suppose, ran away with all that ought to check them. I laughed and rallied as long as I possibly could, and tried to keep him in order, by not seeming to suppose he wanted aid for that purpose: yet still, every time I tried to rise, he stopped me, and uttered at last such expressions of homage—so like what Shakspeare says of the school-boy, who makes "a sonnet on his mistress' *eyebrow*," which is always his favourite theme—that I told him his real compliment was all to my *temper*, in imagining it could brook such mockery.

This brought him once more on his knees, with such a volley of asseverations of his sincerity, uttered with such fervour and violence, that I really felt uneasy, and used every possible means to get away from him, rallying him however all the time, and disguising the consciousness I felt of my inability to quit him. More and more vehement, however, he grew, till I could be no longer passive, but forcibly rising, protested I would not stay another minute. But you may easily imagine my astonishment and provocation, when, hastily rising himself, he violently seized hold of me, and compelled me to return to my chair, with a force and a freedom that gave me as much surprise as offence.

All now became serious. Raillery, good-humour, and even pretended ease and unconcern, were at an end. The positive displeasure I felt I made positively

known; and the voice, manner, and looks with which I insisted upon an immediate release were so changed from what he had ever heard or observed in me before, that I saw him quite thunderstruck with the alteration; and, all his own violence subsiding, he begged my pardon with the mildest humility.

He had made me too angry to grant it, and I only desired him to let me instantly go to my own room. He ceased all personal opposition, but going to the door, planted himself before it, and said "Not in wrath! I cannot let you go away in wrath!"

"You *must*, Sir," cried I, "for I *am* in wrath!"

He began a thousand apologies, and as many promises of the most submissive behaviour in future; but I stopped them all, with a peremptory declaration that every minute he detained me made me but the more seriously angry.

His vehemence now was all changed into strong alarm, and he opened the door, profoundly bowing, but not speaking, as I passed him.

I am sure I need not dwell upon the uncomfortable sensations I felt, in a check so rude and violent to the gaiety and entertainment of an acquaintance which had promised me my best amusement during our winter campaigns. I was now to begin upon quite a new system, and instead of encouraging, as hitherto I had done, everything that could lead to vivacity and spirit, I was fain to determine upon the most distant and even forbidding demeanour with the only life of our parties, that he might not again forget himself.

This disagreeable conduct I put into immediate practice. I stayed in my own room till I heard every one assembled in the next: I was then obliged to prepare for joining them, but before I opened the door

a gentle rap at it made me call out "Who's there?" and Mr. Turbulent looked in.

I hastily said I was coming instantly, but he advanced softly into the room, entreating forgiveness at every step. I made no other answer than desiring he would go, and saying I should follow. He went back to the door, and, dropping on one knee, said "Miss Burney! surely you cannot be seriously angry?—'tis so impossible you should think I meant to offend you!"

I said nothing, and did not look near him, but opened the door, from which he retreated to make way for me, rising a little mortified, and exclaiming, "Can you then have such real ill-nature? How little I suspected it in you!"

"'Tis you," cried I, as I passed on, "that are ill-natured!"

I meant for forcing me into anger; but I left him to make the meaning out, and walked into the next room.

He did not immediately follow, and he then appeared so much disconcerted that I saw Miss Planta incessantly eyeing him, to find out what was the matter. I assumed an unconcern I did not feel, for I was really both provoked and sorry, foreseeing what a breach this folly must make in the comfort of my Windsor expeditions.

He sat down a little aloof, and entered into no conversation all the evening; but just as tea was over, the hunt of the next day being mentioned, he suddenly asked Miss Planta to request leave for him of the Queen to ride out with the party.

"I shall not see the Queen," cried she; "you had much better ask Miss Burney."

This was very awkward. I was in no humour to act

for him at this time, nor could he muster courage to desire it; but upon Miss Planta's looking at each of us with some surprise, and repeating her amendment to his proposal, he faintly said, "Would Miss Burney be so good as to take that trouble?"

I felt he was forced to ask this to avoid exciting fresh wonder, and the same reason forced me to answer, though most unwillingly, that I would mention it to Her Majesty, if I found an opportunity.

I rose to retire to my room at the same moment with Miss Planta, and he let us both pass without molestation. He will not, however, again ask if I *can* be angry, but I was truly vexed he should have put me to such a test.

An opportunity offering favourably, I spoke at night to the Queen, and she gave leave for his attending the chase. I intended to send this permission to Miss Planta, but I had scarce returned to my own room from her Majesty, before a rap at my door was followed by his appearance. He stood quite aloof, looking grave and contrite. I immediately called out "I have spoken, sir, to the Queen, and you have her leave to go."

He bowed very profoundly, and thanked me, and was retreating, but came back again, and advancing, assumed an air of less humility, and exclaimed "*Allons, donc, Mlle.; j'espère que vous n'êtes plus si méchante qu'hier au soir?*"

I said nothing; he came nearer, and, bowing upon his own hand, held it out for mine, with a look of most respectful supplication. I had no intention of cutting the matter so short, yet from shame to sustain resentment, I was compelled to hold out a finger: he took it with a look of great gratitude, and very reverently touching the tip of my glove with his lip, instantly let

it go, and very solemnly said, "*Soyez sûr que je n'ai jamais eu la moindre idée de vous offenser;*" and then he thanked me again for his licence, and went his way.

I was not sorry to have our war end here apparently though I was obliged to resolve upon a defensive conduct in future, that would prevent any other attack.

And now for a few general anecdotes that belong to this month.

I had the pleasure of two or three visits from Mr. Bryant, whose loyal regard for the King and Queen makes him eagerly accept every invitation, from the hope of seeing them in my room; and one of the days they both came in to speak to him, and were accompanied by the two eldest Princesses, who stood chatting with me by the door the whole time, and saying comical things upon royal personages in tragedies, particularly Princess Augusta, who has a great deal of sport in her disposition. She very gravely asserted she thought *some of those Princes* on the stage looked really quite as well as some she knew off it.

Once about this time I went to a play myself, which surely I may live long enough and never forget. It was "Seduction," a very clever piece, but containing a dreadful picture of vice and dissipation in high life, written by Mr. Miles Andrews, with an epilogue—O, such an epilogue! I was listening to it with uncommon attention, from a compliment paid in it to Mrs. Montagu, among other female writers; but imagine what became of my attention when I suddenly was struck with these lines, or something like them:—

"Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
Whose every passion yields to Reason's laws."

To hear, wholly unprepared and unsuspicious, such

lines in a Theatre—seated in a Royal Box—and with the whole Royal Family and their suite immediately opposite me—was it not a singular circumstance? To describe my embarrassment would be impossible. My whole head was leaning forward, with my opera-glass in my hand, examining Miss Farren, who spoke the epilogue. Instantly I shrunk back, so astonished and so ashamed of my public situation, that I was almost ready to take to my heels and run, for it seemed as if I were there purposely in that conspicuous place—

"To list attentive to my own applause."

The King immediately raised his opera-glass to look at me, laughing heartily—the Queen's presently took the same direction—all the Princesses looked up, and all the attendants, and all the maids of honour!

I protest I was never more at a loss what to do with myself: nobody was in the front row with me but Miss Goldsworthy, who instantly seeing how I was disconcerted, prudently and good-naturedly forbore taking any notice of me. I sat as far back as I could, and kept my fan against the exposed profile for the rest of the night, never once leaning forward, nor using my glass.

None of the Royal Family spoke to me upon this matter till a few days after; but I heard from Mrs. Delany they had all declared themselves sorry for the confusion it had caused me. And some time after the Queen could not forbear saying "I hope, Miss Burney, you minded the epilogue the other night?"

And the King, very comically, said "I took a peep at you!—I could not help that. I wanted to see how you looked when your father first discovered your writing—and now I think I know!"

The Princesses all said something, and the kind Princess Elizabeth, in particular, declared she had pitied me with all her heart, for being so situated when such a compliment was made.

My Fredy will have told our visit to Mrs. Cholmley, where I met sundry old acquaintances, amongst whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Montagu, the Bishop of Chester, and Mrs. Porteus.

But what was most interesting, and, alas! most melancholy to me in this month, was news of the return of Mrs. Piozzi to England! I heard it first from Mr. Stanhope, but my dear Fredy will have told all that also, since she spent with me the same evening.

The waiting of Colonel Welbred finished with this month, and it finished with leaving me very sorry it was over, especially as I had an entirely new acquaintance to form with his successor.

His elder brother made him a visit during one of our last journeys for three days, and the Colonel sent to request leave to bring him to my tea-table, before he made his appearance. I need say nothing of him, as you all know him; but I had a good deal of *vertù* talk with him, and an opportunity of feeling very thankful to the consideration of the Colonel, who, when called away himself after tea to attend the King, whispered his brother that he must not stay longer in that room than nine o'clock.

The elder, without asking a question, observed the injunction, and the moment the clock struck nine started up and led the way to the rest of the party in retiring.

And here closes March.

PART IX.

1787.

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PART IX.

1787.

APRIL.—Colonel Manners now came into waiting, and the very first day, as if generously to mark the superior elegance of his predecessor—he came into my tea-room with General Budé, who was at Windsor by invitation—without any previous message or ceremony of any sort whatever. The King himself was already there, and Mr. Smelt, with whom His Majesty was conversing; but as soon as he retired, General Budé named us to each other, and from that time Colonel Manners came every evening, without the smallest trouble of arrangement, either for himself or for me.

Fortunately Miss Planta or Miss Emily Clayton at this time were constantly of my party, which took off from the awkwardness of these visits.

Colonel Manners is a tall and extremely handsome young man, well enough versed in what is immediately going forward in the world; and though not very deep in his knowledge, nor profound in his observations, he is very good-humoured, and I am told well principled. I saw, however, but little of him at this time, as my

illness so soon took place, and I shall mention nothing more of this month except to have the pleasure of saying that my very strange fellow-traveller gave me no further uneasiness after the scene I have mentioned. I continued grave and distant, in defiance of the piqued air with which he received my change, till I saw all his own flights subside into quiet and common behaviour. I then by degrees suffered my stiffness to wear away, and before the time of my illness he had reconciled me to him pretty entirely, by a general propriety of conduct. This caused me very great satisfaction. Yet from the moment of my provocation to that of my fever I could never bring myself to venture to be one moment alone with him. He remonstrated on my constantly running away when he only remained; but though he remonstrated, now, with gentleness, I could not change my plan. I saw all was then right, and I thought it most wise to run no risks.

I need say nothing to my dear friends of my illness—they and my dear Esther nursed me out of it, and I shall skip useless recollections upon unpleasant subjects; though never will my memory's best tablet skip the records of their kindness and goodness.

MAY.—A fresh beginning now of journal to the kindest of sisters, and of friends, from the date of my parting with them as nurses and companions.

When I could see no more of my Susan's hat, and lost all sight of my Fredy's carriage, I drew in my head, and shut down my window, and walked slowly up and down the room, to keep myself from stagnation; and then I determined to set about—all I was equal to undertaking—an inspection of some of my drawers.

I had but just unlocked one of them when a smart

rap at my door startled me. Goter was up stairs with her mother and sister—I was unwilling, and indeed unfit, to see anybody. I made no answer—a second rapping followed; I was forced to call out "Who's there?" "May I pay my compliments for a moment to Miss Burney?" was the answer, in the voice of Mr. Turbulent.

Of all the whole household he was just the last person I then wished to see. Those who have never been ill themselves know nothing of the gentleness which an invalid requires. Afraid, therefore, of his visit, I earnestly called out "No, not now; I am not visible; I can see no company!"

He entered, notwithstanding, crying "Why?" in answer to all I could say to stop him, though I was so little disposed for his society that I fairly turned away from him, when I could not prevail, with almost serious peevishness.

He must at least, he said, ask me after Mrs. Phillips, with whom he had been extremely struck, whom he much wished to know more, and thought a very uncommonly charming woman.

I was softened a little in my spleen by this, for I saw he spoke it with all his heart: "She was gone!" I answered,—"I had lost both my nurses but that moment."

"Indeed?" said he; "I had had hopes of seeing—under your protection—Mrs. Locke; I long to know that lady—what pity to part you from them!"

I had now a good mind to shake hands with him. His soothing fit, however, was soon over, for he presently added,—"But since that *must* have been—why this was as good a way to begin as any other." He then insisted upon it that I must dine with them again:

"We have Miss Goldsworthy," said he, "Miss Planta, and Mlle. Montmoulin," and ran on with most vehement protestations that I not only could come, but ought to come, to join the party.

I assured him I was quite unequal to so much company; and I told him if he would but go then, I would see him again in the evening. This bribery, as he called it, made him consent to depart, and he got up immediately.

I have told you so much, in brief, of the singularities of this gentleman, that I enter afresh into detail, in order to prove to you the consistency of the inconsistencies of my accounts of him. And take now a most characteristic trait.

You will naturally suppose he did not spare for length of visit in the evening, when privileged to come by my own invitation:—he never came at all! You will conclude he was kept away by business or necessity:—no; for in that case, when we met next he would not have spared for complaints. The simple fact is, he forgot before night all he had been so eager for at noon!

After dinner, while I was standing (for practice!) at the window, to see the Royal Family go to the Terrace, I heard my door open, and, concluding only Goter would enter without rapping, I also heard it shut without turning to look round. but, when at last another step than Goter's caught my ear, and my eye followed it, judge my surprise to see the Queen! Taking the Princess Royal for her, I had no doubt of

her being of the Terrace party; but she told me she had a little hurt her foot, and would not walk.

Nothing could be sweeter than this unexpected second visit in the same day. I eagerly seized the opportunity of expressing thanks in my Fredy's and my Susan's names, as well as my own, and then in my dear Esther's also, for the marks of favour so recently received; and I endeavoured to tell her, in stronger words than I had yet attempted, my sense of her goodness to me throughout my whole illness: but I did not succeed very well, and was not half heard or understood; for when,—in despair,—I gave up the point, and ventured to say I hoped she would herself feel for me,—she turned towards me with a compassionate sweetness in her countenance, and answered, "Indeed I do!" and I found she had misconceived me to mean for my *sufferings*, when I had thought only of my gratitude.

She told me she had really longed to see Mrs. Locke, and spoke in just praise of her charming countenance. Yet she could not, she owned, agree with her in one thing,—that there was any likeness between my sister Phillips and me,—and I owned myself "*of her advice*."

She asked me if I had found my sister's children much grown and improved. "Yes," I answered, and was indulging myself in an eulogy upon my dear little Fanny, when the arrival of Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stuart, who were invited by the Queen, cut off our conference, much to my regret, and she returned to her own rooms to receive them.

At night I had a few minutes from Mrs. Delany, by means of the sweet Queen, who kept Lady Bute and

Lady Louisa till ten o'clock, but dismissed her at nine, saying she was sure she would like to come to me for the rest of the evening. The Princess Augusta insisted upon taking care of her to my room, and when she begged to be made over to a page, said, "No, no—I want to see Miss Burney again this evening myself."

MONDAY.—My kind Mrs. Delany came to me at my breakfast, and stayed with me almost all the morning. We had much to talk over of her affairs. The sweetness, the patience with which she bears the wrongs she receives, even while feeling them with the most poignant sensibility, is so touching a sight, that the hardest heart might melt to look in her soft, suffering countenance, and the worst might be edified by reading what is written in it.

The Royal Family had all been to review Colonel Goldsworthy's regiment. Upon their return, they saw, through my windows, that Mrs. Delany was with me, and the King and Queen both came in to speak to her. How they love her! and what mutual honour does such love confer on all three! The King counselled me to be as much as possible in the air, for the recovery of my strength, graciously naming to me that I should walk in the garden for that purpose,—giving me, in those words, the licence with the advice. You may believe I would not let the day pass without accepting both.

I had advice, too, from the dinner-party in the next room, afterwards, to invigorate myself in another way. Goter brought me Mr. Turbulent's compliments, and that Miss Goldsworthy had ordered champagne in honour of her brother's review; and he was sure it would do me a great deal of good to permit him to

send me a glass, that I might drink the toast he had just given,—"Colonel Goldsworthy and all his dragoons!" I sent him word, I had just eaten a whole chicken, and therefore thought it best to put off my champagne-drinking to another day. My appetite, you see, continues of the same voracious cast as at dear Norbury.

When I had done this feat, I prepared and cloaked myself for my walk in the garden; I heard a rap at the door of my drawing-room; I sent Goter to it, who brought me word she saw the Princess Elizabeth going away. I made what haste I could to stop her, and thank her for her condescension. She assured me I looked *quite spruce* again, and stayed chatting at the door till Mr. Turbulent, hearing our voices from the eating-parlour, came out, followed by Miss Goldsworthy and Mlle. Montmoulin.

Mr. Turbulent seized the opportunity to enter my room, whence I could with difficulty get rid of him; for he told me he had something to communicate to my private ear that I ought to know. And when I begged him to proceed, he said he must inform me . . . . "That *Philosopher de Luc* was now turned fly-catcher for Mrs. Schwellenberg's frogs!"

'Twas impossible not to laugh, though the news was far enough from being new to me; but he made a sport of it that I assured him was quite too obstreperous, and I fairly entreated his departure.

If this, he said, was a subject too gay for me, he had at hand one perfectly fitted for quiet investigation. This was an account of the travels of Mr. Bruce in Abyssinia, which, at last, are actually in the press. The MS. is now with Dr. Douglas, who had lent Mr.

Turbulent the frontispiece and advertisement to shew to his Majesty, with a map of the journey of Mr. Bruce to the source of the Nile.

TUESDAY.—My kindest Mrs. Delany came to me again for all the morning; and she desired that I would see General Cary, who is here on some reviewing business, as he had wished it, and is some sort of relation to her. He came accordingly; he is a mighty good-humoured, rattling, gay old man: he knows my father extremely well, and was the first, I believe, who assisted him in putting our James out to sea.

Soon after followed, both here and in town, congratulatory visits on my recovery, from most of the household with whom I am acquainted. You may suppose Mr. Turbulent would not alone be omitted; but you can hardly suppose how he made me stare when he assured me, most solemnly, that he was now planning, for his first leisure, a ride to Norbury Park!

I begged to know what had occasioned that resolution?

"I go," he cried, "to see the spot, the very spot, where Madame La Fîte first beheld you."

I thought him ranting; and not less when he proceeded,—"I must see the very, the identical piece of earth!—I shall want no one to tell me which it is—I must needs feel it by inspiration, when once I approach that hallowed ground; and who knows what may follow, or what blessing may be in store for me! That spot which blessed Madame La Fîte may bless me also; that look—for you loved one another at first sight—

that look which she describes, when you met at Lord Locke's!—"

I asked him whether he was really in his senses? And he then positively assured me that Madame La Fîte had just published a book, in which she had recounted the origin of her friendship with Miss Burney, whom she met at *Lord and Lady Locke's!*—

I must own I did not believe one word of this; attributing it all to his fertile invention, till he resumed the subject at dinner, in presence of Miss Planta, by whom it was partly confirmed.

I was really vexed for all parties, well knowing my beloved Fredy and Mr. Locke would contemn such an ill-judged *frivolité* as much as I could myself. Miss Planta—and I did not wonder—could not resist a most hearty laugh at it; but Mr. Turbulent protested I had no right to find fault, as that single passage was the only one in the book that had any salt or spirit! "I read that," he cried; "but when I opened it elsewhere, I fell asleep involuntarily."

They then joined in giving a general notion of the composition; to which Mr. Turbulent put a finishing stroke by suddenly exclaiming, "*I*, however, personally, am very angry with Madame La Fîte! She has related so many things that can interest nobody, and she has left out all mention of my little Thisbe!"

This was a favourite dog, given him by Mr. Bryant, and which fell out of a window about this time.

In town I found Madame La Fîte's book upon my table, *de là part de l'auteur,* and speedily followed by

a visit. Cold enough were my thanks for the present; and, to avoid any necessity of comment, since expostulation would now have been too late, I told her, with truth, I had not yet had time to read it.

How simple the mistake to suppose flattery so easy!

But if Mr. Turbulent and his Thisbé here escaped mention, he had not, for himself, the same good fortune in the newspapers. Miss Planta told me that an account had been drawn up of all the Royal Household who appeared at the last Commemoration, and he came in thus:—"Mr. Turbulent, who takes care always to be seen——"

Poor Mr. Turbulent laughed, but said, "Pray how can a man six feet high be hid?"

St. James's Palace, June 4th.—I have had a dread of the bustle of this day for some weeks, and every kind friend has dreaded it for me: yet am I at this moment more quiet than I have been any single moment since I left my dearest Susan at that last gate of sweet Norbury Park. Till we meet again, I shall feel as if always seeing that beloved sister on that very spot.

Take a little of the humours of this day, with respect to myself, as they have arisen. I quitted my downy pillow at half-past six o'clock; for bad habits in sickness have lost me half an hour of every morning; and then, according to an etiquette I discovered but on Friday night, I was quite new dressed: for I find that, on the King's birthday, and on the Queen's, both real and nominal, two new attires, one half, the other full dressed, are expected from all attendants that come into the royal presence.

This first labour was happily achieved in such good

time, that I was just seated to my breakfast—a delicate bit of roll half-eaten, and a promising dish of tea well stirred—when I received my summons to attend the Queen.

She was only with her wardrobe- woman, and accepted most graciously a little murmuring congratulation upon the day, which I ventured to whisper while she looked another way. Fortunately for me, she is always quick in conceiving what is meant, and never wastes time in demanding what is said. She told me she had bespoke Miss Planta to attend at the grand toilette at St. James's, as she saw my strength still diminished by my late illness. Indeed it still is, though in all other respects I am perfectly well.

The Queen wore a very beautiful dress, of a new manufacture, of worked muslin, thin, fine, and clear, as the Chambery gauze. I attended her from the Blue Closet, in which she dresses, through the rooms that lead to the breakfast apartment. In one of these, while she stopped for her hair-dresser to finish her head-dress, the King joined her. She spoke to him in German, and he kissed her hand.

The three elder Princesses came in soon after; they all went up, with congratulatory smiles and curtsies, to their royal Father, who kissed them very affectionately; they then, as usual every morning, kissed the Queen's hand. The door was thrown open to the breakfast-room, which is a noble apartment, fitted up with some of Vandyke's best works; and the instant the King, who led the way, entered, I was surprised by a sudden sound of music, and found that a band of musicians were stationed there to welcome him. The Princesses followed, but Princess Elizabeth turned

round to me to say she could hardly bear the sound: it was the first morning of her coming down to breakfast for many months, as she has had that repast in her own room ever since her dangerous illness. It overcame her, she said, more than the dressing, more than the early rising, more than the whole of the hurry and fatigue of all the rest of a public birthday. She loves the King most tenderly; and there is a something in receiving any person who is loved, by sudden music, that I can easily conceive to be very trying to the nerves.

Princess Augusta came back to cheer and counsel her; she begged her to look out at the window, to divert her thoughts, and said she would place her where the sound might be less affecting to her.

A lively "How d'ye do, Miss Burney? I hope you are quite well now?" from the sweet Princess Mary, who was entering the ante-room, made me turn from her two charming sisters; she passed on to the breakfast, soon followed by Princess Sophia, and then a train of their governesses, Miss Goldsworthy, Mademoiselle Montmoulin, and Miss Gomme, all in full dress, with fans. We reciprocated little civilities, and I had then the pleasure to see little Princess Amelia, with Mrs. Cheveley, who brought up the rear. Never, in tale or fable, were there six sister Princesses more lovely.

As I had been extremely distressed upon the Queen's birthday, in January, where to go or how to act, and could obtain no information from my coadjutrix, I now resolved to ask for directions from the Queen herself; and she readily gave them, in a manner to make this gala-day far more comfortable to me than the last. She bade me dress as fast as I could, and go to St.

James's by eleven o'clock; but first come into the room to her.

Then followed my grand toilette. The hair-dresser was waiting for me, and he went to work first, and I second, with all our might and main.

When my adorning tasks were accomplished, I went to the Blue Closet. No one was there. I then hesitated whether to go back or seek the Queen. I have a dislike insuperable to entering a Royal presence, except by an immediate summons: however, the directions I had had prevailed, and I went into the adjoining apartment. There stood Madame la Fîte! she was talking in a low voice with M. de Luc. They told me the Queen was in the next room, and on I went.

She was seated at a glass, and the hair-dresser was putting in her jewels, while a clergyman in his canonicals was standing near, and talking to her.

I imagined him some bishop unknown to me, and stopped; the Queen looked round, and called out "O, it's Miss Burney!—come in, Miss Burney." In I came, curtseying respectfully to a bow from the canonicals; but I found not out till he answered something said by the Queen, that it was no other than Mr. Turbulent.

Madame la Fîte then presented herself at the door (which was open for air) of the ante-room. The Queen bowed to her, and said she would see her presently: she retired, and Her Majesty, in a significant low voice, said to me, "Do go to her, and keep her there a little!"

I obeyed, and being now in no fright nor hurry, entered into conversation with her sociably and comfortably.

I then went to St. James's. The Queen was most brilliant in attire; and when she was arrayed, Mr. West was allowed to enter the dressing-room, in order to give his opinion of the disposition of her jewels, which indeed were arranged with great taste and effect.

The three Princesses, Princess Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth, were all very splendidly decorated, and looked beautiful. They are indeed uncommonly handsome, each in their different way—the Princess Royal for figure, the Princess Augusta for countenance, and the Princess Elizabeth for face.

The Duchess of Ancaster, on these gala-days, is always admitted to the dressing-room before the Bed-Chamber-Women are summoned. I quite forget if I have told you that ceremonial? If not, I will in some future pacquet.

I made a visit to poor Mrs. Vesey, whom I had not been able to see since my Court residence. I had let her know my intention, by the kind means of Captain Phillips; she had therefore prepared a party for me, among whom I had the pleasure to meet Mr. Walpole, who had come from Strawberry Hill, purposely; and that, I suppose, made me forget the spleen I had conceived against him upon reading his tragedy, which had been so great as to make me wish never more to behold his face. He was very civil and very entertaining. My good Mrs. Ord met me also; the rest that I can recollect were Lady Herries, Lady Juliana Penn, Lady Clanbrassil, and the Miss Clarks.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8TH.—This day we came to Windsor for the summer, during which we only go to town for a drawing-room once a fortnight, and to Kew in the way.

Mrs. Schwellenberg remained in town, not well enough to remove. That poor unhappy woman has an existence truly pitiable. Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta were my travelling companions. Mr. Turbulent never belongs to the summer excursions: he is then a fixed inhabitant of Windsor, where his wife keeps house. In the winter she lives in London, and he only comes as a royal attendant, and therefore belongs wholly to the Queen's suite.

The house now was quite full, the King having ordered a party to it for the Whitsun holidays.

This party was Colonel Manners, the Equerry in waiting; Colonel Ramsden, a good-humoured and well-bred old officer of the King's household; Colonels Welbred and Goldsworthy, and General Budé.

I shall not give these days in separate articles, but string their little events under one head.

One evening I tried vainly for Miss Planta, and, for any other person, my notice was too short. I could not persuade myself to remain singly with so large a party of men, and therefore I even ventured to go for the whole evening to my venerable friend, and sent an apology to the gentlemen, by my man, that I could not have the honour of their company to drink tea with me.

My dear Mrs. Delany was a little frightened at this step; but I preferred its novelty to its only alternative, and spent three or four hours most delightfully for my pains.

Colonel Hotham, also, a brother of Sir Charles Hotham Thompson, came for a part of these ten days: he belongs to the Prince of Wales; and for two or three of them, M. del Campo.

The party proved too large to be generally pleasant unless Mr. Smelt, or some good leader in society, had been present: for as to myself, I am truly insufficient to doing the honours of a mixed company, unless formed of intimate acquaintance.

Colonel Ramsden is gentle and pleasing, but very silent; General Budé is always cheerful, but rises not above a second; Colonel Hotham has a shyness that looks haughty, and therefore distances; Colonel Goldsworthy reserves his sport and humour for particular days and particular favourites; and Colonel Welbred draws back into himself unless the conversation promises either instruction or quiet pleasure; nor would any one of these, during the whole time, speak at all, but to a next neighbour, nor even then, except when that neighbour suited his fancy.

You must not, however, imagine we had no public speakers: M. del Campo harangued aloud to whoever was willing to listen, and Colonel Manners did the same, without even waiting for that *proviso*.

Colonel Manners, however, I must introduce to you by a few specimens: he is so often, in common with all the Equerries, to appear on the scene, that I wish you to make a particular acquaintance with him.

One evening, when we were all, as usual, assembled, he began a discourse upon the conclusion of his waiting, which finishes with the end of June:—"Now I don't think," cried he, "that it's well managed: here

we're all in waiting for three months at a time, and then for nine months there's nothing!"

"Cry your mercy!" cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "if three months—three whole months!—are not enough for you, pray take a few more from mine to make up your market!"

"No, no, I don't mean that;—but why can't we have our waitings month by month?—would not that be better?"

"I think not!—we should then have no time unbroken."

"Well, but would not that be better than what it is now? Why, we're here so long, that when one goes away nobody knows one!—one has quite to make a new acquaintance! Why, when I first come out of waiting, I never know where to find anybody!"

The Ascot races were held at this time; the Royal Family were to be at them one or two of the days. Colonel Manners earnestly pressed Miss P—— to be there. Colonel Goldsworthy said it was quite immaterial to him who was there, for when he was attending royalty he never presumed to think of any private comfort.

"Well, I don't see that!" cried Colonel Manners,—"for if I was you, and not in my turn for waiting, I should go about just as I liked;—but now, as for me, as it happens to be my own turn, why I think it right to be civil to the King."

We all looked round;—but Colonel Goldsworthy broke forth aloud,—"Civil, quotha?" cried he: "Ha! ha! civil, forsooth!—You're mighty condescending!—the first Equerry I ever heard talk of his *civility* to the

King!—'Duty,' and 'respect,' and 'humble reverence,' —those are words we are used to,—but here come you with your civility!—Commend me to such affability!"

You see he is not spared; but Colonel Goldsworthy is the wag professed of their community, and privileged to say what he pleases. The other, with the most perfect good-humour, accepted the joke, without dreaming of taking offence at the sarcasm.

Another day I invited Mr. Bryant to dinner, and detained him for the evening party, to meet his favourite Colonel Welbred. Before tea, as he wished to go on the Terrace, I accompanied him thither, where we met the Heberdens, Fieldings, &c., and Colonel Welbred, joined us to tell me an incomparable courtier speech just made, by a foreign lady of distinction on the Terrace, to the King:—she had rejoiced in the fineness of the day, which indeed, she said, was so perfect, it was easy to see *who had ordered it!* The King himself turned round, and repeated this ridiculous flight to all his attendants.

The tea, with the present addition of Mr. Bryant for leader, was extremely pleasant. He was, as he constantly is, communicative and instructive, and Colonel Welbred was just the man to draw him forth, and keep him in employ, by judicious observations and modest inquiries. Mr. Bryant was quite delighted with him, and gave me to understand he should be very much gratified by an opportunity of making a further acquaintance with him. I am sure I shall be very happy to find it him.

The subjects with Mr. Bryant are almost always antiquities, or odd accidents; but this night Dr. Her-

schel and his newly-discovered *volcanoes in the moon* came in for their share.

The following evening, when the same party, Mr. Bryant excepted, were assembled, the King sent for Colonel Ramsden to play at backgammon. "Happy, happy man!" exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy, exultingly; but scarce had he uttered the words ere he was summoned to follow himself. "What! already!" cried he,—"without even my tea! Why this is worse and worse!—no peace in Israel!—only one half hour allowed for comfort, and now that's swallowed! Well, I must go;—make my complaints aside, and my bows and smiles in full face!"

Off he went, but presently, in a great rage, came back, and, while he drank a hot dish of tea which I instantly presented him, kept railing at his stars for ever bringing him under a royal roof. "If it had not been for a puppy," cried he, "I had never got off even to scald my throat in this manner! But they've just got a dear little new ugly dog: so one puppy gave way to t'other, and I just left them to kiss and hug it, while I stole off to drink this tea! But this is too much!—no peace for a moment!—no peace in Israel!"

When this was passed, Colonel Welbred renewed some of the conversation of the preceding day with me; and, just as he named Dr. Herschel, Colonel Manners broke forth with his dissenting opinions. "I don't give up to Dr. Herschel at all," cried he; "he is all system; and so they are all: and if they can but make out their systems, they don't care a pin for anything else. As to Herschel, I liked him well enough till he came to his volcanoes in the moon, and then I gave him up: I

saw he was just like the rest. How should he know anything of the matter? There's no such thing as pretending to measure at such a distance as that."

Colonel Welbred, to whom I looked for an answer, instead of making any, waited in quiet silence till he had exhausted all he had to say upon the subject, and then, turning to me, made some inquiry about the Terrace, and went on to other general matters. But, some time after, when all were engaged, and this topic seemed quite passed, he calmly began, in general terms, to lament that the wisest and best of people were always so little honoured or understood in their own time, and added that he had no doubt but Sir Isaac Newton had been as much scoffed and laughed at formerly as Herschel was now; but concluded, in return, Herschel, hereafter, would be as highly reverenced as Sir Isaac was at present.

This quiet reproof, though not at all comprehended as such by the one to whom it was addressed, satisfied me at once of his justness of judgment upon the subject, and his good sense in making it so tardily known, to avoid a vain argument that could have turned to so little purpose.

We had then some discourse upon dress and fashions. Colonel Welbred regretted that we had not had little figures, dressed in the habits of the times, preserved from every century; and proceeded with enumerating various changes in the modes, from square shoes to peaked, from the mantle to the coat, the whiskers to the smooth chin, &c., till Colonel Manners interrupted him with observing, "Why, you may wear things of all times now, ever so far back;—*buckles of four years ago*, if you will!'

There was certainly no gaining further ground here!

Virtuosos being next, unfortunately, named, Colonel Manners inveighed against them quite violently, protesting they all wanted common honour and honesty; and, to complete the happy subject, he instanced, in particular, Sir William Hamilton, who, he declared, had absolutely robbed both the King and State of Naples!

After this, somebody related that, upon the heat in the air being mentioned to Dr. Heberden, he had answered that he supposed it proceeded from the last eruption in the volcano in the moon:—"Ay," cried Colonel Manners, "I suppose he knows as much of the matter as the rest of them: if you put a candle at the end of a telescope, and let him look at it, he'll say, what an eruption there is in the moon! I mean if Dr. Herschel would do it to him; I don't say he would think so from such a person as me."

"But Mr. Bryant himself has seen this volcano from the telescope."

"Why, I don't mind Mr. Bryant any more than Dr. Heberden: he's just as credulous as t'other."

I wanted to ask by what criterion he settled these points in so superior a manner;—but I thought it best to imitate the silence of Colonel Welbred, who constantly called a new subject, upon every pause, to avoid all argument and discussion; while the good-humoured Colonel Manners was just as ready to start forward in the new subject, as he had been in that which had been set aside.

One other evening I invited Madame La Fîte: but it did not prove the same thing; they have all a really most undue dislike of her, and shirk her conversation, and fly to one another, to discourse on hunting and horses.

'Poor Madame La Fîte cordially returns, without knowing, their aversion; for she concludes them always the same, and bemoans my lot in spending any time with them. She stayed with me all the rest of the evening. She read me some of Madame de Genlis' new work upon Religion: it seems an excellent one.

The following Sunday, June 17th, I was tempted to go on the Terrace, in order to see the celebrated Madame de Polignac, and her daughter, Madame de Guiche. They were to be presented, with the Duke de Polignac, to their Majesties, upon the Terrace. Their rank entitled them to this distinction; and the Duchess of Ancaster, to whom they had been extremely courteous abroad, came to Windsor to introduce them. They were accompanied to the Terrace by Mrs. Harcourt and the General, with whom they were also well acquainted.

They went to the place of rendezvous at six o'clock; the royal party followed about seven, and was very brilliant upon the occasion. The King and Queen led the way, and the Prince of Wales, who came purposely to honour the interview, appeared at it also, in the King's Windsor uniform. Lady Weymouth was in waiting upon the Queen. The Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Charlotte Bertie, and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, with some other ladies, I think, attended: but the two eldest Princesses, to the very great detriment of the scenery, were ill, and remained at home. Princesses Elizabeth and Mary were alone in the Queen's suite; and to the gentlemen I have already mentioned there were added Sir George Howard and some others.

I went with Miss P—— and Mrs. and Miss Heberden. The crowd was so great, it was difficult to move.

Their Majesties and their train occupied a large space, and their attendants had no easy task in keeping them from being incommoded by the pressing of the people. They stopped to converse with these noble travellers for more than an hour. Madame la Duchesse de Polignac is a very well-looking woman, and Madame de Guiche is very pretty. There were other ladies and gentlemen in their party. But I was much amused by their dress, which they meant should be entirely *à l'Angloise;* for which purpose they had put on plain undress gowns, with close ordinary black silk bonnets! I am sure they must have been quite confused when they saw the Queen and Princesses, with their ladies, who were all dressed with uncommon care, and very splendidly.

But I was glad, at least, they should all witness, and report, the reconciliation of the King and the Prince of Wales, who frequently spoke together, and were both in good spirits.

Miss P—— and myself had, afterwards, an extremely risible evening with Colonels Goldsworthy, Welbred, and Manners: the rest were summoned away to the King, or retired to their own apartments. Colonel Welbred began the sport, undesignedly, by telling me something new relative to Dr. Herschel's volcanoes. This was enough for Colonel Manners, who declared aloud his utter contempt for such pretended discoveries. He was deaf to all that could be said in answer, and protested he wondered how any man of common sense could ever listen to such a pack of stuff.

Mr. de Luc's opinion upon the subject being then mentioned—he exclaimed, very disdainfully, "O, as to Mr. de Luc, he's another man for a system himself, and I'd no more trust him than anybody: if you was

only to make a little bonfire, and put it upon a hill a little way off, you might make him take it for a volcano directly!—And Herschel's not a bit better. Those sort of philosophers are the easiest taken in in the world."

A smile from Colonel Welbred led me to say to him, "We must wait Sir Isaac's round for Dr. Herschell!" And I owned to him I had been a little startled at his silence the other evening, till he had explained his notions, that *Time only* could bring about *justice.*

"O yes," cried he, "this is all as it should be—in the mere regular progress of things; all great discoverers must be abused and disbelieved in their life-time: I should doubt the skill and science of Dr. Herschel myself, if he escaped any better at present."

Colonel Manners was talking on during this, and quite inattentive to what might be said in answer.

Our next topic was still more ludicrous. Colonel Manners asked me if I had not heard something very harmonious at church in the morning? I answered I was too far off, if he meant from himself.

"Yes," said he; "I was singing with Colonel Welbred; and he said he was my second.—How did I do that song?"

"Song?—Mercy!" exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy; "a song at church!—why it was the 104th Psalm!"

"But how did I do it, Welbred; for I never tried at it before?"

"Why,—pretty well," answered Colonel Welbred, very composedly; "only now and then you run me a little into 'God save the King.'"

This dryness discomposed every muscle but of Colonel Manners, who replied, with great simplicity, "Why, that's because that's the tune I know best!"

"At least," cried I, "'twas a happy mistake to make so near their Majesties!"

"But, pray, now, Colonel Welbred, tell me sincerely,—could you really make out what I was singing?"

"O yes," answered Colonel Welbred; "with the *words*."

"Well, but pray, now, what do you call my voice?"

"Why—a—a—a counter-tenor."

"Well, and is that a good voice?"

There was no resisting,—even the quiet Colonel Welbred could not resist laughing out here. But Colonel Manners, quite at his ease, continued his self-discussion.

"I do think, now, if I was to have a person to play over a thing to me again and again, and then let me sing it, and stop me every time I was wrong, I do think I should be able to sing 'God save the King' as well as some ladies do, that have always people to shew them."

"You have a good chance then here," cried I, "of singing some pieces of Handel, for I am sure you hear them again and again."

"Yes, but that is not the thing; for though I hear them do it so often over, they don't stop for me to sing it after them, and then to set me right. Now I'll try if you'll know what this is."

He then began humming aloud, "My soul praise, &c., so very horribly, that I really found all decorum at an end, and laughed, with Miss P——, *à qui mieux mieux*. Too much engaged to mind this, he very innocently, when he had done, applied to us all round for our opinions.

Miss P—— begged him to sing another, and asked

for that he had spouted the other day, "Care, thou bane of love and joy."

He instantly complied; and went on, in such shocking, discordant, and unmeaning sounds, that nothing in a farce could be more risible: in defiance, however, of all interruptions, he continued till he had finished one stanza; when Colonel Goldsworthy loudly called out,—"There,—there's enough!—have mercy!"

"Well, then, now I'll try something else."

"O, no!" cried Colonel Goldsworthy, hastily; "thank you, thank you for this,—but I won't trouble you for more—I'll not hear another word!"

Colonel Welbred then, with an affected seriousness, begged to know, since he took to singing, what he should do for a shake, which was absolutely indispensable.

"A shake?" he repeated, "what do you mean?"

"Why—a shake with the voice, such as singers make."

"Why, how must I do it?"

"O, really, I cannot tell you!"

"Why then I'll try myself,—is it so . . . ?"

And he began such a harsh hoarse noise, that Colonel Goldsworthy exclaimed, between every other sound,—"No, no,—no more!" While Colonel Welbred professed teaching him, and gave such ridiculous lessons and directions,—now to stop short, now to swell,—now to sink the voice, &c., &c.,—that, between the master and the scholar, we were almost demolished.

Afterwards,—"I think," cried Colonel Welbred, turning to me, "we might make a little concert among ourselves when Major Price comes."

This was the last day of freedom for the whole livelong summer!—Were we not right to laugh while we

were able? The next day—to dinner—arrived Mrs. Schwellenberg.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19TH.—Mr. Smelt came early to Windsor, to inquire after the Princesses, who all had now the measles, except Princesses Elizabeth and Amelia; but, thank God, all did well, though the Princess Royal was once in much danger. Sir Richard Jebb attended them; and I was quite happy to see that excellent old friend and physician again, to whom I had already been so frequently obliged.

Mr. Smelt was so kind as to breakfast with me; and then he hastened back to his family, all in happy commotion. Miss Cholmley was to be married to Lord Mulgrave on Wednesday: she is most amiable; he must be happy—may he but make her so too!

I had many visits at this time, with measles-inquiries concerning the Princesses; and, amongst them, one to-day from a lady, who, entering my room with an air of friendly freedom, asked me how I did, as if we had been old acquaintances of great intimacy, taking my hand, and nodding and laughing all the time.

I just recollected the face and manner, but not the name, till she said, "What! don't you know me? O, you naughty child! I thought we were to have been good neighbours!"

I then saw it was Mrs. Harcourt. I apologised as well as I could, and begged her to be seated.

"No," cried she, "I can't; for I have a man out there waiting for me—my uncle—he brought me."

Ha! ha! do not you know her again, though I had forgot her?

A few more speeches followed, and then she went her way—and I went mine, to my toilette—that eternal business—never ending, and never profiting! I think

to leave the second syllable out, for the future; the *ette* is superfluous, the first is all-sufficient.

My dearest Mrs. Delany came to me early, and was fetched away by the King and the Princess Amelia. At tea we had Miss P——, Madame La Fîte, Colonel Manners, and, of course, now, Mrs. Schwellenberg, who presides.

We were scarcely all arranged when the Colonel eagerly said, "Pray, Mrs. Schwellenberg, have you lost any thing?"

"Me?—no, not I!"

"No?—what, nothing?"

"Not I!"

"Well, then, that's very odd! for I found something that had your name writ upon it."

"My name? and where did you find that?"

"Why—it was something I found in my bed."

"In your bed?—O, ver well! that is reelly comeecal?"

"And pray what was it?" cried Miss P——.

"Why—a great large, clumsy, lump of leather."

"Of leadder, Sir?—of leadder? What was that for me?"

"Why, ma'am, it was so big and so heavy, it was as much as I could do to lift it!"

"Well, that was nothing from me! when it was so heavy, you might let it alone!"

"But, ma'am, Colonel Welbred said it was somewhat of yours."

"Of mine?—O, ver well! Colonel Welbred might not say such thing! I know nothing, Sir, from your leadder, nor from your bed, Sir,—not I!"

"Well, ma'am, then your maid does. Colonel Welbred says he supposes it was she."

"Upon my vord! Colonel Welbred might not say such things from my maid! I won't not have it so!"

"O yes, ma'am; Colonel Welbred says she often does so. He says she's a very gay lady."

She was quite too much amazed to speak: one of her maids, Mrs. Arline, is a poor humble thing, that would not venture to jest, I believe, with the kitchen-maid; and the other has never before been at Windsor.

"But what was it?" cried Miss P——.

"Why, I tell you—a great, large lump of leather, with 'Madame Schwellenberg' wrote upon it. However, I've ordered it to be sold."

"To be sold? How will you have it sold, Sir? You might tell me that, when you please."

"Why, by auction, ma'am."

"By auction, Sir? What, when it had my name upon it? Upon my vord!—how come you to do dat, Sir? Will you tell me, once?"

"Why, I did it for the benefit of my man, ma'am, that he might have the money."

"But for what is your man to have it, when it is mine?"

"Because, ma'am, it frightened him so."

"O, ver well! Do you rob, Sir? Do you take what is not your own, but others', Sir, because your man is frightened?"

"O yes, ma'am! We military men take all we can get!"

"What! in the King's house, Sir?"

"Why then, ma'am, what business had it in my bed? My room's my castle: nobody has a right there. My bed must be my treasury; and here they put me a thing into it big enough to be a bed itself."——

"O! vell! (much alarmed) it might be my bed-case, then!"

(Whenever Mrs. Schwellenberg travels, she carries her bed, in a large black leather case, behind her servants' carriage.)

"Very likely, ma'am."

"Then, Sir," very angrily, "how come you by it?"

"Why, I'll tell you, ma'am. I was just going to bed; so my servant took one candle, and I had the other. I had just had my hair done, and my curls were just rolled up, and he was going away; but I turned about, by accident, and I saw a great lump in my bed; so I thought it was my clothes. 'What do you put them there for?' says I. 'Sir,' says he, 'it looks as if there was a drunken man in the bed!' 'A drunken man?' says I; 'Take the poker, then, and knock him o' the head!—'"

"Knock him o' the head?" interrupted Mrs. Schwellenberg. "What! when it might be some innocent person? Fie! Colonel Manner! I thought you had been too good-natured for such thing—to poker the people in the King's house!"

"Then what business have they to get into my bed, ma'am? So then my man looked nearer, and he said, 'Sir, why here's your night-cap!—and here's the pillow!—and here's a great, large lump of leather!' 'Shovel it all out!' says I. 'Sir,' says he, 'it's Madame Schwellenberg's; here's her name on it.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'sell it, to-morrow, to the saddler."

"What! when you knew it was mine, Sir? Upon my vord, you been ver good!" (Bowing very low.)

"Well, ma'am, it's all Colonel Welbred, I dare say; so, suppose you and I were to take the law of him?"

"Not I, Sir!" (scornfully.)

"Well, but let's write him a letter, then, and frighten him: let's tell him it's sold, and he must make it good. You and I'll do it together."

"No, Sir; you might do it yourself! I am not so familiar to write to gentlemens."

"Why then, you shall only sign it, and I'll frank it."

Here the entrance of some new person stopped the discussion.

Happy in his success, he began, the next day, a new device: he made an attack in politics, and said, he did not doubt but Mr. Hastings would come to be hanged; though, he assured us, afterwards, he was firmly his friend, and believed no such thing.

Even with this not satisfied, he next told her that he had just heard Mr. Burke was in Windsor.

Mr. Burke is the name in the world most obnoxious, both for his Reform Bill, which deeply affected all the household, and for his prosecution of Mr. Hastings; she therefore declaimed against him very warmly.

"Should you like to know him, ma'am?" cried he.

"Me?—No; not I."

"Because, I dare say, ma'am, I have interest enough with him to procure you his acquaintance. Shall I bring him to the Lodge, to see you?"

"When you please, Sir, you might keep him to yourself!"

"Well, then, he shall come and dine with me, and after it drink tea with you."

"No, no, not I! You might have him all to yourself."

"O, but if he comes, you must make his tea."

"There is no such must, Sir! I do it for my pleasure only—when I please, Sir!"

At night, when we were separating, he whispered Miss P—— that he had something else in store for the next meeting, when he intended to introduce magnetizing.

* * * *

I was stopped on the terrace by Madame La Fîte, to introduce me to Monsieur Tremblai, who had seen my sister and Monsieur and Madame Locke at Norbury. The recommendation was great to me; but the florid speech accompanying it made me involuntarily draw back, and, the moment I was able, retreat. Mrs. Turbulent was also in the party, and we were introduced to each other for the first time. She looks very pleasing.

There were also several other foreigners; and Colonel Manners expressed a warm disapprobation of them, saying, "Why, now these people take to coming on the Terrace so, I suppose every thing one says will be put in the Brussels Gazette!"

July 1st, Sunday.—Alarming to my heart was the opening of this month! As soon as I came from church, I found a note from Miss P——, that my beloved Mrs. Delany was taken extremely ill. O how did I suffer in not instantly flying to her! I was compelled only to write, and to stay for my noon attendance; but the moment I then acquainted the Queen with my intelligence, which indeed she saw untold, she most sweetly and kindly dispensed with my services, said Mrs. Schwellenberg should wait alone, and permitted me to be absent for the whole day.

The sweet soul—all heart, all sensibility, unhackneyed by the world, uninjured by age and time—had suffered a mental distress, and to that solely was her illness owing. Something had gone very wrong, and

so deeply was she wounded, that she had been seized with cruel nervous spasms, that ended in a high fever. Mr. Young, her town apothecary, had been sent for. I went to her bedside as calmly as was in my power, and there I spent the precious day.

How edifying, between whiles, was the conversation she held with me! how prepared for the last scene! —with what humble, yet fervent joy, expecting its approach! It seemed almost wicked to pray for its delay, —yet, while destined to stay in the world, can we help devoutly wishing to detain those who best can fit us for quitting it?

We sent for Dr. Heberden;—he saw no immediate danger; Mr. Young soon arrived, and gave hope of recovery. With what exquisite sensations of delight did I hear that sound!

The Queen herself presently came to the house, and sent for me downstairs to the drawing-room. She was equally surprised and pleased that so fair a prospect was once again opening. She then ordered Miss P—— to her, and I returned to this most honoured friend, whose sweet soft smiles never a moment forsook her when she saw me approach, or permitted me to be seated by her side.

The King, also, came himself, in the evening, and sent for me. I delighted his benignant heart with a still fairer account, for all went better and better; and before I was forced, at night, to tear myself away, she was so happily revived, that I left her with scarce a tear, though I would have given the world not to have left her at all.

MONDAY, JULY 2ND.—When I returned home in the evening from my beloved friend, with whom I had spent the morning and the evening, I waited upon

Mrs. Schwellenberg, whom I found alone, and much out of spirits. She informed me that Sir Richard Jebb, who had been in close attendance at the Lodge, upon the Princesses who had the measles, was himself very dangerously ill, and not likely ever to be better. I heard this with great concern; and the prophecy turned out but too true.

While we were talking this over, Colonel Manners entered the room, followed by another *uniform;* and coming straight up to me, said, "Miss Burney, will you give me leave to introduce Colonel Gwynn to you —the new Equerry, and my successor?"

A few bows and curtsies ensued, and we entered into a little formal discourse, till they said they must shew themselves in the music-room, and retreated.

Colonel Gwynn is reckoned a remarkably handsome man, and he is husband to the beautiful eldest daughter of Mrs. Horneck. More of him anon.

Afterwards we heard a little humming in the passage. My companion said she would soon know who dared do that in the King's house; and desired me to look. But I declined the office, for I knew the voice; and she therefore went herself, and returned with a smile; "O, 'tis only the *Madger!*" and invited him in.

For a few minutes he complied, but hurried off as soon as possible.

* * * * *

What a stare was drawn from our new Equerry the following evening, by Major Price's gravely asking Mrs. Schwellenberg after the health of her Frogs! She answered they were very well, and the Major said, "You must know, Colonel Gwynn, Mrs. Schwellenberg keeps a pair of Frogs."

"Of Frogs?—pray what do they feed upon?"

"Flies, sir," she answered.

"And pray, ma'am, what food have they in winter?"

"Nothing other."

The stare was now still wider.

"But I can make them croak when I will," she added; "when I only go so to my snuff-box, knock, knock, knock, they croak all what I please."

"Very pretty, indeed!" exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy.

"I thought to have some spawn," she continued; "but Lady Maria Carlton, what you call Lady Doncaster, came and frightened them; I was never so angry!"

"I am sorry for that," cried the Major, very seriously, "for else I should have begged a pair."

"So you meant, ma'am, to have had a breed of them," cried Colonel Goldsworthy; "a breed of young frogs? Vastly clever, indeed!"

Then followed a formal enumeration of their virtues and endearing little qualities, which made all laugh except the new Equerry, who sat in perfect amaze.

Then, suddenly, she stopped short, and called out "There! now I have told you all this, you might tell something to me. I have talked enoff; now you might amuse *me*."

Major Price, to humour the demand, instantly said he would tell a story; and so he did, and such a story as truly won my surprise at his courage! It was of a Sir Joseph something, who was walking by the side of a pond, and fell plump in, and being well soused, got out again! It diverted, however, so well, that Colonel Goldsworthy was desired to do as much. And so he

did, and just in the same style; and, had I not been yet low from Mrs. Delany's continued confinement, I must have laughed at this intrepid absurdity.

Poor Colonel Gwynn, expecting the next summons, could not laugh at all; but he was happily relieved by the appearance of the Princess Amelia, who came to order him and Colonel Goldsworthy to attend her to the lower Lodge.

JULY 7TH.—This morning I received so urgent a note from Mrs. de Luc, to invite me to meet M. de la Blancherie, a foreign man of letters, just come over, that I could not refuse her. Indeed I do not love to refuse her. She is so gentle and quiet in her management of those sort of encounters, that, even though I know them designed and arranged, she contrives to make me feel them carried off as if they were accidental.

I was not much *charmée* with M. de la Blancherie: he is lively, full of talk, ready to take the lead, and perfectly satisfied everybody is ready that he should.

Poor Madame la Fîte was there, and looked much surprised at sight of me. I cannot bring her to understand that an old acknowledged friend, like Mrs. de Luc, has a claim upon me that any other acquaintance must make before they should demand.

M. de la Blancherie has a scheme of a periodical work that I do not think likely to succeed. He by no means strikes me to have abilities equal to supporting such an undertaking after its first novelty is over. He invited me to Paris, and with a torrent of compliments acquainted me I was expected there; and then followed another torrent upon other expectations.

Dry was the gulf into which these torrents poured —no stream met them, no emotion stirred them,—and

so they soon grew stagnant. Indeed, I often wonder with myself if ever while I live this right hand will find other employment than writing to you.

I was obliged to write two letters for M. de la Blancherie, one to my father, and one to Charles, whom he had met in his little Paris excursion.

A note from M. de la Blancherie, which I received the next morning, I shall copy.

À Miss
Miss Burney, To Vindsor.

M. de la Blancherie présente son respect à Miss Burney, et tous les autres hommages qui lui sont dûs, et il a l'honneur de la remercier des deux lettres qu'elle a bien voulu lui donner pour M. son père et M. son frère. Il sera très empressé de les porter, et de jouir de tous les avantages qu'il s'en promet. Il sera très heureux s'il peut encore être à portée de faire sa cour à l'une des Muses Angloises, et s'il a l'occasion de remplir envers elle les obligations de l'agent de correspondance. Il prend la liberté de joindre à ce billet un petit prospectus de l'établissement qui lui a procuré l'honneur de connoître Miss, et d'être couvert de son Egide.

VVindsor, le 8 Juillet, 1787.

Thus, being in the same note a Muse, Minerva, and a Miss, Mrs. Delany has called me M. M. M. ever since.

Mrs. Schwellenberg had a German family to dine here—M. and Madame Freuss, and some young men: they talked nothing but German, and I understood not a word. I liked it very well.

JULY 10TH.—We came to Kew—Mrs. Schwellenberg,

Miss Planta, Mr. de Luc, and myself. Mrs. Schwellenberg was extremely angered against the equerries, who had wholly neglected all conversation with her, and hurried out of the room the moment they had drunk their tea. She protested that if they did not mind, she would have them no more, but let them make their tea for themselves. "O yes, I will put an end to it! your humble servant! when they won't talk to me, they may stay; comical men! they bin bears!"

Mr. Fisher said to me, "A friend of yours, ma'am, drank tea with me lately—one who did not ask after you!"

"And who was that?"

"There can be but one of that description in the universe!"

He meant, I found, poor Mrs. Piozzi. May she be happy! She has had her share of making me otherwise—a share the world holds not power to give to her again. Alas! she has lost what gave that ascendance! And those cannot long give great pain who have forfeited their power to give pleasure. I find this truth more and more strongly every time I think of her; but where I find its strength the most, is that I think of her, any way, less and less.

The same German family dined with us again at Kew; and now I had my share in the company. They no longer confined themselves to their own language: they eagerly came up to me, as I entered the room, to tell me, in broken English, that they had not known who I was when they were at Windsor. The lady told me she had read my book in German, and liked it "best of any book," adding, warmly, "*Upon*

my vord, it is so vat I sink, dat I wiss I had wrote it selfs!" The gentleman, in French, told me he was charmed to know my name, but said he had little enough imagined himself in a room with one "*Si bien connue*" by him already, "*par la renommée*."

So you see, my dear friends, here is a little of the old flummery coming round to me again.

Madame de Freuss took me by the hand and the arm, and charged me to sit by her, and talk to her, and not to *esquiver* so continually: however, I could not help it, for when her hand was off me, there was nothing else to draw me.

The next day, at St. James's, when I retired from the Queen's apartments to my own, who should I find there but Madame de Freuss! waiting for me, with Mrs. Farman the mantua-maker, and a couple of milliners! I despatched them soon; but not my new friend. My dear father came; "She was glad to see him." Mrs. and Miss Ord called—that did not disturb her. Mr. Stanhope peeped in,—that had no sort of effect. My two Worcester cousins came,—and "She liked to see any of my family."

Well—she outstayed every one of them!

Well! she is gone back to Germany, so no matter. Poor Mrs. Ord was in deep dejection at the loss of Sir Richard Jebb;—she was going to Bath, and took leave of me till November—sadly on both sides.

The Queen, in the sweetest manner in the world, gave me this morning a little pocket inkstand, with a gold pen. Was it not almost an invitation to make some visible use of it?

JULY 13TH.—We returned to Windsor; and I flew,

as usual, to my beloved Mrs. Delany, to spend there my customary hour between the coffee and tea time. O, how sweet to me that hour!

This most beloved friend told me Dr. Beattie was in Windsor, and had desired to meet me at her house. I was very glad of such an opportunity, and fixed the next evening.

Our tea-party now consisted of Colonel Gwynn and General Budé. It was impossible not to smile a little, when, upon my taking my work to the window, aloof, as usual, my companion, after their departure, said she never saw such rude people in her life, and added "You been right to despise them so, and I will do it the same!"

Her Majesty lent me Mrs. Scott's "Filial Duty" to read. I think I have seldom perused anything that has contained less to surprise.

I kept my appointment with Dr. Beattie, and was much gratified by so doing. I found him pleasant, unaffected, unassuming, and full of conversible intelligence; with a round, thick, clunch figure, that promises nothing either of his works or his discourse; yet his eye, at intervals, and when something breaks from him pointed and sudden, shoots forth a ray of genius that instantly lights up his whole countenance. His voice and his manners are particularly and pleasingly mild, and seem to announce an urbanity of character both inviting and edifying.

My very high admiration of his two principal productions, "The Minstrel" and the "Immutability of Truth," made it a real satisfaction to me to see their author; and finding him such as I have described, I felt a desire to be acquainted with him that made me

regret my little likelihood of meeting with him again. His present errand to Windsor was to see Mrs. Delany.

The "Immutability of Truth" is full of religious instruction, conveyed with such a rare mixture of precision and of wit as to carry amusement hand in hand with conviction: at least such it appeared to me when I read it, at the desire of Mrs. Chapone, who lent it me. Yet the opening, I remember, was so obscure and metaphysical, that I had nearly abandoned the book, in despair of comprehending it: Mrs. Chapone would not suffer me to give it up, and I have felt much obliged ever since to her persevering exhortations.

Once before, when I lived in the world, I had met with Dr. Beattie, but he then spoke very little, the company being large; and for myself, I spoke not at all. Our personal knowledge of each other therefore sunk not very deep. It was at the house of Miss Reynolds. My ever-honoured Dr. Johnson was there, and my poor Mrs. Thrale, her daughter, Mrs. Ord, Mrs. Horneck, Mrs. Gwynn, the Bishop of Dromore, and Mrs. Percy, and Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Seward, with some others.

Many things do I recollect of that evening, particularly one laughable circumstance. I was coming away at night, without having been seen by Dr. Johnson, but knowing he would reproach me afterwards, I begged my father to tell him I wished him good night. He instantly called me up to him, took both my hands, which he extended as far asunder as they would go, and just as I was unfortunately curtseying to be gone, he let them loose and dropped both his own on the two sides of my hoop, with so ponderous a weight, that I could not for some time rise from the inclined posture

into which I had put myself, and in which, though quite unconscious of what he was about, he seemed forcibly holding me.

I liked my little encounter so well, that the next day I not only repeated it, but as Dr. Beattie was so kind as to give up an appointment for the next day, that the same little party might again take place, I made my customary preparations, and went for the whole evening instead of my ordinary hour.

He was very pleasant, and in better spirits than the preceding day. He was gayer, as I found afterwards, with me, as a stranger, than with any of his old acquaintances, for his mind was sad and wounded by domestic misfortunes.

Mrs. Delany, in the course of the evening, was called out of the room: he then, in a low voice, and looking another way, very gently said—"I must now, ma'am, seize an opportunity for which I have long wished, to tell you of the equal amazement and pleasure I have received from you."

And then, without further preamble, he entered upon the *old subject*, and uttered such flattering things as were now, from a person such as him, become almost new to my ears, and I was really ready to run away.

When my dear Mrs. Delany returned he was so kind and so delicate as to suffer her to change the subject, which she, with her never-failing indulgence to my every inclination, immediately attempted.

She asked him if there were any hopes of anything new from him. No, he said, he had been otherwise employed. I then ventured a wish for a conclusion to the "Minstrel." He owned he had written another book, but that he had disapproved and burned it.

"O!" I exclaimed in parody from his "Edwin," "then may we say of Dr. Beattie—

'Some thought him wondrous *odd;* and some believed him mad!'"

He laughed heartily, and said to Mrs. Delany, "Miss Burney, ma'am, vanquishes me with my own weapons!" And then we went on to other subjects, till I was forced to decamp.

In coming away he told me he heard that Lady Pembroke was at the Queen's Lodge, and asked me to give him directions how he might see her. I offered to convey a note to her, for I could venture at nothing further; but I added, that when she had made her appointment, if he would call at my door I should think myself much honoured, though I could not have had the courage to solicit his coming to the house purposely to see me.

"Not purposely!" cried he, with the utmost good-humour and vivacity, "why, I would go to the Land's End!"

He then positively and undeniably insisted I should name my own time for seeing him, without any reference to Lady Pembroke, or any other lady, or any other thing whatsoever. I thanked him, and accepting his kindness, mentioned three o'clock for the next day.

I determined to acquaint the Queen with my assignation, but felt so certain of her indisputable approbation, that I could not be uneasy at not speaking to her first.

I like Dr. Beattie extremely. I am quite happy he made this visit. My dearest Mrs. Delany told me he had been formerly amongst the first of men in his social powers; but family calamities had greatly altered.

him. I was truly sorry to hear of his sad fate, but as I had not known him in his happier days, I found him now all I could wish him.

Mrs. Delany, according to an almost general custom, came for me the next morning early, in her chaise, to air with her. She was met by the King, who rode up to her, and asked whither she was going. "Only to spend one quarter of an hour with Miss Burney, sir," was her answer. "But you may keep her two hours," cried he, "this morning—or as long as you will." And then he rode up to the Queen's carriage, and having spoken to her, returned again to Mrs. Delany, with a confirmation of the permission. They were going to Kew.

We made use of the licence, by driving to Mr. Bryant, at Cypenham. We found him in his garden, encompassed with his numerous family of dogs. His fondness for these good animals is quite diverting: he makes them his chief companions, and speaks to them as if they were upon terms of equality with him. He says they regularly breakfast with him, and he then gives them his principal lesson how to behave themselves.

After all, where is the philosopher wise enough to be all-sufficient to himself? A man had better arrange himself with a family of human beings, after the common mode, at once.

It was extremely amusing to see his anxiety that his children should not disgrace themselves. My dear Susan is not more solicitous for her Fanny and Nordia. "Come, now, be good! Be good, my little fellows!—don't be troublesome! Don't jump up on Mrs. Delany! Miss Burney, I'm afraid they are in your way. Come,

my little fellows, keep back!—pray do. There!—there's good dogs!—keep back!"

And then, when they persevered in surrounding Mrs. Delany—too kind and too easy to mind them—he addressed them quite with pathos: "My sweet dogs!—O, my sweet dogs!—don't!—don't!—my sweet dogs!"

Well!—we are all born to have some recreation, and I should certainly do the same, had I nothing else alive about me.

We returned in very good time, and I was just dressed as Dr. Beattie arrived. I had taken all proper measures, and therefore received him very comfortably.

He was very cheerful and very charming. He seems made up of gentleness and benevolence, yet with a disposition to decent mirth, and an enjoyment of humour and sport, that give an animation to his mildness truly engaging. You would be surprised to find how soon you would forget that he is ugly and clumsy, for there is a sort of perfect good-will in his countenance and his smile, that is quite captivating.

I told him of my visit to Mr. Bryant and his dogs. He laughed very heartily, but outdid my account by another—of a gentleman who always partook a mess of hasty pudding with a favourite hound, which was the breakfast of both. "And when," said he, "the dog happened to infringe on his share, he only gave him a knock on the nose, to set him right, and then ate quietly on with him!"

This introduced many other little *contes à rire*, which chiefly occupied the time he had to bestow upon me, or rather the time I had to solicit his stay, for he went not till that was over.

I longed to have spoken of his "Immutability of Truth," which I truly think a glorious work, but I had not courage. I feared it might look like a return of compliment, which I could not bear. For, to be sure, I had it to return! I have heard nothing like what fell from him since under this roof I came; and I will not refrain, as his good opinion was equally gratifying and surprising to me, telling you what he most dwelt upon. "What most," cried he, "has struck me, is all that concerns a species of distress the most common in life, yet most neglected in representation—that of people of high cultivation and elegance forced to associate with those of gross and inferior capacities and manners. 'Tis a most just and most feeling distress; yet you, as you have stated, have it *now*."

Whether he meant Evelina with the Braughtons, or Henrietta with her mother and Mr. Hobson, I know not. Will you say, *Why could not you ask?*

I saw no more of him, to my great regret. He left Windsor the next day.

JULY 18TH.—This morning I received the very alarming letters—very afflicting, rather, for the alarm was, thank God, passed—of my dear and most valued Mr. Locke's illness. How kindly had my generous Fredy spared me all anxiety but of retrospection, of what I might have shared!—but no, I can *share* nothing. I can but feel, and be felt for, apart!

JULY 19TH.—The election of a member for Windsor, who proved to be Lord Mornington, determined his Majesty to spend the day at Kew with the Queen and all the Princesses. By appointment, therefore, the vacation was destined to Mr. Bryant, to whose house I accompanied my dearest Mrs. Delany. We found Mr. Turbulent waiting for us, with the good old gentle-

man, and an ample breakfast prepared for our reception.

The morning was very pleasant. Mr. Bryant was quite delighted with the visit, and did the honours with the utmost activity and spirit, regaling us at once with his excellent anecdotes and excellent brown bread, &c. He gave me *carte blanche* to choose and to take whichever of his books I pleased, and put his keys into my hand, that I might examine his store, and send for whatever I wished, at any time that I desired. I accepted his liberal offer with great thanks; but, unhappily, his books are very few of them such as I could covet. They are chiefly very antique and voluminous accounts of voyages and travels, books of science, or authors in the dead languages.

He took us all over his house, which has books in every part. He begged me to follow him, when in his own room, to a small neat case, which he desired me to examine. I complied very readily, but you may believe my surprise when I there saw, very elegantly bound, "Cecilia," and "Evelina!"

He laughed very heartily at my start; how, indeed, could I suspect such a compliment from this good old Grecian? "Cecilia" and "Evelina" were not written before the Deluge!

He then lent me some curious old newspapers, printed just before the Revolution; with various tracts upon that æra, not very interesting to me.

We stayed very late, and returned well pleased with our expedition. Mr. Bryant was eager in displaying his collection to Mrs. Delany, who accepts every attention not as a due, but a favour, and who excuses every omission with an indulgence that seems to put pardon out of the question.

In the afternoon, while I was working in Mrs. Schwellenberg's room, Mr. Turbulent entered, to summon Miss Planta to the Princesses; and, in the little while of executing that simple commission, he made such use of his very ungovernable and extraordinary eyes, that the moment he was gone, Mrs. Schwellenberg demanded *for what he looked so at me?*

I desired to know what she meant.

"Why, like when he was so *cordial* with you? Been you acquainted?"

"O yes!" cried I, "I spent three hours twice a-week upon the road with him and Miss Planta, all the winter; and three or four dinners and afternoons besides."

"O that's nothing! that's no acquaintance at all. I have had people to me, to travel and to dine, fourteen and fifteen years, and yet they been never so cordial!"

This was too unanswerable for reply; but it determined me to try at some decided measure for restraining or changing looks and behaviour that excited such comments. And I thought my safest way would be fairly and frankly to tell him this very inquiry. It might put him upon his guard from such foolishness, without any more serious effort.

July 20th.—This evening Mrs. Schwellenberg was not well, and sent to desire I would receive the gentlemen to tea, and make her apologies. I immediately summoned my lively and lovely young companion, Miss P——, who hastens at every call with good-humoured delight.

We had really a pleasant evening, though simply from the absence of spleen and jealousy, which seemed to renew and invigorate the spirits of all present:

namely, General Budé, Signor del Campo, and Colonel Gwynn.

They all stayed very late; but when they made their exit, I dismissed my gay assistant, and thought it incumbent on me to shew myself upstairs. But what a reception was awaiting me!—so grim! O Heaven! how depressing, how cruel, to be fastened thus on an associate so *exigeante*, so tyrannical, and so ill-disposed!

I feared to blame the Equerries for having detained me, as they were all already so much out of favour. I only, therefore, mentioned M. del Campo, who, as a Foreign Minister, might be allowed so much civility as not to be left to himself: for I was openly reproached that I had not quitted them to hasten to her! Nothing, however, availed; and after vainly trying to appease her, I was obliged to go to my own room, to be in attendance for my royal summons.

JULY 21ST.—I resolved to be very meek and patient, as I do, now and then, when I am good, and to bear this hard trial of causeless offence without resentment; and therefore I went this afternoon as soon as I had dined, and sat and worked, and forced conversation, and did my best, but with very indifferent success; when, most perversely, who should be again announced but Mr. Turbulent.

As I believe the visit was not, just after those "*cordial*" looks, supposed to be solely for the lady of the apartment, his reception was no better than mine had been the preceding days. He did not, however, regard it, but began a talk, in which he made it his business to involve me, by perpetual reference to my opinion. This did not much conciliate matters; and his rebuffs, from time to time, were so little ceremonious, that nothing but the most confirmed contempt could

have kept off an angry resentment. I could sometimes scarcely help laughing at his utterly careless returns to an imperious haughtiness, vainly meant to abash and distance him.

I took the earliest moment in my power to quit the room; and the reproach with which he looked at my exit, for leaving him to such a *tête-à-tête*, was quite risible. He knew he could not, in decency, run away immediately, and he seemed ready to commit some desperate act for having drawn himself into such a difficulty. I am always rejoiced when his flights and follies bring their own punishment.

In my own room I found my beloved Mrs. Delany, but I had only the contrast of her sweet looks, not of her society, as the Princess Amelia fetched her away almost immediately.

Miss P—— remained; and Madame de la Fîte joined us; and, not long after, Mr. Turbulent. He was in a humour that nothing could daunt; he began the warmest reproaches that I had left the room, and for my little notice of him while in it. I could not make a serious lecture, such as I wished, and such as he wanted, in the presence of these two ladies, though he endeavoured to make me speak to him apart, heedless of their observation. I gave him, however, to understand, that he was upon the brink of making himself an enemy of the most dangerous sort, if he did not pay a little more attention where his attentions were more expected, "And a little less," I added, with a laugh, "where they are not expected."

"All that," cried he, scornfully, "all danger and all consequences are indifferent to me. I despise them from my soul! Nor do I care how steep or how deep the

precipice from which I may fall, if I could but draw you down with me from its summit!"

I made him a very low curtsey, and begged to be excused so sublime an obligation. I could only laugh, though internally I own I almost shuddered, but it was only for a moment. I soon saw him merely ridiculous and burlesque: indeed, could I have taken such a speech seriously, I must have considered him as a savage.

A summons to tea parted us. He went his way, as I did not invite him to stay, and we adjourned to the eating-parlour.

JULY 22ND.—A very painful transaction, which had employed my mornings for a little while past, was very painfully concluded to-day. A captain, of the name of Pike, an officer severely and unjustly injured in the American war, represented to me with so much distress his situation, that I could not hesitate a moment in laying it before Her Majesty, to be submitted to the King. She most graciously accorded her consent: but on stating the particulars, she found it was a case in which prerogative had no power; and, in short, though with infinite lenity towards the efforts I had presumed to make, at sundry times, for distressed petitioners, I was finally given to understand that I had better never undertake such commissions, but make it known, by every opportunity, that I must no longer venture to step out of my department, as it only belonged to the Lord Chamberlain to present any petitions.

I was very sorry, and I have since been far more so, by the many disappointments I have unavoidably given; for I must not dare disobey an injunction so general and so positive.

So great was the poor man's distress, that I did not dare send him this ill-news in a common manner: I employed Mr. Gray, a kind of surveyor and carpenter, and head mechanic for all sort of things in the household, to go to him, and carry a note from me, in answer to sundry urgent letters, in which I tried what I could to soften the disappointment, and to give him some counsel, such as I could, about two daughters, who were very ingenious, and copied from nature landscapes in needle-work.

In the end, the poor man determined to go with these industrious poor things to Bath, there to set their talents to advantage, and sell their works. And such was his indigence, that the poor mites of this Mr. Gray and myself were even treasures to him.

* * * * *

Mrs. Delany was not well. I made her two little visits: her eyes, she said, failed more and more; but with such resignation, such piety, she spoke of their threatened loss, that I know not which I felt most at heart, sorrow or admiration.

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JULY 24TH.—This day we came to Kew.

While Miss Planta and I were waiting in the parlour for Mrs. Schwellenberg, Mr. Turbulent entered: involuntarily affrighted at the thought of his accompanying us, in his present flighty humour, and in the carriage with one whom it had already offended, I earnestly exclaimed, "Good Heaven, Mr. Turbulent, I hope you are not going with us?"

"Upon my word," answered he, "you are a most flattering lady! What compliments you pay me! You don't like I should travel with you in the summer,—you declared against it in the spring,—it was disagree-

able to you in the winter,—and you are affected by it in the autumn!"—And off he went, half angry.

*   *   *   *   *

JULY 25TH.—Mr. Turbulent amused himself this morning with giving me yet another panic. He was ordered to attend the Queen during her hair-dressing, as was Mr. de Luc. I remained in the room: the Queen conversed with us all three, as occasions arose, with the utmost complacency; but this person, instead of fixing there his sole attention, contrived, by standing behind her chair, and facing me, to address a language of signs to me the whole time, casting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and placing himself in various fine attitudes, and all with a humour so burlesque, that it was impossible to take it either ill or seriously. Indeed, when I am on the very point of the most alarmed displeasure with him, he always falls upon some such ridiculous devices of affected homage, that I grow ashamed of my anger, and hurry it over, lest he should perceive it, and attribute it to a misunderstanding he might think ridiculous in his turn.

How much should I have been discountenanced had her Majesty turned about and perceived him! yet by no means so much disconcerted as by a similar *Cerberic* detection; since the Queen, who, when in spirits, is gay and sportive herself, would be much farther removed from any hazard of misconstruction.

I saw him afterwards, just before dinner, alone. He began a vehement expostulation at my conduct in shunning him; but I stopped him short in his career, by seriously assuring him I had something of moment for his attention.

Surprised and alarmed, he exclaimed, "Is it good or bad?"

"I hope it may be good!" I answered, not to inflame his curiosity, as I could not now have time to go on.

"If," cried he, with great abatement of violence from an answer milder than he expected, "if it were bad, from such a channel—" but the entrance of Mr. de Luc spared me the rest of the compliment.

No opportunity of an explanation offering, I had not long stole to my room, for a little breathing, before he followed me, tapping at my door, but entering without waiting for any leave.

I did not much like his pursuit, but resolved to make the fullest use of the conference; and just as he began his usual round of reproaches for my elopements and shynesses, I desired him to desist, and hear me. "Most willingly," he cried; and then I frankly told him he must not wonder I avoided him, while he conducted himself in a manner so unaccountable and singular.

He desired me to explain myself; looking quite aghast, and even turning pale, while he waited my answer.

I was now wholly at a loss how to analyse my charge. I could not, for shame, mention his peculiarities personal, while he seemed unconscious of them, and therefore I got into a most disagreeable embarrassment myself. All I could say, in a general way, he either did not or would not understand; and after a long perplexed half remonstrance, scarce intelligible to myself, I rested my expostulation on what I least regarded, merely because it was what I could best dilate upon, namely, that he had excited strong suspicions in Mrs. Schwellenberg that he was ridiculing her, and that the continual reference of his eyes to mine must needs make her include me in his conspiracy, which gave me so much alarm, that I must always shun him till he

behaved better. And then I told him the attack of his "*looking so cordial.*"

Extremely relieved by this account, he recovered his colour and his spirits, and laughed violently at the charge, especially that part of it which belonged to the "*fourteen or fifteen years.*"

"Well," cried he, "if that is all, I can make no reform: if I look cordial, it is only that I am so; and I will not try to disprove it."

I begged him to rest assured that, however ridiculous this might seem, I should most certainly keep out of his way with my utmost power, so long as he continued to give me so much of his notice when I could not escape him. But my only answer was a laughing prayer that she might next discover *I* looked cordial at *him*!

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JULY 26TH.—We returned to Windsor the next day, and I had the joy to find my sweet Mrs. Delany delightfully well. Miss P—— having another engagement, she indulged me with a *tête-à-tête* visit, and we renewed our investigation &c., of the "Memoirs." How I wish my two sisters could see them! They so exactly shew the sweet character that has drawn them up, and how unaffectedly and innocently she has ever been the same—in the prime and glow of youth, and in every danger and every distress.

The good King and his charming little daughter came, as usual, to rob me of my venerable Biographer in the evening.

JULY 29TH.—To-day the King and Queen and Royal Family went to Eton, to hear the speeches; and, as I was invited by Mrs. Roberts and the Provost, I had the curiosity to go also.

The speeches were chiefly in Greek and Latin, but concluded with three or four in English: some were pronounced extremely well, especially those spoken by the chief composers of the "Microcosm," Canning and Smith.

I saw all my Windsor acquaintances—Claytons, Linds, Dr. Herschel, &c.; and when the speeches were over, I went to a great breakfast, prepared by Mrs. Roberts. There I met Lord and Lady Walsingham, and received civilities for answering notes they had sent me, to beg information whether they might appear, one in a hat, the other in a frock. Lady Rothes and Sir Lucas Pepys were also there, and we had much old talk.

PART X.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 2ND.—To-day, after a seven years' absence, arrived the Duke of York. I saw him alight from his carriage, with an eagerness, a vivacity, that assured me of the affectionate joy with which he returned to his country and family. But the joy of his excellent father!—O that there is no describing! It was the glee of the first youth—nay, of ardent and innocent infancy,—so pure it seemed, so warm, so open, so unmixed!

Softer joy was the Queen's—mild, equal, and touching; while all the Princesses were in one universal rapture.

It was a happy day throughout: no one could forbear the strongest hopes that the long-earned, long-due recompense of paternal kindness and goodness was now to be amply paid.

To have the pleasure of seeing the Royal Family in this happy assemblage, I accompanied Miss P—— on the Terrace. It was indeed an affecting sight to view the general content; but that of the King went to my very heart, so delighted he looked—so proud of his son—so benevolently pleased that every one should witness his satisfaction.

The Terrace was very full; all Windsor and its neighbourhood poured in upon it, to see the Prince

whose whole demeanour seemed promising to merit his flattering reception; gay, yet grateful—modest, yet unembarrassed.

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I brought in only Miss P—— to tea; her sweet aunt then joined us, as did General Grenville, who had attended the Duke home, and who is chief of his establishment. The Duke of Montagu arrived soon after, to see his former pupil, and was greatly moved with pleasure.

The excellent King came into the tea-room for Mrs. Delany, who congratulated him, most respectfully apologising, at the same time, for venturing to come to the Lodge on such an occasion. "My dear Mrs. Delany," cried he, "if you could have stayed away on such a day as this, I should have thought it quite unkind!" And then he bid the Duke of Montagu hand her to the royal apartment.

Early the next morning arrived the Prince of Wales, who had travelled all night from Brighthelmstone. The day was a day of complete happiness to the whole of the Royal Family; the King was in one transport of delight, unceasing, invariable; and though the newly-arrived Duke was its source and support, the kindness of his heart extended and expanded to his Eldest-Born, whom he seemed ready again to take to his paternal breast; indeed, the whole world seemed endeared to him by the happiness he now felt in it.

The tea circle was now enlarged with some of the Prince's gentlemen, and others who came to pay their duty to the Duke. Colonel Hotham, Colonel Lake, General Fawcet, Mr. Bouverie, Lord Herbert, and some others, were here for three evenings, and Ge-

neral Grenville during the whole stay of the Duke at Windsor, as well as General Budé.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5TH.—The Prince of Wales returned to Brighton. I walked again upon the Terrace, with Miss Egerton, who had Lady Mexborough of her party. The next day arrived my beloved Fredy's beautiful work-box for my little Princess.

To our already large party was now added the Bishop of Salisbury, Major Price's uncle, who made me some such very kind speeches from Mrs. Kennicott, then on a visit at his house, that I was soon satisfied, from my very slight acquaintance with her, he made her name a mere vehicle for his own civilities. For a Bishop, he is rather too courteous; I am much better pleased with Bishop Hurd, whose civility is all in manner, not words.

General Grenville brought in the Duke this evening to the tea-room. I was very much pleased with his behaviour, which was modest, dignified, and easy. Might he but escape the contagion of surrounding examples, he seems promising of all his fond father expects and merits.

AUGUST 7TH.—I followed my fair little Princess to the garden, with her *cadeau*, on this morn of her birth; but she could not then take it. I saw her afterwards with the Queen, and she immediately said, "Mamma, may Miss Burney fetch me my box?"

The Queen inquired what it was? and, hearing the explanation, gave immediate consent. I fetched it. The sweet Princess was extremely delighted, and her sweet Mother admired it almost equally. It was only too pretty for so young a possessor.

I had two wedding-letters this morning; one from Mr. Cambridge, with some account of his son Charles

and his bride; and the other from a very sweet bride indeed, Lady Mulgrave; and a letter as sweet as herself—modest, kind, happy, and affectionate.

We then set off for Kew.

The good Mr. and Mrs. Smelt came to tea; and the Princess Elizabeth came to see them, and brought her work, and made us all sit with her for more than an hour.

The King indulged the little Princess with driving her out in his garden-phaeton, which is a double carriage, and contained the Queen and the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta and Lady Caroline Waldegrave, Princess Amelia, and one more.

The next day the now happy family had the delight of again seeing the two Princes in its circle. They dined here; and the Princess Augusta, who came to Mrs. Schwellenberg's room in the evening, on a message, said, "There never had been so happy a dinner since the world was created."

The King, in the evening, again drove out the Queen and Princesses. The Prince of Wales, seeing Mr. Smelt in our room (which, at Kew, is in the front of the house, as well as at Windsor), said he would come in and ask him how he did. Accordingly, in he came, and talked to Mr. Smelt for about a quarter of an hour; his subjects almost wholly his horses and his rides. He gave some account of his expedition to town to meet his brother. He was just preparing, at Brighton, to give a supper entertainment to Madame la Princesse de Lamballe,—when he perceived his courier. "I dare say," he cried, "my brother's come!" set off instantly to excuse himself to the Princesse, and arrived at Windsor by the time of early prayers, at eight o'clock the next morning.

"To-day, again," he said, "I resolved to be in town to meet my brother: we determined to dine somewhere together, but had not settled where; so hither we came. When I went last to Brighton, I rode one hundred and thirty miles, and then danced at the ball. I am going back directly; but I shall ride to Windsor again for the birthday, and shall stay there till my brother's, and then back on Friday. We are going now over the way: my brother wants to see the old mansion."

The Prince of Wales's house is exactly opposite to the Lodge.

The Duke then came in, and bowed to every one present, very attentively; and presently after, they went over the way, arm in arm; and thence returned to town.

I had a long and painful discourse afterwards with Mr. Smelt, deeply interested in these young Princes, upon the many dangers awaiting the newly-arrived, who seemed alike unfitted and unsuspicious for encountering them. Mr. Smelt's heart ached as if he had been their parent, and the regard springing from his early and long care of them seemed all revived in his hopes and fears of what might ensue from this re-union.

How I rejoiced at the public reconciliation with the Prince of Wales, which had taken place during my illness, and which gave the greater reason for hope that there might not now be a division!

THURSDAY, 9TH.—We went to town for the Drawing-room. It was unusually brilliant for the time of year, in compliment to the Duke of York. His Royal Highness came to the Queen's dressing-room before she attired; and the Duchess of Ancaster and Miss

Goldsworthy were admitted, by the happy King, to have a sight of his restored darling. The Prince of Wales was also at Court.

In my own room I found my dearest father waiting for me, quite well, full of spirits, full of Handel, full of manuscripts, and full of proof sheets.

The evening finished with the usual party in Mrs. Schwellenberg's room.

Des horreurs—des humeurs are still all in play! I have no account to give of them, but those "cordial looks" of that mischievous Mr. Turbulent, who certainly has been observed to contrast them strikingly elsewhere. I sometimes think I must wholly break with that strange man, to avoid some actual mischief; and surely, were such the alternative, I should not hesitate one little instant.

We returned to Windsor next day; and all *les horreurs* were soothed by the sweet balmy kindness of my revered Mrs. Delany. What may not be endured where there is the solace of sympathy? Every thing, I think, save one—

"Hard unkindness' alter'd eye."

I know of no endurance for that.

SUNDAY, 12TH.—This was the Prince's real birthday, though it was celebrated on the Monday. Mrs. Schwellenberg was ill; accumulated bile, I believe, disordered her: she could not come downstairs, and I dined quite alone, upon a most splendid dinner, fit for the mayor and corporation of a great trading city.

I entreated the protecting presence of my dear old friend for the tea-table, which was crowded. The Duke of Montagu, Signor del Campo, Generals Grenville, Budé, Fawcet, and Colonels Hulse, Lake, Gwynn, and St. Leger.

Colonel Gwynn briefly presented the Prince's three Colonels, St. Leger, Hulse, and Lake, to me; but the idea I had pre-conceived of them very much unfitted me for doing the honours, and I am sensible I acquitted myself very ill. Mrs. Delany, the Duke of Montagu, and Signor del Campo sat near me, and with those alone I could attempt any conversation.

To my great amaze, the celebrated Colonel St. Leger, with his friend Colonel Lake, sat wholly silent, with an air of shy distance that seemed to shew them ill at ease. I had expected they would at least have amused themselves apart, which they always do when the right lady is *Présidente;* but I should not wonder to hear it explained by their *fearing they might be inserted in a book!* Here, however, it may be no bad thing to be little enough known for so unjust a suspicion.

MONDAY, 13TH.—To-day the gala was kept. I had a visit from the eldest Miss Anguish, which I had promised to receive from her the day before, when I met her at the entrance of the cathedral. She is a good-natured girl, and so warm in her affections, that she seems made up of nothing else. The rest of the morning was consumed in four dressings,—two of my Queen's, two of her *Keeper of the Robes.*

TUESDAY, 14TH.—I had a long chatting visit from the Duchess* of Ancaster, who lamented to me the early hours of this house for her daughter, Lady

Charlotte Bertie, with as much pathos as most parents would have exerted for the late hours of every other.

Mrs. Delany was early carried off this evening by the King, but Miss P—— remained with me, Mrs. Schwellenberg being still too unwell for the tea-table.

There we went at the usual time, and General Budé came in, with two strangers, whom he introduced to us by the names of Bunbury and Crawfurd.

I was very curious to know if this was *the* Bunbury; and I conjectured it could be no other. When Colonel Gwynn joined us, he proposed anew the introduction; but nothing passed to ascertain my surmise. The conversation was general and good-humoured, but without anything striking, or bespeaking character or genius. Almost the whole consisted of inquiries what to do, whither to go, and how to proceed; which, though natural and sensible for a new man, were undistinguished by any humour, or keenness of expression or manner.

Mr. Crawfurd spoke not a word. He is a very handsome young man, just appointed Equerry to the Duke of York.

I whispered my inquiry to Colonel Gwynn as soon as I found an opportunity, and heard "Yes,—'tis Harry Bunbury, sure enough!"

So now we may all be caricatured at his leisure! He is made another of the Equerries to the Duke. A man with such a turn, and with talents so inimitable in displaying it, was a rather dangerous character to be brought within a Court!

Late at night Mrs. Delany was handed back to us by Colonel Goldsworthy, who began a most unreserved lamentation of being detained all the evening in the

Royal apartments—"Because," cried he, "I heard Mrs. What-do-you-call-her was ill, and could not be here; and I was so glad—sorry, I mean! Well, it would come out! there's no help for it!"

Then he told us his great distress on account of a commission he had received to order some millinery goods to be sent by his sister from town,—"So I knew I could not remember one word about it,—garlands, and gauzes, and ribbons,—so I writ to my sister, and just said, 'Pray, sister, please to send down a whole milliner's shop, and the milliners with it, for directions, because the Queen wants something.' And so she did it,—and to-night the Queen told me the things came quite right!"

And then, when obliged to return to the Royals, he exclaimed, in decamping, "Well—to-morrow I will not be so seized! I am so glad—*sorry*, I mean!—for this illness!"

WEDNESDAY, 15TH.—I shall now have an adventure to relate that will much—and not disagreeably—surprise both my dear readers.

Mrs. Schwellenberg's illness occasioned my attending the Queen alone; and when my official business was ended, she graciously detained me, to read to me a new paper, called "Olla Podrida," which is now publishing periodically. Nothing very bright—nothing very deficient.

In the afternoon, while I was drinking coffee with Mrs. Schwellenberg,—or, rather, looking at it, since I rarely swallow any,—her Majesty came into the room, and soon after a little German discourse with Mrs. Schwellenberg told me Mrs. Siddons had been ordered to the Lodge, to read a play, and desired I would receive her in my room.

I felt a little queer in the office; I had only seen her twice or thrice, in large assemblies, at Miss Monckton's, and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and never had been introduced to her, nor spoken with her. However, in this dead and tame life I now lead, such an interview was by no means undesirable.

I had just got to the bottom of the stairs, when she entered the passage gallery. I took her into the tea-room, and endeavoured to make amends for former distance and taciturnity, by an open and cheerful reception. I had heard from sundry people (in old days) that she wished to make the acquaintance; but I thought it, then, one of too conspicuous a sort for the quietness I had so much difficulty to preserve in my ever increasing connections. Here all was changed; I received her by the Queen's commands, and was perfectly well inclined to reap some pleasure from the meeting.

But, now that we came so near, I was much disappointed in my expectations. I know not if my dear Fredy has met with her in private, but I fancy approximation is not highly in her favour. I found her the Heroine of a Tragedy,—sublime, elevated, and solemn. In face and person, truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired

her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise; and, as a celebrated actress, I had still only to do the same.

Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed.

She was scarcely seated, and a little general discourse begun, before she told me—all at once—that "There was no part she had ever so much wished to act as that of Cecilia."

I made some little acknowledgment, and hurried to ask when she had seen Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Palmer, and others with whom I knew her acquainted.

The play she was to read was "The Provoked Husband." She appeared neither alarmed nor elated by her summons, but calmly to look upon it as a thing of course, from her celebrity.

She left me to go to Lady Harcourt, through whose interest she was brought hither. She was on a visit for a week at General Harcourt's, at St. Leonard's, where there seems to be, in general, constant and well-chosen society and amusement. I believe Mrs. Harcourt to have very good taste in both; and, were she less girlish and flippant, I fancy she has parts quite equal to promote and add to, as well as to enjoy them. I am softened towards her, of late, by her consideration for Mrs. Gwynn, whom she has kindly invited to spend the widowhood of her husband's Equerryship at St. Leonard's, where he can frequently visit her.

Mrs. Siddons told me that both these ladies, Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Gwynn, had worked for her inces-

santly, to assist in fitting her out for appearing at the Queen's Lodge, as she had gone to St. Leonard's with only undress clothes.

I should very much have liked to have heard her read the play, but my dearest Mrs. Delany spent the whole evening with me, and I could therefore take no measures for finding out a convenient adjoining room. Mrs. Schwellenberg, I heard afterwards, was so accommodated, though not well enough for the tea-table, where I had the Duke of Montagu, Generals Grenville and Budé, Colonels Goldsworthy and Gwynn, and Messrs. Crawfurd and Bunbury. Miss P——, of course.

My sole conversation this evening was with Mr. Bunbury, who drew a chair next mine, and chatted incessantly, with great good humour, and an avidity to discuss the subjects he started, which were all concerning plays and players. Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, Le Tessier and Shakspeare,—these were fruitful themes, and descanted upon with great warmth and animation.

The Princess Amelia came, with Mrs. Cheveley, to order the attendance of the Duke of Montagu. General Grenville, a silent, reserved valetudinary, went under the same convoy; and General Budé, Colonel Gwynn, and Mr. Crawfurd, quickly followed.

Presently, the voice of the Duke of York was heard, calling aloud for Colonel Goldsworthy. Off he ran. Mr. Bunbury laughed, but declared he would not take the hint: "What," cried he, "if I lose the beginning? —I think I know it pretty well by heart!—*Why did I marry?*"—And then he began to spout, and act, and rattle away, with all his might,—till the same voice called out "Bunbury!—you'll be too late!"—And off

he flew, leaving his tea untasted—so eager had he been in discourse.

TUESDAY, 16TH.—The birth-day of the Duke of York. A day, to me, of nothing but dress and fatigue,—but I rejoiced in the joy it gave to the good King and family.

Madame la Fîte, in her visit of congratulation, told me she had received repeated inquiries after me from Madame de Genlis, who wondered I never wrote, as she had written to me while in England. Acquainted already with the opinion of my Royal Mistress, which, having myself requested, I must regard as a law, I evaded the discussion as much as was in my power, and besought her to draw up some civil apology: but she was unremitting in her entreaties and exhortations; and, as I did not dare trust her with what had passed between her Majesty and myself on the subject, she seemed, here, to have the right on her side so strongly, that I had no means to silence her, and know not, indeed, how I may.

Madame de Genlis has wished to make me a present of her new publication on Religion, but desires me to ask it. That, now, is impossible: but I am truly vexed to appear so utterly insensible to a woman of such rare merit and captivating sweetness; and, as I do not, cannot, believe the tales propagated to her dishonour, I am grieved to return her kindness with such a mortifying neglect. I have, however, no longer any choice left; where once I have applied to the Queen, I hold myself bound in duty and respect to observe her injunctions implicitly.

Mr. Smelt came with his compliments on the day, and made me happy by breakfasting with me.

We had a very long confabulation upon dreams.

To me they are a subject I wish much to form some satisfactory notion about, as they leave me more bewildered than any other, and always appear to me big with powers to lead to deeper knowledge of the soul and its immortality than anything else that comes within our cognizance unaided by revelation. I have many strong ideas about them, that I should wish extremely to have elucidated by somebody equally wise and good. Such people are not everywhere to be found. I regret I never started the subject with Dr. Johnson. I hope yet to do it with Mr. Locke. With Mr. Smelt I have particular pleasure in opening upon such themes: I know not a more religious character. But how very, very few people are there that I do not run from, the moment a topic of that solemn sort is started! Poor Mr. Turbulent cannot yet pass over my rejecting so resolutely to hear or answer his opinions on these matters; but certainly, while I have feet to run or ears to stop, I shall never stand still nor listen to him upon such occasions.

At the Castle there was a ball. Mrs. Delany and Miss P—— spent the evening here, and all of us upstairs. I sat up all night, not having the heart to make Goter, and not daring to trust to a nap for myself. But the morning proved very fine, and I watched the opening dawn and rising sun, and enjoyed, with twinkling eyes, their blushing splendour.

How tired I felt the next day! but I was kindly told I must "Certainly like sitting up all night, or for what did I do it?—when the Queen came not home till near morning, I might have done what I liked; nobody might pity me, when I did such things, if I had been ill for my pains."

I hastened, when able, to my beloved comforter

whose soothing sweetness softened the depression of hardness and injustice. Some rudeness, however, which even this angel met with from the same quarter, determined her not to come this evening to tea. I invited, therefore, Madame la Fîte to assist me at tea: when I had a party of gentlemen, all, like myself, so fatigued with the *business* of the preceding day's diversion, that our only conversation was in comfortably comparing notes of complaint.

In the evening Madame la Fîte took my place at piquet up stairs, and I began Dr. Beattie's "Evidence of the Christian Religion," and there found the composure I required.

SUNDAY, 19TH.—I had a long morning visit from Lady Harcourt, who talked zealously of the present critical time for the King's happiness, in the turn yet remaining to be taken by the Duke of York.

My dear Mrs. Delany would stay away no longer, seeing me the only person punished by her merited resentment. She came, though Mrs. Schwellenberg was again downstairs; and behaved with a softness of dignity peculiar to herself.

Colonel Gwynn brought with him his beautiful wife to tea. We renewed our acquaintance as well as we could in such a presence, and I had, at least, some pleasure in it, since her beauty was pleasant to my eye, and could not be affected by its vicinage, save, indeed, by a contrast that doubled its lustre.

TUESDAY, 21ST.—We came to Kew without Mr. de Luc, who has leave of absence, and is gone to enjoy it. At dinner we had Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, Miss Planta, and Mr. Turbulent. He appeared very lofty, and

highly affronted. I seemed not to notice any change, and behaved as usual.

THURSDAY, 23RD.—Miss Planta accompanied me to St. James's. In the way, she almost remonstrated with me upon giving such vexation to Mr. Turbulent, who spoke of my silence and distance, as if possessed, she said, with no other idea.

I was very sorry for this, every way. He had told me, indeed, that I knew not how he was surprised by my behaviour; but I had heard it like the rest of his rattles. I could give her no satisfaction, though I saw her curiosity all awake. But the point was too delicate for a hint of serious disapprobation. I merely said I would amend, and grow more loquacious; and there it dropped.

At St. James's, I read in the newspapers a paragraph that touched me much for the very amiable Mr. Fairly: it was the death of his wife, which happened on the Duke of York's birth-day, the 16th. Mr. Fairly has devoted his whole time, strength, thoughts, and cares, solely to nursing and attending her during a long and most painful illness which she sustained. They speak of her here as being amiable, but so cold and reserved, that she was little known, and by no means in equal favour with her husband, who stands, upon the whole, the highest in general esteem and regard of any individual of the household. I find every mouth open to praise and pity, love and honour him.

* * * *

Upon returning to Kew, I had a scene for which I was little enough, indeed, prepared, though willing, and indeed, earnest to satisfy Mr. Turbulent I wished him to make an alteration of behaviour. After hastily changing my dress, I went, as usual, to the parlour, to

be ready for dinner; but found there no Mrs. Schwellenberg; she was again unwell; Miss Planta was not ready, and Mr. Turbulent was reading by himself.

Away he flung his book in a moment, and hastening to shut the door lest I should retreat, he rather charged than desired me to explain my late "chilling demeanour."

Almost startled by his apparent entire ignorance of deserving it, I found an awkwardness I had not foreseen in making myself understood. I wished him rather to feel, than be told, the improprieties I meant to obviate; and I did what was possible, by half evasive, half expressive answers, to call back his own recollection and consciousness. In vain, however, was the attempt; he protested himself wholly innocent, and that he would rather make an end of his existence than give me offence.

He saw not these very protestations were again doing it, and he grew so vehement in his defence, and so reproachful in his accusation of unjust usage, that I was soon totally in a perplexity how to extricate myself from a difficulty I had regarded simply as his own. But what could I do where nothing less than a plain charge would be heard? I could not say, "Sir, you are too assiduous—too flattering—too importunate—and too bold;" yet less seemed to accuse him of nothing.

The moment he saw I grew embarrassed, he redoubled his challenges to know the cause of my "ill-treatment." I assured him, then, I could never reckon silence ill-treatment.

"Yes," he cried, "yes, from you it is ill-treatment, and it has given me the most serious uneasiness."

"I am sorry," I said, "for that, and did not mean it."

"Not mean it?" cried he. "Could you imagine I

should miss your conversation, your ease, your pleasantness, your gaiety, and take no notice of the loss?"

Then followed a most violent flow of compliments, ending with assuring me my distance made him incapable of all business, "from thinking of its injustice;" and with a fresh demand for an explanation, made with an energy that, to own the truth, once more quite frightened me. I endeavoured to appease him, by general promises of becoming more voluble: and I quite languished to say to him the truth at once; that his sport, his spirit, and his society would all be acceptable to me, would he but divest them of that redundance of gallantry which rendered them offensive: but I could only think how to say this—I could not bring it out; his attestations of innocence made it seem shocking to me to have to censure him, and I felt it a sort of degradation of myself to point out an impropriety that seemed quite out of his own ideas.

This promised volubility, though it softened him, he seemed to receive as a sort of acknowledgment that I owed him some reparation for the disturbance I had caused him. I stared enough at such an interpretation, which I could by no means allow; but no sooner did I disclaim it than all his violence was resumed, and he urged me to give in my charge against him, with an impetuosity that almost made me tremble. I would fain have made my escape from him, and my eyes were continually directed towards the door; but he stood immediately before me, and I saw in his face and manner something so determined, that I was sure any effort to depart would occasion a forced detention.

I made as little answer as possible, finding everything I said seemed but the more to inflame his violent spirit; but his emotion was such, and the cause so in-

adequate, and my uncertainty so unpleasant what to think of him altogether, that I was seized with sensations so nervous, I could almost have cried. When I thought him going too far in his solicitude and protestations, I looked away from him with horror; when I felt satisfied by his disclaiming assertions, I became ashamed of such an idea. In the full torrent of his offended justification against my displeasure towards him, he perceived my increasing distress how to proceed, and, suddenly stopping, exclaimed in quite another tone, "Now, then, ma'am, I see your justice returning; you feel that you have used me very ill!"

This recovered me in a moment: my concern all flew away, from a misconstruction so forced and so confident; and I positively assured him I would neither hear nor speak another word upon the subject, to one who would neither say nor understand anything but what he pleased.

"But you will tell me," he cried, "another time?"

And then, to my great relief, entered Miss Planta. He contrived to say again, "Remember, you promise to explain all this."

I made him no sort of answer, and though he frequently, in the course of the evening, repeated, "I *depend* upon your *promise!* I *build* upon a conference," I sent his dependence and his building to Coventry, by not seeming to hear him.

I determined, however, to avoid all *tête-à-têtes* with him whatsoever, as much as was in my power. How very few people are fit for them, nobody living in trios and quartettos can imagine!

Though frequently enough more interested, I have seldom been more deeply perplexed, than how to manage with this very eccentric character. Seriously ill

of him I cannot, and, indeed, I do not think: if I did, all difficulty would subside, however unpleasantly; for the abhorrence with which I should be filled would remove from me all hesitation and fear. But as I do really believe him innocent of all evil intention, and actuated only by an impetuous nature, that seeks confusion and difficulty for its food and amusement, without considering their danger or weighing their impropriety, I find myself extremely at a loss how to point out to him my dislike of his actual proceedings, without appearing to harbour doubts which he might cast, to my infinite dismay, upon myself.

To resume, therefore, a general behaviour, such as was customary with me, and to keep out of his way, was all I could settle. Yet so much was I disturbed by what had passed, and so impossible did I feel it to be understood by my Susanna and Fredy without their seeing the very particulars now before them, that, upon returning the next day to Windsor, I opened the whole business, in a private conference, to my dear Mrs. Delany: she approved my plan, and was of opinion, with myself, that there was no evil in the mind, though there was a world of deficiencies, errors, and faults in the character.

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At Windsor, we found Colonel Gwynn, General Budé, and Mr. Bunbury, with whom I made no further acquaintance, as I was no longer Lady of the Manor. All the household has agreed to fear him, except Mrs. Schwellenberg, who is happy that he cannot caricature her, because, she says, she has no *Hump*.

* * * *

Who should find me out now but Dr. Shepherd. He is here as canon, and was in residence. He told

me he had long wished to come, but had never been able to find the way of entrance before. He made me an immense length of visit, and related to me all the exploits of his life,—so far as they were prosperous. In no farce did a man ever more floridly open upon his own perfections. He assured me I should be delighted to know the whole of his life; it was equal to anything; and everything he had was got by his own address and ingenuity.

"I could tell the King," cried he, "more than all the Chapter. I want to talk to him, but he always gets out of my way; he does not know me; he takes me for a mere common person, like the rest of the canons here, and thinks of me no more than if I were only fit for the cassock;—a mere Scotch priest! Bless 'em!—they know nothing about me. You have no conception what things I have done! And I want to tell 'em all this;—it's fitter for them to hear than what comes to their ears. What I want is for somebody to tell them what I am."

They know it already, thought I.

Then, when he had exhausted this general panegyric, he descended to some few particulars; especially dilating upon his preaching, and applying to me for attesting its excellence.

"I shall make one sermon every year, precisely for you!" he cried: "I think I know what will please you. That on the Creation last Sunday was just to your taste. You shall have such another next residence. I think I preach in the right tone—not too slow, like that poor wretch Grape, nor too fast, like Davis and the rest of 'em; but yet fast enough never to tire them. That's just my idea of good preaching."

Then he told me what excellent apartments he had

here, and how much he should like my opinion in fitting them up. He begged to know if I could come to a concert, as he would give me such a one as would delight me. I told him it was quite impossible.

Then he said I might perhaps have more time in town; and there he had the finest instruments in the world. I assured him of his mistake.

My dear Mrs. Delany carried me with her again to Stoke, where what most pleased me was a house-full of sweet children, daughters and sons of Dr. and Lady Elizabeth Courtney, and grand-children of Lady Effingham.

The next day Lady Effingham came to Windsor, and, while I was present, said to the Queen, "O, ma'am, I had the greatest fright this morning!—I saw a huge something on Sir George's throat. Why, Sir George, says I, what's that?—a wen? 'Yes,' says he, 'Countess, I've had it these twenty years.' However, I hear it's now going about;—so I hope your Majesty will be careful."

I am sure I was not, for I laughed irresistibly!

And now I must finish this month with a scene that closed its 30th day.

Mrs. Schwellenberg invited Mr. Turbulent to dinner, for she said he had a large correspondence, and might amuse her. He came early; and finding nobody in the eating-parlour, begged to wait in mine till Mrs. Schwellenberg came downstairs.

This was the last thing I wished; but he required no answer, and instantly resumed the Kew discussion, entreating me to tell him what he had done.

I desired him to desist—in vain, he affirmed I had

promised him an explanation, and he had therefore a right to it.

"And when," cried I, "did I make such a promise?—never, I am sure!—nor ever shall!"

"You did promise me," cried he, "not, perhaps, in so many words; but you hesitated: at one time you had some remorse for your conduct, and I fully understood you meant to promise me for another time."

"You fully mistook me, then!" cried I; "for I meant no such thing then; I mean no such thing now; and I never shall mean any such thing in future. Is this explicit?"

He cast up his hands and eyes in reproachful and silent astonishment. But I thought I would try, for once, to be as peremptory as himself.

"Is it really possible," cried he, after this dumb shew, "you can have such an obstinacy in your nature?"

"I think it best," cried I, "to tell you so at once, that you may expect nothing more, but give over the subject, and talk of something else. *What is the news?*"

"No, no, I will talk of nothing else!—it distracts me;—pray tell me!—I call upon your good-nature!"

"I have none—about this!"

"Upon your goodness of heart!"

"'Tis all hardness here!"

"I will cast myself at your feet,—I will kneel to you!"

And he was preparing his immense person for prostration, when Goter opened the door. Such an interruption to his heroics made me laugh heartily; nor could he help joining himself; though the moment she was gone he renewed his importunity with unabated earnestness.

"I remember," he cried, "it was upon the Terrace you first shewed me this disdain; and there, too, you have shown it me repeatedly since, with public superciliousness."

Then, suddenly drawing up, with a very scornful look, he haughtily said, "Permit me to tell you, ma'am, —had it been anybody else,—permit me to tell you,—that had done just so,—*anybody* else!—they might have gone their own way, ever after, without a question—without a thought!—But you!—you do anything with me! You turn, twist, and wind me just as you like."

I inquired if he had seen Madame de Genlis' new book.

"No, no!" cried he impetuously;—"I call upon your justice, ma'am!—You well know you have treated me ill,—you know and have acknowledged it!"

"And when?" cried I, amazed and provoked: "when did I do what could never be done?"

"At Kew, ma'am, you were full of concern—full of remorse for the treatment you had given me!—and you owned it!"

"Good Heaven, Mr. Turbulent, what can induce you to say this?"

"Is it not true?"

"Not a word of it! You know it is not!"

"Indeed," cried he, "I really and truly thought so—hoped so;—I believed you looked as if you felt your own ill-usage,—and it gave to me a delight inexpressible!"

This was almost enough to bring back the very same "supercilious distance" of which he complained; but, in dread of fresh explanations, I forbore to notice this flight, and only told him he might be perfectly satisfied,

since I no longer persevered in the taciturnity to which he objected.

"But how," cried he, "do you give it up, without deigning to assign one reason for it?"

"The greater the compliment!" cried I, laughing; "I give it up to your request."

"Yes, ma'am, upon my speaking,—but why did you keep me so long in that painful suspense?"

"Nay," cried I, "could I well be quicker? Till you spoke, could I know if you heeded it?"

"Ah, ma'am!—is there then no language but of words? Do you pretend to think there is no other?—Must I teach it you?—teach it to Miss Burney, who speaks, who understands it so well?—who is never silent, and never can be silent?"

And then came his heroic old homage to the poor eyebrows, vehemently finishing with, "Do you, can you affect to know no language but speech?"

"Not," cried I, coolly, "without the trouble of more investigation than I had taken here."

He called this "contempt," and, exceedingly irritated, desired me, once more, to explain, from beginning to end, how he had ever offended me.

"Mr. Turbulent," cried I, "will you be satisfied if I tell you it shall all blow over?"

"Make me a vow, then, you will never more, never while you live, resume that proud taciturnity."

"No, no,—certainly not; I never make vows; it is a rule with me to avoid them."

"Give me, then, your promise,—your solemn promise,—at least I may claim that?"

"I have the same peculiarity about promises; I never make them."

He was again beginning to storm, but again I

assured him I would let the acquaintance take its old course, if he would but be appeased, and say no more; and, after difficulties innumerable, he at length gave up the point: but to this he was hastened, if not driven, by a summons to dinner.

In leaving the room, to attend Mrs. Schwellenberg, he turned about at the door, and, with a comic expression of resentment against himself, he clenched his fist, and exclaimed, "This is without example! I am actually going without the smallest satisfaction, though I came with the most fixed determination to obtain it!"

How strange and how wild a character! I often wonder how he lives with his wife. How miserable would such a husband render me! Yet I hear he is quite adored by her, and extremely kind to her. . .

I again acquainted my beloved old friend with all this affair; and she counselled me to keep upon manifest good terms invariably, and to avoid complaints that led to scenes of such violence and impropriety.

SEPTEMBER.—My memorandums of this month are so scanty, that I shall not give them in their regular dates.

To me the month must needs be sweet that brought to me friends dearest to my heart; and here again let me thank them for the reviving week bestowed upon me from the 10th to the 17th.

On the evening they left me, my kind Mrs. Delany carried me, to Dr. Herschel's. Madame la Fîte said, afterwards, that, nothing remaining upon earth good enough to console me for *les* Lockes and Mrs Phillips, I was fain to travel to the moon for comfort. I think it was very well said.

And, indeed, I really found myself much pleased with

the little excursion. Dr. Herschel is a delightful man; so unassuming, with his great knowledge, so willing to dispense it to the ignorant, and so cheerful and easy in his general manners, that were he no genius it would be impossible not to remark him as a pleasing and sensible man.

I was equally pleased with his sister, whom I had wished to see very much, for her great celebrity in her brother's science. She is very little, very gentle, very modest, and very ingenuous; and her manners are those of a person unhackneyed and unawed by the world, yet desirous to meet and to return its smiles. I love not the philosophy that braves it. This brother and sister seem gratified with its favour, at the same time that their own pursuit is all-sufficient to them without it.

I inquired of Miss Herschel if she was still comet-hunting, or content now with the moon? The brother answered that he had the charge of the moon, but he left to his sister to sweep the heavens for comets.

Their manner of working together is most ingenious and curious. While he makes his observations without-doors, he has a method of communicating them to his sister so immediately, that she can instantly commit them to paper, with the precise moment in which they are made. By this means he loses not a minute, when there is anything particularly worth observing, by writing it down, but can still proceed, yet still have his accounts and calculations exact. The methods he has contrived to facilitate this commerce I have not the terms to explain, though his simple manner of shewing them made me fully, at the time, comprehend them.

The night, unfortunately, was dark, and I could not see the moon with the famous new telescope. I

mean not the great telescope through which I had taken a walk, for that is still incomplete, but another of uncommon powers. I saw Saturn, however, and his satellites, very distinctly, and their appearance was very beautiful.

Mrs. Delany made me the next morning accompany Miss P—— and Mr. Lightfoot to see models of Rome and Versailles. Rome gave me much satisfaction, representing so well what I have read and heard of so frequently, and shewing very compactly and clearly the general view and face, place and distance, size and appearance, of all its great buildings; but I was not enchanted with Versailles: its lavish magnificence was too profuse for me.

I saw a great deal of Mr. Bunbury in the course of this month, as he was in waiting upon the Duke of York, who spent great part of it at Windsor, to the inexpressible delight of his almost idolizing father. Mr. Bunbury did not open upon me with that mildness and urbanity that might lead me to forget the strokes of his pencil, and power of his caricature: he early avowed a general disposition to laugh at, censure or despise all around him. He began talking of everybody and everything about us, with the decisive freedom of a confirmed old intimacy.

"I am in disgrace here, already!" he cried, almost exultingly.

"In disgrace?" I repeated.

"Yes,—for not riding out this morning!—I was asked—what could I have better to do?—Ha! ha!"

The next time that I saw him after your departure from Windsor, he talked a great deal of painting and

painters, and then said, "The Draftsman of whom I think the most highly of any in the world was in this room the other day, and I did not know it, and was not introduced to him!"

I immediately assured him I never did the honours of the room when its right mistress was in it, but that I would certainly have named them to each other had I known he desired it.

"O, yes," cried he, "of all things I wished to know him. He draws like the old masters. I have seen fragments in the style of many of the very best and first productions of the greatest artists of former times. He could deceive the most critical judge. I wish greatly for a sight of his works, and for the possession of one of them, to add to my collection, as I have something from almost everybody else; and a small sketch of his I should esteem a greater curiosity than all the rest put together."

Moved by the justness of this praise, I fetched him the sweet little *cadeaus* so lately left me by Mr. Williams's kindness. He was very much pleased, and perhaps thought I might bestow them. O, no!—not one stroke of that pencil could I relinquish!

Another evening he gave us the history of his way of life at Brighthelmstone. He spoke highly of the Duke, but with much satire of all else, and that incautiously, and evidently with an innate defiance of consequences, from a consciousness of secret powers to overawe their hurting him.

Notwithstanding the general reverence I pay to extraordinary talents, which lead me to think it even a species of impertinence to dwell upon small failings in their rare possessors, Mr. Bunbury did not win my good-will. His serious manner is supercilious and

haughty, and his easy conversation wants rectitude in its principles. For the rest, he is entertaining and gay, full of talk, sociable, willing to enjoy what is going forward, and ready to speak his opinion with perfect unreserve.

Plays and players seem his darling theme; he can rave about them from morning to night, and yet be ready to rave again when morning returns. He acts as he talks, spouts as he recollects, and seems to give his whole soul to dramatic feeling and expression. This is not, however, his only subject. Love and romance are equally dear to his discourse, though they cannot be introduced with equal frequency. Upon these topics he loses himself wholly—he runs into rhapsodies that discredit him at once as a father, a husband, and a moral man. He asserts that love is the first principle of life, and should take place of every other; holds all bonds and obligations as nugatory that would claim a preference; and advances such doctrines of exalted sensations in the tender passion as made me tremble while I heard them.

He adores Werter, and would scarce believe I had not read it—still less that I had begun it and left it off, from distaste at its evident tendency. I saw myself sink instantly in his estimation, though till this little avowal I had appeared to stand in it very honourably.

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On the anniversary of the coronation I had a note from Lady Templetown, proposing my seeing her; and as fortunately it happened during my presidency, I made application to my royal mistress, and obtained the indulgence of seeing her, with Mrs. Delany, at the Lodge. She met Miss Finch, Madame la Fîte, Signor del Campo, General Budé, Colonel Gwynn, and Dr.

Shepherd,—who again made me a visit, and not knowing of Mrs. Schwellenberg's absence, and my public situation at tea-time, was quite thunderstruck in being introduced into such a roomfull of folks, when he expected, as he told me, that he should find me alone.

Lady Templetown must have mentioned to you the King's coming in, and all that passed; but she did me one favour I can never sufficiently acknowledge—she gave me a cutting of my dearest Mrs. Delany, so exquisitely resembling her fine venerable countenance, that to me it is invaluable, and will continue so while I breathe.

One evening, while I was sitting with this dear lady and her fair niece, when tea was over, and the gentlemen all withdrawn, the door was opened, and a star entered, that I perceived presently to be the Prince of Wales. He was here to hunt with his Royal Father and Brother. With great politeness he made me his first bow, and then advancing to Mrs. Delany, insisted, very considerately, on her sitting still, though he stood himself for half an hour—all the time he stayed.

He entered into discourse very good-humouredly, and with much vivacity; described to her his villa at Brighthelmstone, told several anecdotes of adventures there, and seemed desirous to entertain both her and himself.

* * * * * *

I have mentioned already to Mr. Locke reading the "Memoirs of Eradut Khan," a nobleman of Hindostan, and how much entertainment I found in them, from the curious customs and Oriental style of reasoning and politics which they display; and the marks they carry of authenticity would render them, I should think, very well worth reading at Norbury.

Signor del Campo was elevated from an Envoy, or *some such thing*, in this month, to being Ambassador, and his rapture at the honour was so open and so warm, that I don't know whether I laughed most with him or at him, for his honest avowal of unbounded ecstacy. He represented to us one night the whole ceremonial of delivering his credentials to the King in state, and made General Budé represent His Majesty, while he went through all the forms before him, stopping between each to explain what was due to his new dignity, and what honours and distinctions it exacted.

Let me not, however, fail to relate, in the records of this month, a certain notable fact. I became, in the latter part of it, so highly in favour with Mrs. Schwellenberg, that she threw aside all the harshness and rudeness with which she had treated me, and became civil even to kindness! I learned Piquet to oblige her, and to lighten our long evenings; and though I was a player the most miserable, she declined all that were better—Miss Planta, Miss Mawr, Mlle. de Luc, Madame la Fîte—and made them sit by, while she chose me for her partner.

This might be very flattering, but it occasioned confinement unremitting, as, during cards, I had hitherto taken a little breathing time in my own room. However, civility is worth something; and I am so soon disconcerted by its opposite, that I contented myself tolerably well with the purchase.

October.—My brief memorials of this month will all be comprised in a page or two, without dates. Mr. Fisher returned, *married*, to Windsor, and enabled to claim my previous promise of making acquaintance with his wife. She seems gentle and obliging.

My Royal Mistress was all condescension to me,

She gave me Mrs. Trimmer's excellent book of the "Economy of Charity;" and whenever she did not go to the early prayers at the chapel, she almost regularly came to my room, and spent the time in gracious converse. She made me narrate to her the whole history of my knowledge of the ill-fated connexion formed by Mrs. Thrale with Mr. Piozzi. It is ever a touching, trying subject to me; but I wondered more at her long forbearance of question than at the curiosity such a story might excite. I was glad, too, that since it must be told, it was related by one who could clear many falsehoods, and soften many truths; for dear must she always be to my memory at least.

The newspapers gave me some alarm and much vexation, in frequently mentioning me [during this month, regretting my silence, and exalting what had preceded it. I always tremble throughout my whole frame at first glance of my name in these publications; and though hitherto I have met with nothing but panegyric—most inordinate too—I have never felt any praise recompense the pain of the sight of the name. One or two of these paragraphs the King read to Mrs. Delany, but no one has mentioned them to me,—which was at least some comfort.

The only thing that proved at all interesting to me in this month, was the very dangerous illness of Mrs. Turbulent. She had a putrid fever, and was attended by Sir George Baker, through the orders of the benevolent Queen. I do not at all know her; but her character of being sensible, amiable, and gentle, is universally established by all who are of her acquaintance, and during this illness there was a most general praise of her disposition, and lamentation for her suffering.

It was now that Mr. Turbulent appeared to me in

his fairest light. His rattle, his flights, his spirit of gallantry, all were laid aside: depressed, tame, and profoundly thoughtful was his whole appearance; and when she grew worse he wrote to Miss Planta to beseech leave of absence from attending the Princesses, and declared that "*Si je la perds, je me regarderai comme le plus malheureux des hommes; il est juste que j'envisage de la sorte un événement qui décidera de tout pour moi;*" and adds something of how well she merits it from him. Indeed I hear from all that she has proved a most exemplary wife to him, in many and very trying difficulties of situation; and I do really believe she is mistress, in return, of all his serious affections and regard, though the extreme levity of his nature so frequently leads him to a species of behaviour that carries strong appearances of a mind disengaged from all the happier and juster ties of conjugal attachment. This illness may eventually prove most happy for him, by not only shewing her worth to him, but bringing him round to a more proper sense of the decorum due to her, as well as to his profession.

The Queen received a very beautiful and curious present this month from the King of Naples, consisting of a most complete set of china, and a dessert, representing antique games; the figures white, and apparently from models of very extraordinary merit and beauty. The plates gave the curiosities of Herculaneum—every plate of the almost innumerable quantity containing a different representation. Combats of gladiators and of Amazons, chiefs victorious returning for their prizes, old victors instructing youthful candidates, cars, chariots, men and horses, all in battle and disorder, conquerors claiming crowns of laurel, and the vanquished writhing in the agonies of wounds

and death—such were the subjects, and the execution in general was striking and masterly.

So here I stop—this calm month offering nothing more to relate: save, what you all know, that I wrote my little ballad, "Willy," for Mr. William Locke, and that the writing it was my best amusement upon losing my dearest friend, because most congenial with the sad feelings of my mind on the separation, when "Void was the scene, blank, vacant, drear!" A tautology so expressive of the tautology of my life and feelings, that it was the first line written of my ballad, though afterwards inserted in the midst of it.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST.—I received my beautiful fairings from my dearest Fredy, and a noble *giornale* from my Susanna. What sweet wealth to me!—such are the riches I covet; all meaner coin is thrown away upon me. It suits convenience, indeed, a little!—that I confess!

I carried up to Mrs. Schwellenberg the present sent her by my liberal Fredy. When I produced it, she motioned it away with her hand, and said, loftily, "For what?" "For civility, ma'am!" answered I, very coolly. Nevertheless, it was some time ere she could settle it with her notions to accept it.

No one else, however, proved quite so sublime.

SATURDAY, 3RD.—I carried to the lower Lodge my little offerings for the Princess Sophia, who had been ill some time, and kept her birth-day in bed. She received them very prettily, Miss Goldsworthy being so obliging as to usher me into her room. They were much admired by Princess Mary, and the Princess Amelia insisted on my making her a separate visit in another room, where we played together very sociably.

I also took the *Sventurata* her fairing; and she

poured forth bitter complaints to me against the Cerbera. I could but condole with her, and advise a little "dignity of absence" till better received.

THURSDAY, 8TH.—My kindest Fredy's screen arrived on the very moment of time for presentation to Princess Augusta, who received it with the utmost sweetness, and told me they had all been much diverted, lately, by Mrs. Harcourt, who, very innocently, had acquainted them there was a new fair kept at Leatherhead, where a Mr. and Mrs. Locke sent the most beautiful and elegant toys and ornaments that could be conceived.

The two Princes being here in honour of the day, their gentlemen were at the tea-table. Mr. Bunbury was amongst them, but of no more assistance than any other, save that he produced an hieroglyphic letter, and we were all employed to make it out; otherwise he had now already imbibed the general constraint, and ventured little more in *flash* than any other of the established trained party. One of his sons has lately been made Page of Honour to the Queen, which seems to be a tie on his discretion and his gratitude, that lessens that careless defiance with which he began his own career.

At near one o'clock in the morning, while the wardrobe woman was pinning up the Queen's hair, there was a sudden rap-tap at the dressing-room door. Extremely surprised, I looked at the Queen, to see what should be done; she did not speak. I had never heard such a sound before, for at the Royal doors there is always a particular kind of scratch used, instead of tapping. I heard it, however, again,—and the Queen called out, "What is that?"

I was really startled, not conceiving who could take

so strange a liberty as to come to the Queen's apartment without the announcing of a page; and no page, I was very sure, would make such a noise.

Again the sound was repeated, and more smartly. I grew quite alarmed, imagining some serious evil at hand—either regarding the King or some of the Princesses. The Queen, however, bid me open the door. I did—but what was my surprise to see there a large man, in an immense wrapping great coat, buttoned up round his chin, so that he was almost hid between cape and hat!

I stood quite motionless for a moment—but he, as if also surprised, drew back; I felt quite sick with sudden terror—I really thought some ruffian had broke into the house, or a madman.

"Who is it?" cried the Queen.

"I do not know, ma'am," I answered.

"Who is it?" she called aloud; and then, taking off his hat, entered the Prince of Wales!

The Queen laughed very much, so did I too, happy in this unexpected explanation.

He told her, eagerly, he merely came to inform her there were the most beautiful northern lights to be seen that could possibly be imagined, and begged her to come to the gallery windows.

WEDNESDAY, 14TH.—We went to town for the drawing-room, and I caught a most severe cold, by being obliged to have the glass down on my side, to suit Mrs. Schwellenberg, though the sharpest wind blew in that ever attacked a poor phiz. However, these are the sort of *désagrémens* I can always best bear; and for the rest, I have now pretty constant civility.

My dear father drank tea with me; but told me of a paragraph in the "World," that gave me some un-

easiness; to this effect:—"We hear that Miss Burney has resigned her place about the Queen, and is now promoted to attend the Princesses: an office far more suited to her character and abilities, which will now be called forth as they merit."—Or to that purpose.

As the "World" is not taken in here, I flattered myself it would not be known; for I knew how little pleasure such a paragraph would give, and was very sorry for it.

The next day, at St. James's, Miss Planta desired to speak to me, before the Queen arrived. She acquainted me of the same "news," and said, "Everybody spoke of it;" and that the Queen might receive twenty letters of recommendation to my place before night. Still I could only be sorry. Another paragraph had now appeared, she told me, contradicting the first, and saying "The resignation of Miss Burney is premature; it only arose from an idea of the service the education of the Princesses might reap from her virtues and accomplishments."

I was really concerned; conscious how little gratified my Royal Mistress would be by the whole:—and, presently, Miss Planta came to me again, and told me that the Princesses had mentioned it! They never read any newspapers; but they had heard of it from the Duke of York.

I observed the Queen was most particularly gracious with me, softer, gentler, more complacent than ever; and, while dressing, she dismissed her wardrobe-woman, and, looking at me very steadfastly, said, "Miss Burney, do you ever read newspapers?"

"Sometimes," I answered, "but not often: however, I believe I know what your Majesty means!"

I could say no less; I was so sure of her meaning.

"Do you?" she cried.

"Yes, ma'am, and I have been very much hurt by it: that is, if your Majesty means anything relative to myself?"

"I do!" she answered, still looking at me with earnestness.

"My father, ma'am," cried I, "told me of it last night, with a good deal of indignation."

"I," cried she, "did not see it myself: you know how little I read the newspapers."

"Indeed," cried I, "as it was in a paper not taken in here, I hoped it would quite have escaped your Majesty."

"So it did: I only heard of it."

I looked a little curious, and she kindly explained herself.

"When the Duke of York came yesterday to dinner, he said almost immediately, 'Pray, ma'am, what has Miss Burney left you for?' 'Left me?' 'Yes, they say she's gone; pray what's the reason?' 'Gone?' 'Yes; it's at full length in all the newspapers: is not she gone?' 'Not that I know of.'"

"*All* the newspapers" was undoubtedly a little flourish of the Duke; but we jointly censured and lamented the unbridled liberty of the press, in thus inventing, contradicting, and bringing on and putting off, whatever they pleased.

I saw, however, she had really been staggered: she concluded, I fancy, that the paragraph arose from some latent cause, which might end in matter of fact; for she talked to me of Mrs. Dickenson, and of all that related to her retreat, and dwelt upon the subject

with a sort of solicitude that seemed apprehensive—if I may here use such a word—of a similar action.

It appeared to me that she rather expected some further assurance on my part that no such view or intention had given rise to this pretended report; and therefore, when I had next the honour of her conversation alone, I renewed the subject, and mentioned that my father had had some thoughts of contradicting the paragraph himself.

"And has he done it?" cried she, quite eagerly.

"No, ma'am; for, upon further consideration, he feared it might only excite fresh paragraphs, and that the whole would sooner die, if neglected."

"So," said she, "I have been told; for, some years ago, there was a paragraph in the papers I wanted myself to have had contradicted; but they acquainted me it was best to be patient, and it would be forgot the sooner."

"This, however, ma'am, has been contradicted this morning."

"By your father?" cried she, again speaking eagerly.

"No, ma'am; I know not by whom."

She then asked how it was done. This was very distressing: but I was forced to repeat it as well as I could, reddening enough, though omitting, you may believe, the worst.

Just then there happened an interruption; which was vexatious, as it prevented a concluding speech, disclaiming all thoughts of resignation, which I saw was really now become necessary for the Queen's satisfaction; and since it was true—why not say it?

And, accordingly, the next day, when she was most excessively kind to me, I seized an opportunity, by

attending her through the apartments to the breakfast-room, to beg permission to speak to her.

It was smilingly granted me.

"I have now, ma'am, read both the paragraphs."

"Well?" with a look of much curiosity.

"And indeed I thought them both very impertinent. They say that the idea arose from a notion of my being *promoted* to a place about the Princesses!"

"I have not seen either of the paragraphs," she answered, "but the Prince of Wales told me of the second yesterday."

"They little know me, ma'am," I cried, "who think I should regard any other place as a *promotion* that removed me from your Majesty."

"I did not take it ill, I assure you," cried she, gently.

"Indeed, ma'am, I am far from having a *wish* for any such *promotion*—far from it! your Majesty does not bestow a smile upon me that does not secure and confirm my attachment."

One of her best smiles followed this, with a very condescending little bow, and the words, "You are very good," uttered in a most gentle voice; and she went on to her breakfast.

I am most glad this complete explanation passed. Indeed it is most true I would not willingly quit a place about the Queen for any place; and I was glad to mark that her smiles were to me the whole estimate of its value.

This little matter has proved, in the end, very gratifying to me, for it has made clear beyond all doubt her desire of retaining me, and a considerably increased degree of attention and complacency have most flat-

teringly shewn a wish I should be retained by attachment. I can hardly tell you how sweet was her whole manner, nor how marked her condescension. O, were there no Mrs. Schwellenberg!

FRIDAY, 27TH.—I had a terrible journey indeed to town, Mrs. Schwellenberg finding it expedient to have the glass down on my side, whence there blew in a sharp wind, which so painfully attacked my eyes that they were inflamed even before we arrived in town.

Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta both looked uneasy, but no one durst speak; and for me, it was among the evils that I can always best bear: yet before the evening I grew so ill that I could not propose going to Chelsea, lest I should be utterly unfitted for Thursday's drawing-room.

The next day, however, I received a consolation that has been some ease to my mind ever since. My dear father spent the evening with me, and was so incensed at the state of my eyes, which were now as piteous to behold as to feel, and at the relation of their usage, that he charged me, another time, to draw up my glass in defiance of all opposition, and to abide by all consequences, since my place was wholly immaterial when put in competition with my health.

I was truly glad of this permission to rebel, and it has given me an internal hardiness in all similar assaults, that has at least relieved my mind from the terror of giving mortal offence where most I owe implicit obedience, should provocation overpower my capacity of forbearance.

We wrote jointly to our good and dear Mr. Twining, though I was so blind that my pen went almost its own way, and for the rest of the evening my dear father read me papers, letters, manuscripts innumerable.

On the Thursday I was obliged to dress, just as if nothing was the matter.

The next day, when we assembled to return to Windsor, Mr. de Luc was in real consternation at sight of my eyes; and I saw an indignant glance at my coadjutrix, that could scarce content itself without being understood. Miss Planta ventured not at such a glance, but a whisper broke out, as we were descending the stairs, expressive of horror against the same poor person—*poor* person indeed—to exercise a power productive only of abhorrence, to those that view as well as to those that feel it!

Some business of Mrs. Schwellenberg's occasioned a delay of the journey, and we all retreated back; and when I returned to my room, Miller, the old head housemaid, came to me, with a little neat tin saucepan in her hand, saying, "Pray, ma'am, use this for your eyes; 'tis milk and butter, *such as I used to make for Madame Hoggerdorn* when she travelled in the winter with Mrs. Schwellenberg."

Good Heaven! I really shuddered when she added, that all that poor woman's misfortunes with her eyes, which, from inflammation after inflammation, grew nearly blind, were attributed by herself to these journeys, in which she was forced to have the glass down at her side in all weathers, and frequently the glasses behind her also!

Upon my word this account of my predecessor was the least exhilarating intelligence I could receive! Goter told me, afterwards, that all the servants in the house had remarked *I was going just the same way!*

Miss Planta presently ran into my room, to say she had hopes we should travel without this amiable being; and she had left me but a moment when Mrs. Stainforth

succeeded her, exclaiming, "O, for Heaven's sake, don't leave her behind; for Heaven's sake, Miss Burney, take her with you!"

'Twas impossible not to laugh at these opposite interests, both, from agony of fear, breaking through all restraint.

Soon after, however, we all assembled again, an got into the coach. Mr. de Luc, who was my *vis à vis*, instantly pulled up the glass.

"Put down that glass!" was the immediate order.

He affected not to hear her, and began conversing.

She enraged quite tremendously, calling aloud to be obeyed without delay. He looked compassionately at me, and shrugged his shoulders, and said, "But, ma'am—"

"Do it, Mr. de Luc, when I tell you! I will have it! When you been too cold, you might bear it!"

"It is not for me, ma'am, but poor Miss Burney."

"O, poor Miss Burney might bear it the same! put it down, Mr. de Luc! without, I will get out! put it down, when I tell you! It is my coach! I will have it selfs! I might go alone in it, or with one, or with what you call nobody, when I please!"

Frightened for good Mr. de Luc, and the more for being much obliged to him, I now interfered, and begged him to let down the glass. Very reluctantly he complied, and I leant back in the coach, and held up my muff to my eyes.

What a journey ensued! To see that face when lighted up with fury is a sight for horror! I was glad to exclude it by my muff.

Miss Planta alone attempted to speak. I did not think it incumbent on me to "make the agreeable," thus used; I was therefore wholly dumb: for not a

word, not an apology, not one expression of being sorry for what I suffered, was uttered. The most horrible ill-humour, violence, and rudeness, were all that were shewn. Mr. de Luc was too much provoked to take his usual method of passing all off by constant talk; and as I had never seen him venture to appear provoked before, I felt a great obligation to his kindness.

When we were about half way, we stopped to water the horses. He then again pulled up the glass, as if from absence. A voice of fury exclaimed, "Let it down! without I won't go!"

"I am sure," cried he, "all Mrs. de Luc's plants will be killed by this frost!"

For the frost was very severe indeed.

Then he proposed my changing places with Miss Planta, who sat opposite Mrs. Schwellenberg, and consequently on the sheltered side. "Yes!" cried Mrs. Schwellenberg, "Miss Burney might sit there, and so she ought!"

I told her, briefly, I was always sick in riding backwards.

"O, ver well! when you don't like it, don't do it. You might bear it when you like it! what did the poor Haggerdorn bear it! when the blood was all running down from her eyes!"

This was too much! "I must take, then," I cried, "the more warning!"

After that I spoke not a word. I ruminated all the rest of the way upon my dear father's recent charge and permission. I was upon the point continually of availing myself of both, but alas! I felt the deep disappointment I should give him, and I felt the most cruel repugnance to owe a resignation to a quarrel.

These reflections powerfully forbade the rebellion to

which this unequalled arrogance and cruelty excited me; and after revolving them again and again, I—— *accepted a bit of cake* which she suddenly offered me as we reached Windsor, and determined, since I submitted to my monastic destiny from motives my serious thoughts deemed right, I would not be prompted to oppose it from mere feelings of resentment to one who, strictly, merited only contempt.

And from this time, my dear friends, I have shut out from my sight the prospect that such rumination was opening. I pray God I may persevere in crushing inferior motives—that I may strengthen such as are better. But 'tis best to build no castles in the air. They have so terrible an aptitude, light as they are, to shatter their poor constructors in their fall.

I would not have had my tender friends know this conflict at the time! Now that again my mind is made up to its fate, I feel sure of their ultimate approbation, when I tell them my ultimate opinion, which I must hope, also, to make my rule and practice in this, to me, momentous decision:—That, in total disregard to all that belongs to myself, I must cherish no thought of retreat, unless *called* hence, by willing kindness, to the paternal home, or *driven* hence, by weakness and illness, from the fatigues of my office.

I am glad I have written this: all better resolves have double chance with me, when I have communicated them to my Susanna and Fredy.

I gulped as well as I could at dinner; but all civil fits are again over. Not a word was said to me: yet I was really very ill all the afternoon; the cold had seized my elbows, from holding them up so long, and I was stiff and chilled all over.

In the evening, however, came my soothing Mrs.

Delany. Sweet soul! she folded me in her arms, and wept over my shoulder! Mrs. Ashley had been with me, and saw my condition; and this beloved friend could not contain her grief. Yet how small a matter this to the whole! But this was apparent; and the whole, the tenour of my feelings, she knows not. I cannot abridge the sole satisfaction of my present life, which consists in the time it allows me to spend with this earthly angel—I cannot repay her kind joy in my situation, by painting, to her, its interior sadness.

Too angry to stand upon ceremony this evening, she told Mrs. Schwellenberg, after our public tea, she must retire to my room, that she might speak with me alone. This was highly resented, and I was threatened, afterwards, that she would come to tea no more, and we might talk our secrets always.

Mr. de Luc called upon me next morning, and openly avowed his indignation, protesting it was an oppression he could not bear to see used, and reproving me for checking him when he would have run all risks. I thanked him most cordially; but assured him the worst of all inflammations to me was that of a quarrel, and I entreated him, therefore, not to interfere. But we have been cordial friends from that time forward.

Miss Planta also called, kindly bringing me some eye-water, and telling me she had "Never so longed to beat anybody in her life; and yet, I assure you," she added, "everybody remarks that she behaves, altogether, better to you than to anybody!"

O Heavens!

Mr. Turbulent spent almost all this month in attendance upon his deserving wife, who relapsed, but recovered; and his conduct was such as to give him a higher place in my good graces than he had ever yet secured

himself. I saw him three or four times; all civility, but wholly without flights and raptures; tamed and composed, happy in the restoration of his wife, and cured of all wild absurdity. I conducted myself to him just as when we first grew acquainted—with openness, cheerfulness, and ease; appearing to forget all that had been wrong, and believing such an appearance the best means to make him forget it also.

Such was this month: in which, but for the sweet support of Mrs. Delany, I must almost wholly have sunk under the tyranny, whether opposed or endured, of my most extraordinary coadjutrix.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1ST.—'Tis strange that two feelings so very opposite as love and resentment should have nearly equal power in inspiring courage *for* or *against* the object that excites them; yet so it is. In former times I have often, on various occasions, felt it raised to anything possible, by affection, and now I have found it mount to the boldest height, by disdain. For, be it known, such gross and harsh usage I experienced in the end of last month, since the inflammation of the eyes, which I bore much more composedly than sundry personal indignities that followed, that I resolved upon a new mode of conduct—namely, to go out every evening, in order to shew that I by no means considered myself as bound to stay at home after dinner, if treated very ill; and this most courageous plan I flattered myself must needs either procure me a liberty of absence, always so much wished, or occasion a change of behaviour to more decency and endurability.

I had received for to-day an invitation to meet Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stuart at my dearest Mrs. Delany's, and I should have wished it at all times, so much I like them both. I had no opportunity to

speak first to my Royal Mistress, but I went to her at noon, rather more dressed than usual, and when I saw her look a little surprised, I explained my reason. She seemed very well satisfied with it, but my coadjutrix appeared in an astonishment unequalled; and at dinner, when we necessarily met again, new testimonies of conduct quite without example were exhibited: for when Mrs. Thackeray and Miss Planta were helped, she helped herself, and appeared publicly to send me to Coventry—though the sole provocation was intending to forego her society this evening!

I sat quiet and unhelped a few minutes, considering what to do: for so little was my appetite, I was almost tempted to go without dinner entirely. However, upon further reflection, I concluded it would but harden her heart still more to have this fresh affront so borne, and so related, as it must have been, through Windsor, and therefore I calmly begged some greens from Miss Planta.

Neither she nor Mrs. Thackeray had had courage to offer me anything, my "disgrace" being so obvious. The weakness of my eyes, which still would not bear the light, prevented me from tasting animal food all this time.

A little ashamed, she then anticipated Miss Planta's assistance, by offering me some French beans. To curb my own displeasure, I obliged myself to accept them instead of the greens, and they tasted very well by that means, though they came through such hands.

Unfortunately, however, this little softening was presently worn out, by some speeches which it encouraged from Mrs. Thackeray, who seemed to seize the moment of permission to acknowledge that I was in the room, by telling me she had lately met some of

my friends in town, among whom Mrs. Chapone; and the Burrows family had charged her with a thousand regrets for my seclusion from their society, and as many kind compliments and good wishes.

This again sent me to Coventry for the rest of the dinner. When it was over, and we were all going upstairs to coffee, I spoke to Columb, in passing, to have a chair for me at seven o'clock.

"For what, then," cried a stern voice behind me, "for what go you upstairs at all, when you don't drink coffee?"

Did she imagine I should answer "For your society, ma'am?" No—I turned back, quick as lightning, and only saying "Very well, ma'am," moved towards my own room.

Again a little ashamed of herself, she added, rather more civilly, "For what should you have that trouble?"

I simply repeated my "Very well, ma'am," in a voice of, I believe, rather pique than calm acquiescence, and entered my own apartment, unable to enjoy this little release, however speedy to obtain it, from the various, the grievous emotions of my mind, that this was the person, use me how she might, with whom I must chiefly pass my time!

So unpleasant were the sensations that filled me, that I could recover no gaiety, even at the house of my beloved friend, though received there by her dear self, her beautiful niece, and Lady Bute and Lady Louisa, in the most flattering manner. Yet I stayed till ten o'clock, though hitherto I had returned at nine. I was willing to make manifest that I did not make such sacrifice of my time equally to the extremest rudeness as to common civility; for more than common civility never, at best, repays it.

Lady Bute and Lady Louisa were both in such high spirits themselves that they kept up all the conversation between them, and with a vivacity, an acuteness, an archness, and an observation on men and manners so clear and sagacious, that it would be difficult to pass an evening of greater entertainment. They were just returning from Bath, and full fraught with anecdote and character, which they dealt out to their hearers with so much point and humour, that we attended to them like a gratified audience of a public place.

My reception at home was not quite similar; and I observed, even in my Royal Mistress, a degree of gravity that seemed not pleased. I conjectured that *my absence had been lamented.* How hard, if so, not to make known, in my turn, how my *presence* is accepted! However, I will not complain of her; I will only continue to absent myself, while she behaves thus intolerably.

Accordingly, the next evening, I went to Mrs. de Luc's, and there I had a little music. Miss Myers, a poor girl who has been rescued from much mischief and distress through the benevolence of good Mrs. de Luc, played upon the violin, and in a very pleasing manner.

The *Présidente,* was all amaze at this second visit; but rather less imperious. All I regretted was my poor Miss P——, who had come to tea, and had no means to get away before me: I had therefore advised her to make a virtue of necessity, and to *faire l'agréable* in my absence. But the account she gave me, on my return, of the extreme haughty ill-breeding she had experienced sincerely concerned me for her. She assured me she would not change situations with me, to

avoid any situation she ever could conceive; and the good nature with which she lamented my destiny, from this little sample of what it is unassisted, has really endeared her to me very much.

The behaviour of my coadjutrix continued in the same strain—really shocking to endure. I always began, at our first meeting, some little small speech, and constantly received so harsh a rebuff at the second word, that I then regularly seated myself by a table, at work, and remained wholly silent the rest of the day.

I tried the experiment of making my escape; but I was fairly conquered from pursuing it. The constant black reception depressed me out of powers to exert for flight; and therefore I relinquished this plan, and only got off, as I could, to my own room, or remained dumb in hers.

To detail the circumstances of the tyranny and the *grossièreté* I experienced at this time would be afflicting to my beloved friends, and oppressive to myself. I am fain, however, to confess they vanquished me. I found the restoration of some degree of decency quite necessary to my quiet, since such open and horrible ill-will from one daily in my sight even affrighted me: it pursued me in shocking visions even when I avoided her presence; and therefore I was content to put upon myself the great and cruel force of seeking to conciliate a person who had no complaint against me, but that she had given me an inflammation of the eyes, which had been witnessed and resented by her favourite Mr. de Luc. I rather believe that latter circumstance was what incensed her so inveterately.

I know well, at a distance, you may think such conduct, in common with such a character, a mere subject

for contempt, and be amazed at its effect: but were you here, and were you spending in one day a mere anticipation of every day—alas! my dearest friends, you would find, as I find, peace must be purchased by any sacrifice that can obtain it.

Mine was, indeed, a severe one: I gave up either going to my beloved solace, or receiving her here, and offered my service to play at piquet.—At first, this was disdainfully refused, and but very proudly accepted afterwards. I had no way to compose my own spirit to an endurance of this, but by considering myself as *married to her,* and therefore that all rebellion could but end in disturbance, and that concession was my sole chance for peace! O what reluctant nuptials!—how often did I say to myself—Were these chains voluntary, how could I bear them!—how forgive myself that I put them on!

The next extraordinary step she took was one that promised me amends for all: she told me that there was no occasion we should continue together after coffee, unless by her invitation. I eagerly exclaimed that this seemed a most feasible way of producing some variety in our intercourse, and that I would adopt it most readily. She wanted instantly to call back her words: she had expected I should be alarmed, and solicit her leave to be buried with her every evening! When she saw me so eager in acceptance, she looked mortified and disappointed; but I would not suffer her to retract, and I began, at once, to retire to my room the moment coffee was over.

This flight of the sublime, which, being her own, she could not resent, brought all round: for as she saw me every evening prepare to depart with the coffee, she

constantly began, at that period, some civil discourse to detain me. I always suffered it to succeed, while civil, and when there was a failure, or a pause, I retired.

By this means I recovered such portion of quiet as is compatible with a situation like mine: for she soon returned entirely to such behaviour as preceded the offence of my eyes; and I obtained a little leisure at which she could not repine, as a caprice of her own bestowed it.

Meanwhile, however, the King's Gentlemen, General Budé and Colonel Goldsworthy, who now found only *la Présidente*,—for Mrs. Delany and Miss P—— came only to my room at this time,—were so wearied and provoked, that they merely drank off one dish of tea, and hastened back to the music-room. This gave great offence, and was even complained of to the higher powers: but they would not amend; and Colonel Goldsworthy, who brought Mrs. Delany from the Queen into my apartment one night, begged leave to enter, for a little discourse with that lady and Miss P——, and then told us all that he was determined to show "Mrs. Hiccumbottom" what a mistake she made, in supposing they would any of them come to tea for the sake of a *tête-à-téte* with her. He therefore made it a rule to sleep all the few moments he stayed, and then shake his locks, and retire.

I then openly entreated that he would take no notice of my absence, as the present change of system afforded me a relief which, though short, was inexpressibly great. He was very good-natured about it.

"I assure you, Ma'am," he said, "Budé and I both agreed to do no mischief; for, though we are the sufferers, we think it but fair you should be the gainer."

We had all one social and pleasant evening, as the *Présidente* went to spend a day in town, and I returned to the honours, with *my* honour, Mrs. Delany; and good Mr. Lightfoot dined and spent the day with me. The Queen came into the room in the evening, to converse with him herself upon botanical matters, in which he has much assisted her.

To finish, however, with respect to the *Présidente*, I must now acquaint you that, as my eyes entirely grew well, her incivility entirely wore off, and I became a far greater favourite than I had ever presumed to think myself till that time! I was obliged to give up my short-lived privilege of retirement, and live on as before, making only my two precious little visits to my beloved comforter and supporter, and to devote the rest of my wearisome time to her presence—better satisfied, however, since I now saw that open war made me wretched, even when a victor, beyond what any subjection could do that had peace for its terms.

This was not an unuseful discovery, for it has abated all propensity to experiment in shaking off a yoke which, however hard to bear, is so annexed to my place, that I must take one with the other, and endure them as I can.

My favour, now, was beyond the favour of all others; I was "My good Miss Berner," at every other word, and no one else was listened to if I would speak, and no one else was accepted for a partner if I would play! I found no cause to which I could attribute this change. I believe the whole mere matter of caprice.

During all this time, and all this disturbance, the behaviour of my Royal Mistress was uniformly kind, gracious, confidential, and sweet. She bestowed upon

me more and more trust, by every opportunity; and whenever I was alone with her, her whole countenance spoke benignity.

A most melancholy event happened in this month to a most tender mother, Lady Louisa Clayton, who lost her only daughter, Miss Emily, by a death as unexpected as it seems premature. Everybody joined in lamenting her. She was good and amiable, and much and generally loved. Lady Louisa bears this heavy blow in a manner unequalled for steady fortitude.

I went, also, to condole with poor Madame la Fîte, whose affliction was, I heard, very great, as Emily had been the first friend of her own poor Elize. I found her weeping, and much touched: but she described to me all her feelings with so many picturesque expressions, and poetical comparisons drawn between Emily Clayton and her Elize, and added so much of the cruel disappointment she had herself endured, in the midst of this affliction, that *sa chère* Mademoiselle Borni had not come to her house to meet Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Kennicott—that, when I weighed the two sorrows together, I found my opinion of both all the lighter.

She was so good as to insist upon reading to me, next, an "account of Mademoiselle Borni" from a periodical paper of M. de la Blancherie; where the *M. M. M.* is announced to all Paris as "a person whose most extraordinary literary talents had so captivated *Sa Majesté la Reine de la Grande Brétagne*, that she had appointed her *Surintendante* of all her wardrobe!"

It really read so Irish a compensation, stated in that manner, that I could scarce hear it with gravity.

Poor Madame la Fîte! her next visit to me was to request a lock of my hair for Madame de la Roche, who would "adore" that as she did its wearer.

I assured her I really must be excused; for, thinking so little as I think of Madame de la Roche, it would have been a species of falsehood to send such a gift.

Then she begged "anything"—a morsel of an old gown, the impression of a seal from a letter, two pins out of my dress—in short, anything; and with an urgency so vehement, I could not laugh it off; and, at last, I was obliged to let her have one of those poor pattern garlands that I made with plant impressions, under the eye and direction of my Fredy and Mr. Locke. I really was very unwilling to send anything; but she almost wept at my refusal, and appeared so much hurt that I was compelled to comply.

What, however, was truly comic, at the same time, was a certain imitative enthusiasm that was suddenly adopted by poor Mademoiselle de Luc—for as I happened to drop my needle, she eagerly insisted upon searching for it, and then exclaimed, "O! I have found it!—may I have it?"

"Certainly, if you like it," cried I, not comprehending her.

"Then I shall keep it for ever and never! it was worked by Miss Beurney!" And she put it up in her pocket-book, notwithstanding all my laughing remonstrances.

The wearying, lifeless uniformity, so long since threatened me by Mr. Turbulent, now completely took place, save alone for the relief of my beloved Mrs.

Delany; but she softened and solaced all. Two sweet visits a day unburthened my heart of every day's cares, and delighted my mind by soothing instruction; while the warmth, the animation of her every welcome gave to my existence, even here, a value that at times made me even content to abide by it.
